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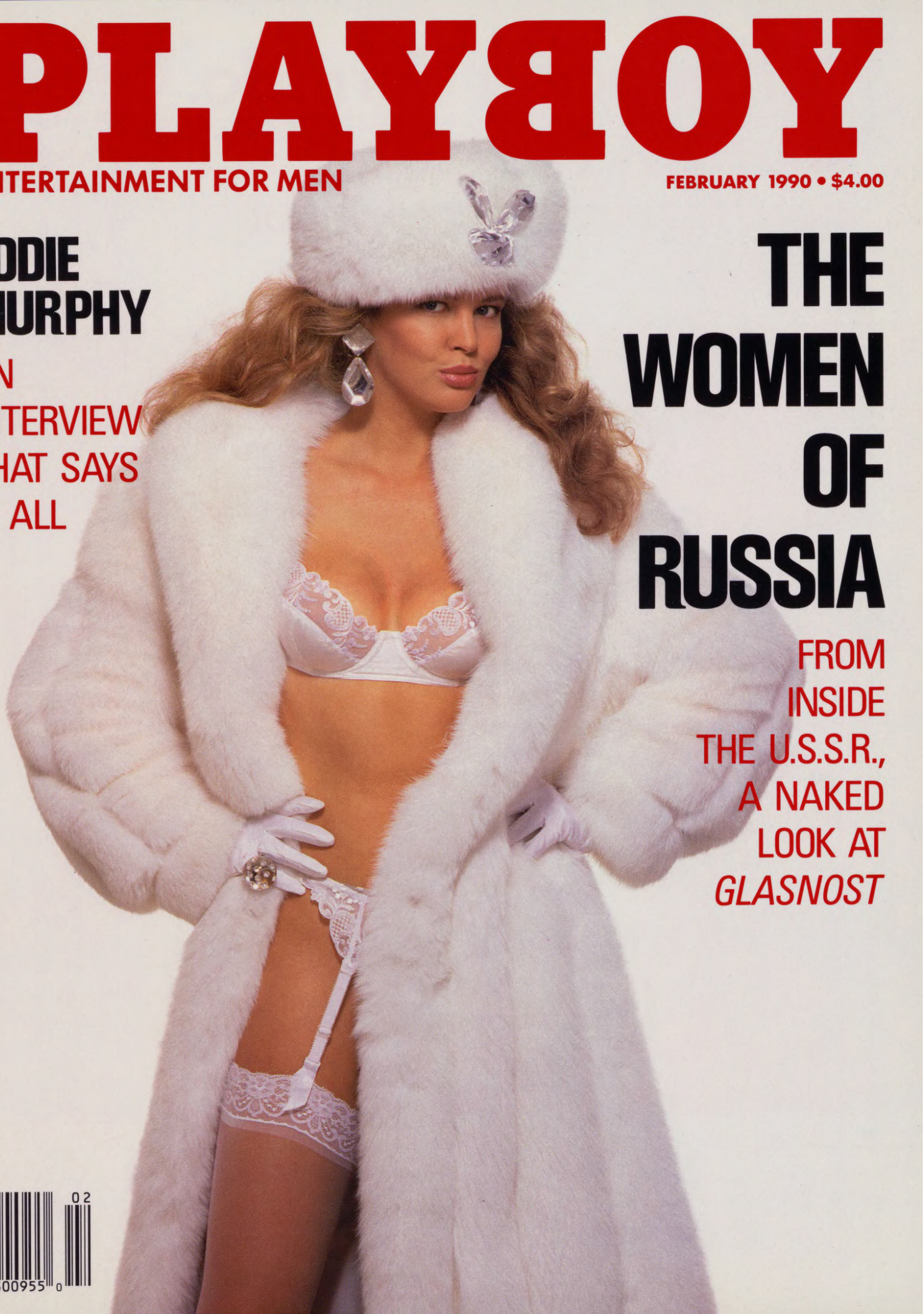

EDDIE MURPHY

AN INTERVIEW THAT SAYS IT ALL

THE WOMEN OF RUSSIA

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PLAYBILL

THE THING WE LIKE about February is that it's the last month of winter. Sure, it can still freeze—look, we're from *Chicago*; we've had snow and sleet in *May*—but come the second month of the year and we can say, "So much for winter." Mind you, Siberian cabin fever is always easier to take when you have the world's favorite men's magazine to keep you warm, and this particular issue is guaranteed to melt the mush off your mukluks.

Aforementioned thoughts of Siberia naturally carry us to this month's precedent-setting pictorial *The Women of Russia*, photographed by **Alexander "Sasha" Borodulin,** son of the Soviet-Israeli photojournalist **Lev Borodulin.** Sasha, who divides his time between Moscow and Manhattan, was the key player in the two-year campaign that produced the feature. Our Photography Department's Managing Editor, **Jeff Cohen,** adds a revealing—and often comic—memoir of his Russian adventures on the trail of our *glasnost* girls in *Mission: Implausible*.

Another warming trend appears in Contributing Editor **David Rensin's** wave-making interview with megastar **Eddie Murphy,** in which Mr. M. gets a load off his chest about America's comedians, **Elvis, Sly Stallone's** ex-wife and Murphy's (almost) face-to-fist encounter with *Coming to America's* director, **John Landis.**

Fiendish laughter is supplied by *Late Night with David Letterman* writer **Fred Graver** in *The Night of 1000 Ratings Points*, one man's devilish prescription to create the all-time TV hit. Start with **Bill Cosby's** Dr. Huxtable giving **Roseanne Barr** a physical during half time at the Super Bowl and fantasize from there. The illustration is by **Steve Brodner.**

Steve Pond, who profiled **Arsenio Hall** in our December issue, returns with an instructive look at actor **Richard Dreyfuss,** who zoomed all the way to the top of the trade before he was 30, almost bought the farm by 35 and bounced back at 40 better than ever.

Nearly a decade has slipped by since a **Tom Robbins** story ran in these pages, but the author of *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* returns with a nonfiction valentine tribute to one of mankind's nicest creations in *The Kiss*, taken from *A Kiss Is Just a Kiss*, newly published by Harmony. Robbins has a fifth novel, *Skinny Legs and All*, due in April. Artwork for *Kiss* comes from **Mel Odom.**

Frequent contributor **Robert Silverberg** (last appearance here: *A Sleep and a Forgetting*, July 1989) returns with *Hot Sky*, which carries us to the sun-scorched world of 2133, when the milk of human kindness has long since curdled.

Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen,** a.k.a. The Playboy Advisor, took up wind surfing a few years ago and now rides the Caribbean trade winds in *Jim & Harry's Totally OK Adventure in Belize*, with artwork by **David Wilcox.**

And say hello to **Patricia Volk,** prize-winning author and *New York Times Magazine* contributor, who makes her debut in our pages with a short story on that notably sticky subject, *Jism*.

There's more: Singer–writer–country star **Dwight Yoakam** responds to *20 Questions* posed by free-lancer **Trish Wend,** a former Editorial Assistant in our Chicago headquarters. And in *The Year in Sex*, we answer the perennial question Is nothing sacred? with a resounding, Not much! Senior Editor **Gretchen Edgren,** Associate Art Director **Bruce Hansen** and Assistant Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet** rode herd on the project.

Our Playmate is a gorgeous Canadian export, **Pamela Anderson,** who comes from Vancouver, the home of nine other Playmates, including Playmate of the Year **Kimberley Conrad,** now known as **Mrs. Hugh Hefner.** She's one of the attractions in *Mukai*, a portfolio from gifted artist **Dennis Mukai** (his work illustrates *The Playboy Advisor* every month). Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne** gives us the skinny on brushed leather in *Easily Suede*, and there's still more nifty business in our *Playboy Collection*, including a limited-edition Monopoly set. Now, *that's* what we call a magazine.

Incidentally, those of you who tried to call in for Playmate of the Year and got "Sorry, wrong number"—well, we apologize. Seems two digits in the prefix got transposed. But we've kept the phone-in alive: See page eight.

BORODULIN

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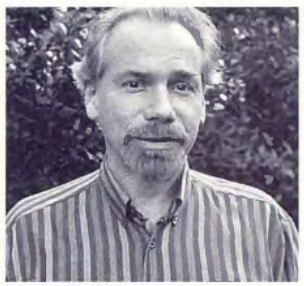
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PLAYBOY

vol. 37, no. 2—february 1990

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COVER STORY

Polish-born model Bogna heralds the end of the Cold War in a cover produced by Associate Photo Editor Michael Ann Sullivan, styled by Lee Ann Perry and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Her coat is from Evans Inc., hat by Lenore Marshall, gloves by Naomi Misle, jewelry by Kaso, lingerie by Jeune Europe. Pat Tomlinson did make-up and John Victor the hair styling. Hats off to the Rabbit!

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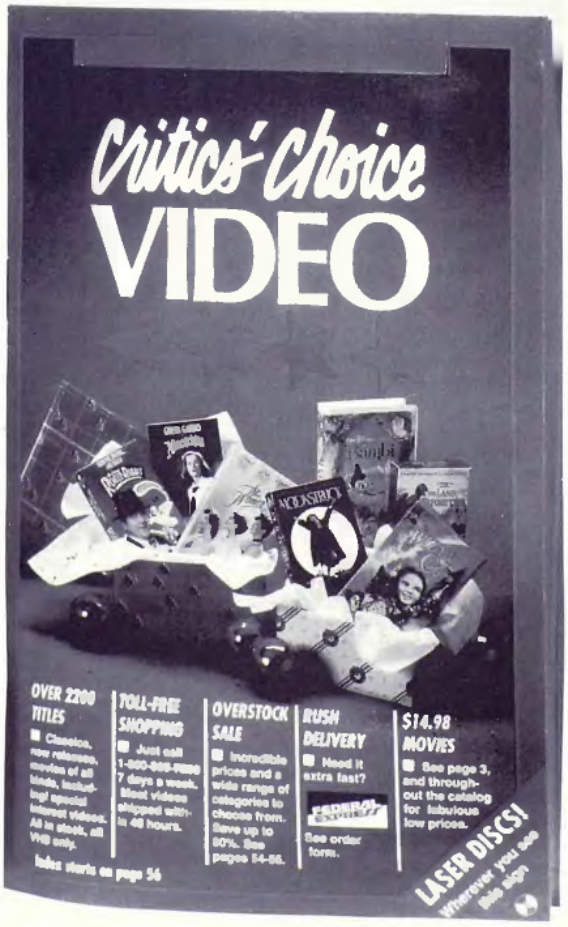

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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KASPAROV INTERVIEW

You will never know how many chess players were made deliriously happy by your *Playboy Interview* with Garry Kasparov in the November issue. It would be interesting if somebody could find Bobby Fischer to interview him, as well.

Grand master Kasparov may soon have to eat his words concerning his views of women in chess, as evidenced by the three teenage Polgar sisters who are taking the chess world by storm. Perhaps *Playboy* should interview them: They are also good-looking.

Donald C. Lautenbach
Long Beach, California

The interview with Garry Kasparov was your best and most important ever. While I disagree with his few sexist comments, he is a hero. *Please* send reprints to all members of Congress.

Hon. Robert Arthur Hall
Tallahassee, Florida

Hall was a minority whip of the Massachusetts Senate, 1979–1980 and 1981–1982.

World chess champ Kasparov

Your interview with Garry Kasparov reveals a man with an unfortunately unrealistic notion of greed, materialism and himself.

Kasparov, in his pursuit of the big buck, doesn't appear to realize or care about the dark side of U.S. capitalism—the homelessness, the pathetic educational system, the racism, the lack of national health insurance and the costly, superficial election campaigns in which wealthy special interests largely control our political process.

Charles Dyer, Jr.
Tulsa, Oklahoma

I found Garry Kasparov's attitude toward women chess players ironic—I mean, we're talking about a game where the most powerful piece on the board is female. It's called the queen, and even Kasparov admits that you cannot win without her. And as for a woman's "being helpless if she has male opposition," he should be aware that women have been valiantly fighting male opposition for more than a few centuries now and doing pretty damn good at it.

Robby Cline
Pearblossom, California

ABORTION: THE BOTTOM LINE

Thank you, *Playboy*, for publishing Ted Turner's statement on abortion in your November *Forum*. I couldn't have said it better myself. And Robert Scheer, in his November *Reporter's Notebook*, "Abortion: The Bottom Line," gets a great message out to the readers of *Playboy*. I agree with him entirely. I'm an American soldier and I sometimes wonder why I raised my right hand to die for the rights guaranteed by our Constitution, with people such as prolifers trying to take our rights away.

Sp Andrew G. Hall
Jolon, California

In your report on abortion, I can see a very clear bias toward pro-choice. Such partisan reporting is unfair to those of us who oppose abortion. I don't believe the majority agrees with your opinion.

Brent McCord
Lexington, Kentucky

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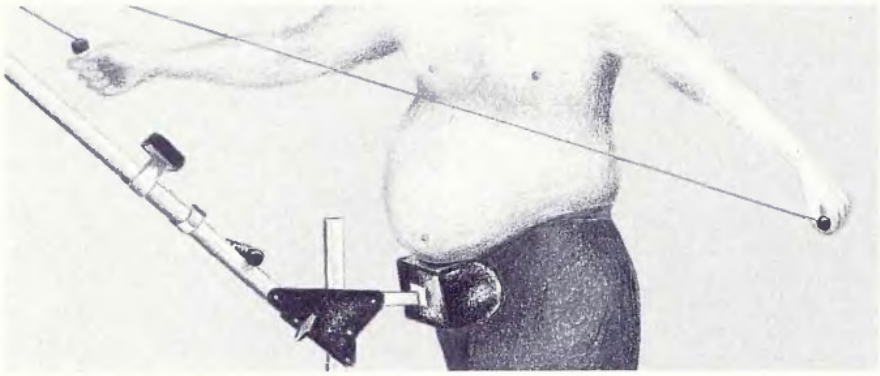

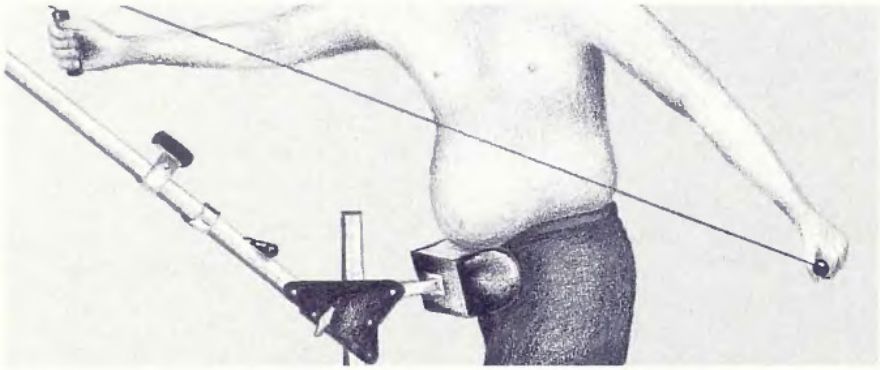

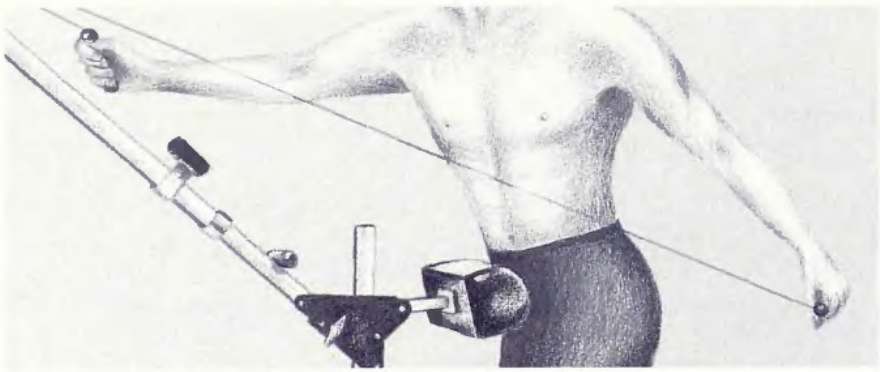

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DR. SPINTHER

Thanks for a good November issue of *Playboy*.

Dan Thrapp has been my friend for a long time—at least as far back as 14 years ago, when he left Lawrence, Kansas, on a shoestring and stored his extensive collection of *Playboy*s in my attic. I am extremely proud of his accomplishments as a writer. *Dr. Spinther* (*Playboy*, November) is the second of his stories that I've read in your magazine, and I think it's wonderful. The writing is tight, visual and extremely original. And I like the moral of the story, which, while making its point, maintains a light tone. I say congratulations to you and your staff for having the good taste to publish it. Students in my class on American fiction want to read it aloud, which we'll do later in the semester.

Chester Sullivan, Associate Professor
The University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kansas

DONNA MILLS

The pictures in your November issue of the early Donna Mills are nothing short of spectacular. Her face, legs and other assets are among the most magnificent I have ever seen.

Duane Brooks
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

PLAYBOY
DONNA MILLS: THEN
A CLASSIC PICTORIAL ON KNOTS LANDING'S BITCHY SEX STAR
SOLVED! THE MURDER OF JIMMY HOFFA
USA TODAY'S AL NEUHARTH: THE CONFESSIONS OF AN S.O.B.
SEX IN CINEMA

Playboy has proved that Donna Mills is even more beautiful now than 20 years ago, from her incredible face to her sculptured derrière and perfect legs to the tips of her toes. But will we ever get to see the current Donna Mills from the front without any more maddening obstructions? It has always been perfectly clear that the magnificent Mills is no Dolly Parton, but who says a woman has to be a 40-D to be gorgeous?

Tim Jacobs
Dübendorf, Switzerland

SWITZER STICK

I just finished reading the *Sports* column titled "The Good, the Bad and the Barry," by Dan Jenkins, in the November issue.

Thanks for showing the world who Barry Switzer really is. It is sad to see one of the greatest coaches forced out by N.C.A.A. rules that are so far behind the times.

Ken Kramer
Cincinnati, Ohio

As one who *has* shared a brew (or two) with Barry Switzer, please allow me this opportunity to respond to Dan Jenkins.

Amen, amen, amen.

Scott St. James, Sports Director
KHJ-TV/Nine
Hollywood, California

Dan Jenkins' column on Barry Switzer in the November issue makes it plain that the condition known as Catch-22 has spread: Bad is good and good is bad. Thus, according to Jenkins' logic, Switzer is a good guy because he feels anguish for his players' financial woes, while he is unresponsive to their academic needs. Schembechler and Holtz are held up to disdain because of their "clean programs" and scholastic integrity. Remarkable!

Bob McHugh
Dudley, Massachusetts

I agree with Dan Jenkins' views on Barry Switzer and the great University of Oklahoma football program.

But in all fairness to Paul "Bear" Bryant's great football legacy, Barry Switzer has won only three N.C.A.A. championships, not seven. They were in 1974, 1975 and 1985.

Tony Dee Palmer
Wellston, Oklahoma

Have a look at Jenkins' January 1989 Playboy *column for a listing of Switzer's seven national (not N.C.A.A.) championships.*

REBUTTAL TO HEIMEL

Speaking as one of Manhattan's happily married couples, we take exception to Cynthia Heimel's *Women* column "A Social Scourge" in the November issue. We do not consider ourselves either scourges or smug, and Heimel's idea that the institution of marriage is simply "the latest trend" is just plain laughable. Frankly, Cynthia, it is easy to see why you, with all your bitterness and anger, are still alone.

Emily E. and David L. Coffman
New York, New York

RENEÉ TENISON

I'd like to offer November Playmate Reneé Tenison a toast to beauty and excellence. She just magnetized me. She looks as pretty as a damask rose.

Wendell G. Terry
Davenport, Iowa

Again you have proved that nudity can show dignity and that beauty can go beyond skin. Your November Playmate, Reneé Tenison, is evidence of that. When will the rest of America catch up with you and realize that we can no longer afford

to evaluate people by their color but only by their attributes? Miss Tenison's attributes speak for themselves. It's a shame that some publications still harbor racist views. I have never seen a white woman as Beauty of the Week in *Jet*. America will regain her strength when we stop fighting one another.

Steven Casey
Seattle, Washington

FAN MAIL

In the November *Dear Playboy*, a reader inquires how to reach John Cougar Mellencamp. You reply that Mellencamp doesn't have a fan club. Unfortunately, your reply is incorrect.

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Kiersten McKay, Director
Minutes to Memories
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S&L HELP

I just read your article *Inside Job: The Looting of America's Savings and Loans* (*Playboy*, November), by Stephen Pizzo, Mary Fricker and Paul Muolo, concerning the rip-off of the savings-and-loan industry. This, together with the HUD scandal, has brought my blood to the boiling point. I want to do something. Can you put me in contact with some organization that watches over these Government atrocities? I want to get involved but am ignorant about what to do as an individual.

Patrick Crowl
McKinleyville, California

Contact the Government Accountability Project, Suite 700, 25 E Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001, or Common Cause, 2030 M Street, Suite 300, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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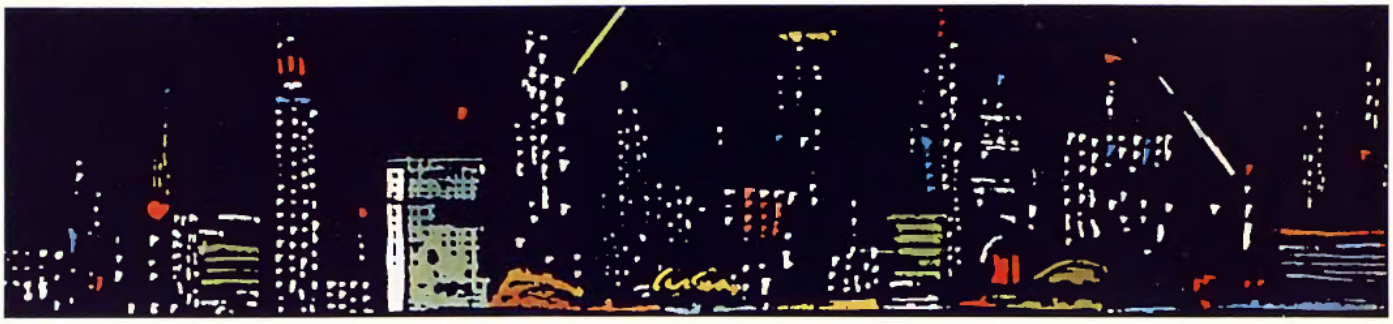
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



KIDS DO THE DARNEDEST THINGS

Kids in the Hall is a Canadian comedy ensemble that is so weird even cabbages aren't safe around it. And we mean that sincerely, having spent a little time in Toronto with the Kids while they taped an episode for their regular HBO show.

What's so weird about them? Well, for example, there's the cabbage thing. A guy tries to ply his date with his own misfortune: He has a cabbage for a head. In another skit, drinking buddies sentimentally toast a deceased pal. Slowly, it becomes clear that they murdered the guy. In another, maimed victims of a killer shark fret about the animal's feelings. And in perhaps the weirdest skit, a loony in a park sights a passer-by between his thumb and forefinger, "crushes" the guy's head between his fingers and then turns to set his sights on a new victim.

This is the sort of skewed humor that lassoed the interest of *Saturday Night Live* executive producer Lorne Michaels, who nurtured the Kids from a raucous nightclub act to a polished television troupe and is now the executive producer of 20 weeks' worth of their shows for HBO and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

Watching the taping, we found the most important component of their success—the fans. They called themselves Kidheads and gleefully spanked their palms before the APPLAUSE sign flickered at the end of each scene. Two young women among them told us they had seen the Kids on TV and had flown in from Santa Barbara just to see them work in person.

The Kids are now making the squeamish transition from knowing their fans by name to becoming Buddhas of the small screen. After the taping, the quintet—David Foley, Bruce McCulloch, Kevin McDonald, Mark McKinney and Scott Thompson—presented the Kidheads from California with a wilting souvenir: the actual vegetable worn by McCulloch in the cabbage-head sketch.

"It's scary," McKinney told us later. "Those women are our first tangible sign that we're actually on TV."

In any case, the Kids' reckless mirth makes broadcasters swoon. Said Bridget Potter, HBO's senior vice-president for original programing, "Not since the early *SCTV* cast have we seen a group with so much potential."

Swaddled in such flattery, are the Kids in peril of losing their irreverent edge? At the suggestion, five heads swiveled. "We'll never be spoiled," asserted Foley. "For one thing, we insist that our valets be brutally honest with us."

DINER MAN

In Barry Levinson's 1982 movie *Diner*, Mickey Rourke played a womanizing hairdresser–*cum*–law student named Boogie. He was quick with such pithy lines as "If you don't have good dreams, Bagel, you got nightmares." Having modeled the character on a real high school pal from Baltimore named Leonard "Boogie" Weinglass, Levinson has gone on to such film successes as *Good Morning, Vietnam* and *Rain Man*. And Weinglass? He has gone into the diner business, first in chichi Aspen and now in Chicago, where he just opened a second Boogies Diner.

The Boogies concept goes way beyond meat loaf and gravy. In addition to diner fare, Boogies markets clothing—very expensive, trendy clothing. The Aspen spot reportedly grossed $4,000,000 in its first year and, in fact, caters to such luminaries as Donald Trump.

"He comes in there regular," said Weinglass, his back-alley accent competing with his penthouse threads that were off-the-rack Boogiewear: natty black suit, bolo tie and snakeskin boots.

We met up with the real-life silver-haired, pony-tailed Boogie at his new joint, which occupies very expensive quarters in the posh Rush Street/Gold Coast district of Chicago.

"The diner of yesterday couldn't attract the snooty-hooty rich. But this one can," he announced, assuring us that the high-tech two-level restaurant/boutique maintains the traditional countertop charm. "We have all the milk-shake cups, the right spoons, the sugar, the dispensers and all the paraphernalia that goes along with a diner." And the big silver napkin holder? "Of course. You've gotta have that.

"Our motto," he observed pithily, pronouncing it *motter*, "is 'Eat heavy, dress cool.' You gotta eat heavy to go to a diner. You can't get quiche. You gotta get the hamburger, mashed potatoes with turkey gravy and our homemade carrot cake."

Curious? The carrot cake goes for three bucks, the boots for *$298*.

TRANSPORTED

A Soviet psychic named Frenkel sought to prove his powers late last year by attempting to stop a freight train. Claiming that he'd previously stopped bicycles, cars and streetcars, Frenkel stepped in front of the train with his arms raised, his head lowered and his body tensed. The train, unable to stop, ran him over. We suspect he'll come back as Shirley MacLaine.

HOW TO CURB YOUR FROG

Scott Shultz is mayor of Stevens Point, Wisconsin, the only municipality we know of that has an official frog-crossing zone. "The frogs kept getting trapped along the curb and swept down the storm drains," Shultz told us, "so we put in frog ramps."

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"As a nation, we began by declaring that 'all men are created equal.' We now practically read it 'All men are created equal, except Negroes.' . . . When it comes to this, I should prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty—to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, and without the base alloy of hypocrisy."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN in 1855

MIRROR, MIRROR

Average number of inches that men add to their height when estimating it, .57; that women add, .23.

•

Average number of pounds that men add to their weight when reporting it, .91; that women subtract, 2.3.

•

On a one-to-ten scale, with ten being the highest, the score most Americans give their personal looks: 6.5.

ALARMING

Percentage of Americans who use a conventional bell or buzzer alarm clock to wake up in the morning, 30; who wake up to a radio station, 14; who use the "snooze bar" of a radio alarm, eight; who oversleep, ten.

PERSONAL HYGIENE

Percentage of American consumers with an annual household income of $35,000 or more who shampoo their hair daily: 69.

Percentage with an annual household income between $15,000 and $25,000 who shampoo their hair daily: 62.

Percentage with an annual household income under $15,000 who shampoo their hair daily: 51.

•

Percentage of American consumers with an annual household income of $35,000 or more who brush their teeth at least once a day, 97; percentage of brushers who brush three or more times a day, 25; who floss daily, 36.

FACT OF THE MONTH

Viewers in a typical American household watch 49 hours of television a week. Households in Dallas, Detroit and Houston view the most TV, with a weekly consumption of 55 hours or more.

AIDS WATCH

In an international survey, the percentage of people who think AIDS is the most urgent health problem facing their country: in Brazil, 79; in Nigeria, ten; in the United States, 48.

•

The country with the highest percentage of people who think AIDS will become a general epidemic: Brazil (67).

The country with the lowest percentage: India (six).

•

Percentage of people who would refuse to work with someone who had AIDS: in Japan, 68; in Australia, seven; in the United States, 25.

NEITHER SLEET NOR RAIN. . . .

Percentage of Americans who think they receive more junk mail now than they did a few years ago: 63. Percentage who thought that in 1974: 44.

•

Percentage of Americans who receive 20 or more sales letters in a week: 11. Percentage in 1974: two.

•

Percentage of Americans who throw junk mail away without opening the envelope: 38.

•

Percentage of Americans who think they are receiving more telephone sales calls today than they received a few years ago: 54.

•

Percentage of Americans who hang up on the callers without listening to the pitch: 40.

And warning signs. At the top of the post is a picture of four leaping frogs—to warn motorists. At the bottom is a tiny picture of a car—to warn the frogs.

The signs were once stolen. "We've welded the signs in place this time," says Shultz. The city now sells FROG CROSSING T-shirts. "We figure people just want a souvenir," says Shultz. If *you* do, send $11 to City Hall, Frog Shirt, 1515 Strongs Avenue, Stevens Point, Wisconsin 54481. Specify size (small, medium, large or extra-large).

HOT TIME IN THE COLD TOWN

In most of the country, how to stay warm is a reasonable topic of conversation in February. As a public service, therefore, we called International Falls, Minnesota—reputedly the coldest town in the 48 contiguous states—to interview Alma "Scoots" Ysen of the popular Thunderbird Lodge. We asked her to name the Thunderbird's three most requested hot drinks—heaters, as it were. They are The Peppermint Patty—one shot of peppermint schnapps in a mug of hot cocoa; The Macaroon—one shot of Malibu rum in a mug of hot cocoa; and an unnamed drink made with a shot of cinnamon schnapps in a mug of hot apple cider. Observed Scoots, "Actually, we don't notice the cold. In fact, most people drink cold beer all year." That's cool.

CAR-TOON

We've seen those stuffed Garfields stuck to car windows, but we haven't known what they were for until now. Police in Corpus Christi, Texas, claim that one of the critters actually deflected a bullet that shattered the window of a pickup truck. They say Garfield saved the life of a five-year-old girl inside. We don't mean to question the boys from ballistics, but aren't the police overlooking a more obvious explanation? Maybe the shooter was aiming for the cat.

WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER EARO

The *London Sun* reports that twin brothers Barry and Alan Marshall both have had parts of their left ears bitten off. The top half of Barry's was nibbled off by "a hungry hooligan" on a bus three years ago. Alan lost a section of his left ear during a recent scuffle in his neighborhood near Rotherham, South Yorkshire, where he and his brother have come to be known as "the earoes." According to Alan, "Biting off ears is a bit of a sport around here."

BUT WHAT'S DI WEARING?

In British fashion, meanwhile, the trend is internationalism. Since London is packed with Africans, Asians, Indians, West Indians and loud Americans, the fashion world there, we've noticed, is embracing ethnicity. Many Soho shops sell Westernized African-print shirts and skirts, Afghan caps and Nehru jackets with bright metallic Indian details. It's still on the cutting edge, but, said one Soho shopkeeper, invoking a certain voodoo economist of yore, "all things trickle down."

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MUSIC

CHARLES M. YOUNG

RICKIE LEE JONES has been up, down, somewhere in between and nearly out of it since her debut in 1979. ***Flying Cowboys*** (Geffen), her first release since 1984, is an unequivocal up. Produced by Walter Becker, who brings his Steely Dan quest for excellence to the project, this album shows Jones as a sort of renaissance hipster, combining her many literary and musical influences into something uniquely her own. The subtlety and breadth of emotion here is rarely seen in pop (or anywhere else, for that matter), and it's all hugely listenable. *Ghost Train*, a growl from the grave, is one of the most terrifying songs about drug addiction you'll ever hear, but she pulls out of it with a voice both wise and optimistic (*Love Is Gonna Bring Us Back Alive*). The remake of Gerry and the Pacemakers' *Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying* captures the innocent spirit of the original without nostalgia.

Not that there's anything wrong with nostalgia if it's something *I'm* sentimental about. Whatever it is about the tax laws that keeps record companies raiding their vaults for reissues, I hope Congress doesn't mess with it. My latest pick hit from the past is ***Groovies' Greatest Grooves*** (Sire), by the Flamin Groovies. Originating in San Francisco in the late Sixties, the Groovies wore the same clothes and played the same guitars and amplifiers as the Beatles, the Stones and the Byrds, but they wrote their own songs. About half of the 24 cuts here leave you scratching your head, trying to figure out which of the early Beatles albums they're from.

DAVE MARSH

Over three albums, Full Force, the members of the Bronx-based group that doubles as U.T.F.O., a production ensemble, and as Cult Jam, Lisa Lisa's backup, have established themselves as concept-album auteurs. Opening with a sampled James Brown exhortation, ***Smoove*** (Columbia) defines its title, merging smooth soul ballads, rock-hard hip-hop and Latin dance grooves. The playing is often raw and occasionally half-baked, but the raucous exuberance of *Don't Waste My Time* and the band's droll accounts of life and love, especially in between-song interludes, lend *Smoove* the aspect of a good comic book. And while these guys have yet to write a great ballad, they acquit themselves wonderfully on a "mellow medley" that includes *Ooh Baby Baby*, *La La Means I Love You*, *Love on a Two Way Street* and a powerful snatch of Marvin Gaye's *Distant Lover*. The result is a stew in which individual flavors maintain their integrity, reminiscent less of George Clinton's Parliament/Funkadelic, the archetype of postsoul conceptualists, than of such comparatively minor Seventies treasures as Bloodstone.

Cowgirl hipster?

The return of Rickie Lee and Neil Young, plus a new soul man.

Michael Hutchence, meanwhile, seems to have been looking for a bolder, more trenchant and politically explicit exposition of INXS' modern rock, and on his solo effort, ***Max Q*** (Atlantic), he has found it. Hutchence's vocals unmistakably link the two bands, but with his chief collaborator, Australian punk Ollie Olsen (rather than INXS' gaggle of guitarists), he has produced music that's spare and doomy without sacrificing polish or passion. On *WayOfTheWorld*, they look squarely into the face of an apocalypse that doesn't seem terribly imaginary. And even when Hutchence is moaning about the perils of fame on *Ghost of the Year*, the energy doesn't lag. Can't remember the last time I felt that forgiving of superstar self-pity.

VIC GARBARINI

You've conquered the Grammys, the charts and much of the world via the Amnesty '88 tour with just an acoustic guitar and a voice laced with equal parts bitterness and dignity. So what do you do for an encore? If you're Tracy Chapman, newly anointed troubadour of the underclass, you wear your crown uneasily. "All you folks think you own my life," she laments on the title tune of her second album, ***Crossroads*** (Elektra). "I'm trying to protect what I keep inside. . . ." One momentarily wonders whether Chapman is so wedded to her pain that her dignity may be swamped by her bitterness. The good news is that whether she's singing about her life and loves (*Be Careful of My Heart*) or the world around her (*Subcity*), Chapman has begun to recognize that the glass that's half-empty is also half-full. In the former, she tells her lost lover that, yes, she's wounded, but she won't shut down her heart—she'll just make sure that next time, she "saves a little love for herself." Musically, *Crossroads* is almost as spare as her debut. But brilliantly applied sweeteners (a little rhythmic shuffle, subtly applied violin or guitar), plus her improved melodic and songwriting skills, result in a significantly enriched and sophisticated endeavor.

NELSON GEORGE

One of the crucial differences between classic soul and much current black music is that the vintage stuff was written for

GUEST SHOT

Dave Coulier, *currently a star of the sitcom "Full House," also works as a stand-up comic, a writer-director-performer of jingles and commercials and a creator of cartoon-character voices. Here he assesses Rickie Lee Jones's new LP, "Flying Cowboys."*

"Jones's voice has always been remarkable—and it's getting even better with age. And that's the central theme of *Flying Cowboys*: a celebration of growing older and being wiser for the wear. The tracks are loaded with metaphors and symbolism from nature that revolve around the central theme of aging. Even the one cover tune, an ace rendition of *Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying*, ties in. Walter Becker from Steely Dan produced this record, and I think he has made Jones more accessible than she has ever been. She's married with a baby now, and she seems truly happy on this LP—even when she's looking her past square in the eye. On the record's most haunting track, *Ghost Train*, she says that whatever your ghost is, get off the train or you'll die. Jones made it off her train, and *Flying Cowboys* says it was all worth it."

adults. The difficulty of fidelity, the cheap thrill of cheating or the joys of a long-term romance were at its heart. Marvin Sease, a retro *nuevo* soul man who records in Brooklyn, knows this and, with unfashionable dedication, makes rhythm-and-blues records steeped in the tradition. His third album, ***The Real Deal*** (London/PolyGram), is full of good old soul songs, cut with crisp Nineties technology, that will please fans of such tough-'n'-tender singers as Johnnie Taylor, Tyrone Davis, Sam Moore and Gerald Alston.

Sease, who produced and penned ten of the 11 tracks, delights in scripting scenes of sexual unrest and violated vows. On *Playing by the Rules*, he complains to his spouse, "I'm tired of waking up in the morning, baby / Fixing my own breakfast / While you stay out and party all night long."

In *Motel Lover*, he advises his fellow adulterer, "Don't forget to set the clock, girl / So we don't stay too long." My favorite Sease song is *It's All Over*, a sad tale of a mother who stands between Sease and her daughter. The kick is, he says, she's blocking because "your dirty momma wanted me." *The Real Deal* is a sharp, sinful soul album worthy of its ancestors and your attention.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Prolific yet selective, consistent yet unpredictable and marketable enough to defy biz convention, Neil Young was my choice for artist of the decade ten years ago—whereupon he turned into an errant weirdo, pissing away his always precarious commercial appeal while never ceasing to turn out product. Devo rips, pseudo country, ersatz rock-a-billy, horny blues—he'd half try anything once, and every two or three years, Warner would announce that *Re-ac-tor* or *Old Ways* or whatever marked a return to glory. A decade passed. And guess who just turned in one of the prime albums of its final year?

Recalling 1979's *Rust Never Sleeps*, his last top-ten album, ***Freedom*** (Reprise), in its scope and power, mixes the folkish love songs and crude rock stomps that have always been his winning parlay—but not to the exclusion of horns, bells, female backup, *mariachi* effects and other accouterments. Yet it's not scattered—once you hear past its surface simplicity, you realize that this record is, of all things, *well produced*, which for Young is utter apostasy. It's more pretty than not, yet it's his most mournful record since *After the Gold Rush*, his angriest since *Tonight's the Night*. And while his regrets and rage have their roots in familiar political and existential complaints, a new theme keeps coming up—crack, which he hates more than he ever hated heroin. I know, everybody hates crack—but hardly anybody has made songs out of the feeling. There's not a bum one here.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Tracy Chapman *Crossroads*	6	8	8	7	8
Full Force *Smoove*	5	6	7	8	7
Rickie Lee Jones *Flying Cowboys*	6	8	6	4	9
Marvin Sease *The Real Deal*	4	4	8	6	5
Neil Young *Freedom*	9	7	7	8	8

SAVE YOUR CONFEDERATE MONEY DEPARTMENT: We don't know which of these stories is crazier, so we'll let you choose: First, the University of South Carolina's athletic director nixed a **Stones** concert on campus because one thing leads to another, and if he let **Mick** et al. in, he'd have to OK tractor pulls. Say what? Then we heard that marching bands are not permitted to play *Louie, Louie* at football games because the university's insurance stipulates against the song! Why? Because it makes people dance, which might damage the stadium's structure. Now we know why the Southland gave birth to the blues.

REELING AND ROCKING: Look for a performance of *Slaughterhouse* by **Powermad** in the upcoming **David Lynch** movie *Wild at Heart*, starring **Laura Dern** and **Nicolas Cage**. . . . **Bono** will contribute at least one song to *The Field*, starring **John Hurt, Tom Berenger** and **Richard Harris**. . . . **Andrew Lloyd Webber** is trying to get his *Cats*, *Phantom of the Opera* and *Aspects of Love* on the big screen and is also planning to write a film musical.

NEWSBREAKS: A couple of upcoming books about Motown include a coffee-table volume filled with 250 photos, due next fall, and *Love Don't Live Here Anymore*, a book by **Berry Gordy's** ex-wife number two that we hear will dish some major dirt. Gordy has his own deal to write his autobiography and he'd better get moving. . . . Two **Buddy Holly** concerts are being planned this year at the site in Clear Lake, Iowa, where his last show took place 30 years ago. . . . **Yoko** has announced a multimillion-dollar project to clean up the environment and provide scholarships in **John's** "spirit." The likes of **Michael Jackson, David Bowie, Billy Joel** and **Ringo** have promised to participate by raising money through concerts, films, records, art and children's books, says Yoko. . . . A play inspired by **Ike** and **Tina Turner**, *I Think It's Gonna Work Out Fine*, has opened in San Francisco. . . . Look for the Grammy awards on February 21 coming from L.A. . . . A reorganized AIDS concert on Saint Patrick's Day will be Arista Records' 15th anniversary gala to benefit the Gay Men's Health Crisis and the National AIDS Network. For those people who won't be in New York to see **Whitney Houston, Eurythmics, Hall and Oates, Kenny G, Exposé** and a host of others perform at the concert, plans call for a TV broadcast of the event. . . . You can sign up for Video Music 454 at California State in Los Angeles or Poets Who Sing (included are **Bobs, Marley** and **Dylan**) at Washington University in St. Louis. . . . A 12-album series called the *Jimi Hendrix Reference Library* will feature mostly unreleased material. Each volume will include an instruction book for guitar players. . . . **Martika** and **Cyndi Lauper** sing a duet called *Cold Sky* on the *Music Speaks Louder than Words* album compiled at the Russian/American music summit. . . . **Bobby Brown** may play a special concert at the prison where **James Brown** is serving his six-year sentence. . . . A boxed set of old **Phil Spector** classics will be out this spring on Phil's own new label, Spector Records. . . . The **Doors** have a home video and a boxed record set in the works that will be released about the time director **Oliver Stone** completes his movie bio of **Jim Morrison**. . . . For music of a totally different kind, check out your record store for Canadian classical guitarist **Liona Boyd**, who looks great and sounds even better. . . . Finally, **Tricky Lane**, drummer for **Sweet F.A.**, ran into a major dust cloud while driving along in Kansas and collided with a cow. Yes, you heard right. The cow, which ripped the roof off Tricky's pickup and tore a hole in his leg, is still missing.

—BARBARA NELLIS

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

SPECTACULARLY filmed across half of France, Milos Forman's ***Valmont*** (Orion) tells the same classical story as Stephen Frears' *Dangerous Liaisons*. In this case, with 1988's *Liaisons* still hopping off video-store shelves, odious comparisons are inevitable. Forman's younger, talented, less familiar cast seems almost to blunder into decadence. There's nary a trace of Glenn Close's cruelly calculating Marquise de Merteuil in movie newcomer Annette Bening's arch portrayal and scant evidence of Michelle Pfeiffer's pious sexual repression as Madame de Tourvel in Meg Tilly's gawky performance as the virtuous wife who cannot resist Valmont (Colin Firth). Firth slips easily into the britches of the irresistible seducer played by *Liaisons*' John Malkovich. Stressing the accent on youth, Henry Thomas (E.T.'s best friend) scores as the handsome, postpubescent music teacher, though his teenaged ladylove, the innocent Cécile, played by 15-year-old Fairuza Balk, is decidedly no Uma Thurman. As Valmont's dotty old aunt, Fabia Drake is the most accomplished performer of the lot. The film is also oddly nonerotic: Even in her bath, the marquise wears a wrapper. But Forman and cinematographer Miroslav Ondricek have re-created 18th Century France gorgeously, from cloister to château, from sun-dappled countryside to busy market place, from dingy tavern to the glittering Opéra Comique. Check out *Liaisons* if it's etched-in-acid characterizations you're after. To revel with sumptuously costumed star-crossed youth in an elegant, two-hour-plus visual feast, see *Valmont*. ¥¥¥

•

As gentle as a spring shower, ***Driving Miss Daisy*** (Warner) boasts matchless performances by Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman. Much of Alfred Uhry's Pulitzer Prize–winning play took place on two chairs representing the various vintage automobiles in which a rich Jewish lady from Atlanta is reluctantly squired around town by her black chauffeur over a period of 20-odd years. Director Bruce (*Breaker Morant*) Beresford opens up the play without strain, eliciting slyly satirical work from Dan Aykroyd and Patti LuPone as Miss Daisy's son and daughter-in-law, who overindulge in such non-Jewish ceremonies as a jolly, jolly Christmas. All the play's implications regarding racial harmony and friendship are more implied than socked across, however, because Tandy, as the indomitable Miss Daisy, and Freeman, as the proud, cunning Hoke, are both masters of the art of understatement. Together a joy to watch, they lift a quiet little film about love into the stratosphere. ¥¥¥¥

Valmont's Bening, Firth.

Valmont revisits *Liaisons* country; a winning *Daisy* and a dull *Knife*.

•

Grab a kid if you need an excuse to see ***The Little Mermaid*** (Buena Vista), the animated musical very loosely based on Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tale. Alan Merken's score, notably the steel-band shell game that backs up a crab named Sebastian (Samuel E. Wright) in a ditty called *Under the Sea*, will have you whistling your way out of the theater. But you may never eat seafood again. ¥¥¥¥

•

France's contender for this year's Oscar as best foreign-language film, ***Camille Claudel*** (Orion Classics), also won best-actress awards in Paris and Berlin for Isabelle Adjani. It's a harrowing portrayal of the famed, demented sculptress who was the sister of poet-playwright Paul Claudel and the discarded mistress of sculptor Auguste Rodin (the ubiquitous Gerard Depardieu in another take-charge performance). Adjani is vibrant, though perhaps a shade too beautiful to be consistently believable as the miserable Camille. At her worst, she looks like a woman who could wash up, slip into something chic and become the toast of Paris. Director Bruno Nuytten's saga is colorful, but it plays like a sudsy, old-fashioned melodrama. A long haul unless you happen to be majoring in art history at the Sorbonne. ¥¥½

•

The movie is nearly over before the title ***Music Box*** (Tri-Star) makes any sense. Therein hide the clues, though, to director Costa-Gavras' suspenseful, chilling drama about a young Chicago lawyer (Jessica Lange) who's forced to defend her immigrant working-class father (Armin Mueller-Stahl) against charges that he was a Hungarian war criminal back in 1944–1945. In the hard-hitting, sometimes heavy-handed screenplay by Joe Eszterhas (who wrote *Jagged Edge*), Mueller-Stahl's guilt often seems a foregone conclusion. That slows down the film but cannot derail Lange's dogged, tortured efforts to save a man she loves despite anything he may have done before she was born. Frederic Forrest plays the prosecutor who yearns for official justice, though his relationship with Lange between their courtroom confrontations doesn't entirely make sense. Still, *Music Box* is an emotional blockbuster with a bone-deep, bruising star turn by Lange. ¥¥¥½

•

The best thing about ***Limit Up*** (M.C.E.G.), a mishmash of *Working Girl* and *Faust*, is stand-up comedienne Danitra Vance's portrayal of Nike, a mischievous demon in training. (Runner-up: Ray Charles, in a gig with a twist.) Nancy Allen tries hard as an aspiring soybean trader at the Midwest Grain Exchange (read: Chicago Board of Trade), but writer-director Richard Martini's script is a bust. ¥¥

•

With Roger Daltrey singing the title song, not to mention Raul Julia, opera star Julia Migenes and Julie Walters in major roles, ***Mack the Knife*** (21st Century) ought to be a much better movie than it is. The talents assembled are first-rate, while nearly everything else about producer-director Menahem Golan's rehash of the Bertolt Brecht–Kurt Weill musical classic *The Threepenny Opera* is literal, overlong and clunky. The voices ring, the performers slave valiantly and Golan pulls the rug out from under them every time. ¥¥

•

Fairly dripping with nostalgia for the movie magic of yesteryear, ***Cinema Paradiso*** (Miramax) is a valentine to innocence and a lifelong addiction to flicks. In Italian with subtitles, writer-director Giuseppe Tornatore's charming but overlong comedy follows a *ragazzo* named Toto through adolescence and manhood, with three actors essaying the role (Salvatore Casio is the youngest and most winsome Toto). He's a kid who hangs around the only movie-house in his village, befriending the crusty projectionist (Philippe Noiret) and later replacing him when he's blinded in a fire. Toto thereby learns what's important for *la dolce vita* directly off the screen from Fellini, John Wayne, Brigitte Bardot and

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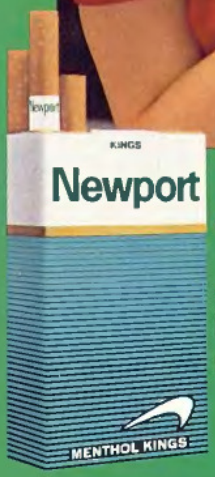
Newport



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their ilk. He learns some of it by working with the local priest who previews every feature and ruthlessly cuts all the kissing scenes. While *Cinema Paradiso* may be much too much of a good thing for the ordinary customer, diehard film buffs should gobble it up like hot buttered popcorn. ¥¥¥

Bergin: Burton to Beelzebub.

OFF CAMERA

If showbiz insiders have it right, Irish-born 38-year-old **Patrick Bergin** is about to make it big in movies playing Richard Burton. No, not *that* Richard Burton. Bergin will soon be seen in *Mountains of the Moon* as the famed Victorian explorer and dedicated eroticist Sir Richard Burton, whose exploits included searching for the source of the Nile. In the movie, directed by Bob Rafelson, Burton's chief interests converge in a scene on a riverbank, where he is discovered cavorting with nude native women. "They were girls from Kenya, gorgeous and very flirtatious," says Bergin. "I wish there'd been more of that in the film, but the Kenyans don't approve of nudity." A former choir singer, construction worker and teacher, Bergin relishes portraying a man "who translated *The Arabian Nights*, *The Kama Sutra* and *The Perfumed Gardens* . . . all those explorations of the art of love. I was fascinated with his work. My dad had copies of all his banned books. Obviously, Burton liked trying all the positions. He was supposed to be an incredibly well-endowed man, and the number of women he had was legendary." *Mountains* is *macho* adventure, says Bergin, "with a hint of homosexuality. There's strong evidence that Speke [Iain Glen as John Hanning Speke, Burton's partner] was homosexual. But we don't state everything. That's the beauty of it." Next on Bergin's schedule: He's off to Phoenix to play Beelzebub in a *Twilight Zone*ish thriller currently called *Highway to Hell*, and he'd like to do a musical he has written. "It's about a boy and a girl in Dublin, and I have hopes for it. Nowadays, they make musicals out of Tupperware parties."

•

A pair of terminal-ward cases who steal an ambulance and leave England for a final fling in a Dutch brothel before they die are the unlikely heroes of ***Hawks*** (Skouras). To make a dubious business more dubious, they occasionally put on clownlike rubber noses and more or less defy fate. Getting away with such semiprecious black comedy can't be easy, so give credit to Timothy Dalton (the most recent James Bond) as a doomed British solicitor and to Anthony Edwards (Tom Cruise's flying buddy in *Top Gun*) as an American football player whose time has run out. Both do well, as do Janet McTeer and Camille Coduri, playing two relatively unattractive English bimbettes en route to Amsterdam. It's one of those gather-ye-rosebuds-while-ye-may and smile-bravely-through-your-tears movies, the sort of stretching exercise actors undertake when they have nothing better to do. ¥¥

•

Something must be said for a man who describes the outer-space beings he has met as "little blue fuckers . . . I didn't *want* a rectal probe." Is he a creep, a clairvoyant or merely a mental case? Such questions are weighed and seriously considered in director Philippe Mora's ***Communion*** (New Line), adapted by Whitley Strieber from his hot-selling book about his personal experience with extraterrestrials. As Whitley and his anxious wife, who is virtually convinced her husband has gone bananas, Christopher Walken and Lindsay Crouse limn a persuasively real portrait of ordinary people caught up in very special circumstances. Don't look to *Communion* for the high-tech cinematic pizzazz of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. Except for a few minor lapses (as usual, when the E.T.s appear), this is an honest, searching thriller rooted in the cosmic mysteries that everyone broods about at times. ¥¥¥

•

A 20-minute Monty Python comedy sketch might have been sufficient for ***Erik the Viking*** (Orion), a spoof of Norse legends by former Python Terry Jones. As writer, director and featured player (he's in drag as King Arnulf of Hy-Brasil, an island that will sink beneath the sea if anyone sheds blood on it), Jones achieves moments of madcap nonsense without the cohesiveness and forward drive that bring fragments into focus as a whole movie. With Tim Robbins in the title role, projecting more dumb innocence than style, Eartha Kitt as the goddess Freya and John Cleese playing a casually cruel villain known as Halfdan the Black, *Erik the Viking* combines sumptuous production values with fairy-tale innocence and a loosely improvised air unlikely to attract anyone who's not already addicted to Pythonesque japery. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Bear (Reviewed 12/89) Wild, woolly and real in a hairy outdoor drama. ¥¥¥
Breaking In (11/89) It's a brand-new Burt Reynolds as an aging burglar. ¥¥¥
Camille Claudel (See review) An all-Adjani, all-angst portrait of an artist. ¥¥½
Cinema Paradiso (See review) What the movies do to a Sicilian village. ¥¥¥
Communion (See review) Alien visitations, strictly according to Strieber. ¥¥¥
Crimes and Misdemeanors (1/90) Biblical guilt and marital comedy in Woody Allen's Swedish-modern manner. ¥¥½
Dad (1/90) Jack Lemmon can do no wrong, but the movie sags. ¥¥
Driving Miss Daisy (See review) Both Tandy and Freeman are fabulous. ¥¥¥¥
A Dry White Season (12/89) Sutherland and Brando *vs.* apartheid. ¥¥¥¥
Erik the Viking (See review) Norse legend from a Python P.O.V. ¥¥
The Fabulous Baker Boys (1/90) But it's Pfeiffer you'll remember. ¥¥¥¥
Fat Man and Little Boy (1/90) Those nuclear bombs, plus Paul Newman. ¥¥¥
Gross Anatomy (Listed only) Realistic look at med school as pressure cooker, but cadaver carving is not for the squeamish. ¥¥½
Hawks (See review) A couple of terminal cases soar while they can. ¥¥
Henry V (1/90) Who would *dare* remake the Shakespearean classic? Kenneth Branagh, and he's damned good. ¥¥¥½
Limit Up (See review) *Working Girl* goes to the Devil in Chicago. ¥¥
The Little Mermaid (See review) Andersen on the half shell, as only Disney can dish it up. ¥¥¥¥
Mack the Knife (See review) Nice music making, poor moviemaking. ¥¥
Music Box (See review) Strong subject, with Lange on a roll. ¥¥¥½
My Left Foot (12/89) Portrait of an Irish genius, with Daniel Day-Lewis in one of the year's top male performances. ¥¥¥¥
Mystery Train (1/90) Director Jim Jarmusch's minimal movie art about a bunch of Elvis fans in transit. ¥¥
sex, lies, and videotape (9/89) Modern romance on fast forward. Go for it. ¥¥¥¥
Steel Magnolias (1/90) Ladies letting their hair down in a big, big way. ¥¥¥½
Story of Women (1/90) In wartime France, Isabelle Huppert is the last condemned abortionist. ¥¥¥½
Tom Jones (1/90) That roving cad (Albert Finney) in reissue, with a marvelous company of rowdies. ¥¥¥¥½
True Love (11/89) Marriage in the Bronx, neatly skewered in a wry spoof. ¥¥¥
Valmont (See review) Great taste, less filling. ¥¥¥

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- **A Lover's Concerto** The Toys
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- **In the Midnight Hour** Wilson Pickett
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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

"My favorite video of all time is *The Best of Eddie Murphy—Saturday Night Live*," says Dr. Joyce Brothers. "I think he's so funny, but the real reason is that I'm in it—in the Celebrity Hot Tub scene. Eddie plays James Brown and I'm his guest." If the psychologist-author's top video choice comes as a surprise to you, get ready for this: Her other faves include *Fatal Attraction* and *Death Wish*. "I like movies that change the culture in some way," she explains, "movies that mirror or affect behavior." Hmm, Dr. B., would you like to talk about it?

—SUSAN KARLIN

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

The Entertainer: From a play by John Osborne, one of the late, great Laurence Olivier's non-Shakespearean triumphs. Lord O. sings, dances and womanizes as a sleazy vaudevillian. New to video.

Sugar Cane Alley: Exotic 1984 release about an orphan boy's coming of age on a sugar plantation in Martinique. Buried treasure from director Euzhan (*A Dry White Season*) Palcy.

Will Penny: One of the last great, gritty Westerns (vintage '68), with Charlton Heston as a lone cowboy hunted down and hiding out in the wilderness with an anxious young widow (Joan Hackett).

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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With the Nineties upon us, MPI Home Video wants to make sure we don't forget decades past with a 14-part series, ***The Greatest Television News Stories of All Time,*** a replay of some of ABC-TV's biggest scoops, reported as they were happening. Some highlights:

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Happiest Story: The only uplifting tape of the batch: Mikhail Gorbachev rises to power, provoking cautious optimism in the West. Put this one on when you're feeling suicidal about the universe (*Part 11*).

The Unending Story: Checking in on Iran and Libya (just in case you were feeling *too* hopeful about Gorby). Major theme: The world contains 40,000,000 Shiite Moslems, most of whom don't like us (*Parts Three, Ten and 14*).

Most Catastrophic Stories: Brush fires and mud slides. Heat waves and deep freezes. Earthquakes and volcanoes. Hurricanes and cyclones. The running subtext: Don't piss off mother nature (*Part 13*).

Other Cherished Moments: Peter Jennings interviews Anwar Sadat—two great minds, two really bad haircuts (*Part One*); science meets journalism meets commerce when Jules Bergman, covering the 1969 moon launch, sits behind a news desk emblazoned with a big orange Tang logo (*Part Two*); Nixon comments on whether or not his alleged Watergate offenses were impeachable: "Well, I've also quit beating my wife. Heh" (*Part Eight*).

(To order, call MPI, 800-338-7710.)

—DAVID LEFKOWITZ

VIDEO MOOD METER

this month: four new vcr valentines

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When Harry Met Sally . . . : Billy Crystal and Meg Ryan in the ultimate boy-meets-girl-but-doesn't-sleep-with-her-for-a-whole-decade comedy. With or without the orgasm scene, another real charmer from red-hot director Rob Reiner (Nelson).

WITH YOUR FUNKY VALENTINE

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown: Pedro Almodóvar's look at lovesick ladies who, among other things, set beds on fire, tangle with terrorism and plot murder. A film-festival favorite and Academy Award nominee (Orion).

WITH YOUR SPUNKY VALENTINE

The Rainbow: English schoolgirl comes of age—fast—with her female teacher, a perverse painter and a lusty soldier. Pretty tame stuff for director Ken Russell, but Sammi (*Hope and Glory*) Davis sizzles and Glenda Jackson shines. (Vestron).

WITH YOUR KINKY VALENTINE

Night Trips: Tori Welles is a lady plagued by naughty dreams in arguably the most erotic adult tape on the shelves: gorgeous talents, slick, MTV-style editing, a decent sound track and too-hot-to-touch action. Have fun (Caballero).

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Paris 1989: Footage from the '89 Paris air show, including the crash of the Soviet MiG-29 (pilot survives), as well as cockpit views of an F-16 pulling nine gs, a 360-degree turn and a vertical climb (Aviation Week).

Dinosaur Video Fun Pak: Computer-animated prehistoric tale hosted by Gary Owens. The special treat: Vid comes with one of four inflatable dinosaurs (Blackhawk Catalog, 800-826-2295).

National Geographic Journeys: From the Namib Desert to the Yukon Passage to a Rocky Mountain beaver pond—*still* the best in video voyages. More than three dozen fantasy trips to choose from (Vestron).

SHORT TAKES

Least Intimate Video: *Kumbha Mela: Fifteen Million People Gather for Hindu Spiritual Festival*; **Best Video Digest:** *A Three Thousand Year History of Pornography, Volume One*; **Best We-Don't-Even-Wanna-Know Video:** *Buglin' Big Bulls*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *Pants That Fit*; **Even *Briefer* Thrills:** *Warren Miller's Exercise Shorts*; **Favorite Video Yuks:** *Films of Barbara Hammer, Volume Two: Lesbian Humor*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *The Care and Tweaking of the Three Tube Camera.*

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JEWEL OF THE NILE	3571602	PEE WEE'S BIG ADVENTURE	6098342			FOOTLOOSE	2019132
JAWS	1000242	A PASSAGE TO INDIA	1741362	SUPERMAN IV: THE QUEST FOR PEACE	6311012	YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN	0635452
CAN'T BUY ME LOVE	5485032	ANGEL HEART	7956172	EXCALIBUR	6021022	REAR WINDOW	2134132
TERMS OF ENDEARMENT	2014262	PORKY'S	0775602	BURGLAR	6309052	STRIPES	1513242
THE FLY (1986)	3617332	OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE	5481072	RAISING ARIZONA	3634082	HEIDI	0565072
FIRST BLOOD	6503172	THE JOLSON STORY	1849032	BACK TO SCHOOL	6524202	THE RETURN OF LIVING DEAD II	5190092
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED 25TH ANNIV. SWIMSUIT VIDEO	6674022	SHE'S HAVING A BABY	4397032	CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND	1510272	THE CAREBEARS MOVIE	7110102
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THE MISSION	6303012	MURPHY'S ROMANCE	1853482	THE WILD BUNCH	6111112	BLIND DATE	1953132
THE BIG EASY	6559102	THE BOAT (DAS BOOT)	1520252	A STAR IS BORN (1954)	6105012	KELLY'S HEROES	2671122
TAP	5920062	TRUE BELIEVER	4092012	THE SICILIAN	4953092	POLTERGEIST II: THE OTHER SIDE	2756022
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				AGNES OF GOD	1812222	WHITE CHRISTMAS	2072252
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				THE HOUSE ON CARROLL STREET	6621062	GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER?	1819092
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						SOUTH PACIFIC	3506452

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		IMAGINE: JOHN LENNON	6368032	EVERYBODY'S ALL AMERICAN	6380072	SAY ANYTHING	3720032
		BLOCKBUSTERS		THE PRINCESS BRIDE	1250052	FERRIS BUELLER'S DAY OFF	4273102
		MISSISSIPPI BURNING	2373052	SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS	2518352	DIRTY HARRY	6017572
		FATAL ATTRACTION	4393072			SILVERADO	1810242
		THREE MEN AND A BABY	5491052	THE KARATE KID II	1894152	M*A*S*H	0055382
		MICHAEL JACKSON: MOONWALKER	4686032	GIANT	6080182	GIGI	2508112
		BILL & TED'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE	3912012	APOCALYPSE NOW	2001132	A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 4: DREAM MASTER	5713072
		MOONSTRUCK	2716012	THE STING	1005292		
		TEQUILA SUNRISE	6389082	THE CARE BEARS MOVIE II	1862132	LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS (1986)	6297172
		GOOD MORNING VIETNAM	5482062	OVERBOARD	3657002	BRIGADOON	2542352
		BULL DURHAM	2360002	STAND BY ME	1924432	THE GRAPES OF WRATH	0531572
		DIE HARD	3676072	DEATH WISH 4: THE CRACKDOWN	3449032	THE LAST UNICORN	0685022
		COCKTAIL	5493032	THE LOST BOYS	6315072	FROM HERE TO ETERNITY	1917002
				THE DEER HUNTER	2124152	FLASHDANCE	2018222
				BLAZING SADDLES	0012482	THE GREEN BERETS	6239342
PINK FLOYD—DELICATE SOUND OF THUNDER	4627052	DANGEROUS LIAISONS	6387002	OLIVER!	1760242	POLICE ACADEMY V	6333052
		THREE FUGITIVES	8501072	LA BAMBA	1963032	CHARIOTS OF FIRE	6014432
THE ACCUSED	4418082	COCOON II	3710052	STAKEOUT	5488002	SUPERMAN II	6015182
JANE FONDA'S COMPLETE WORKOUT	6359042	ACCIDENTAL TOURIST	6386012	EMPIRE OF THE SUN	6332062	QUO VADIS	2681022
		THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK	6323072	THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY	7340042	THE NATURAL	1649132
ON GOLDEN POND	0523572	NADINE	3650072	FUNNY GIRL	1511262	THE SHINING	6103292
BEVERLY HILLS COP	2053362	THE DEAD POOL	6358052	HELLO, DOLLY	0609472	CASABLANCA	0507572
THROW MOMMA FROM THE TRAIN	2351012	THE TERMINATOR	6528182	CABARET	4001502	BLUE HAWAII	0673302
		ABOVE THE LAW	6336022	WALL STREET	3661042	BODY HEAT	6020112
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		SESAME STREET PRESENTS: FOLLOW THAT BIRD	6117232	THE LONGEST DAY	0577602	BRADDOCK: MISSING IN ACTION III	7250022
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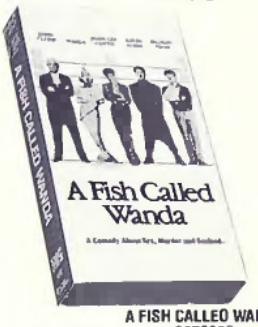

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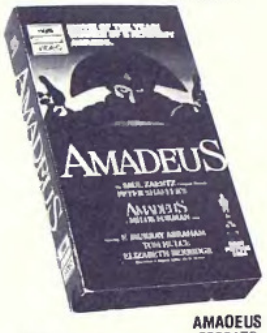

AMADEUS
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YOUNG GUNS
7266042

PREDATOR
3649012

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RAMBO III	7975062
TOP GUN	4269322
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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

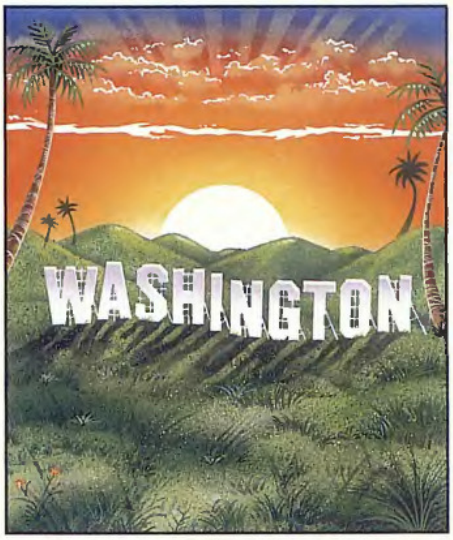
GORE VIDAL is, by far, our most talented fictional interpreter of American history. In five previous novels (*Burr*, *Lincoln*, *1876*, *Empire* and *Washington, D.C.*), he explored eras in the growth of our nation from its 18th Century origins to the inception of the 20th Century. With ***Hollywood*** (Random House), subtitled "A Novel of America in the 1920s," he brings his chronicle into the modern age of world wars and mass media. This book is Vidal's most powerful and entertaining yet, because his themes—the vitality of the American spirit, the corruption of political power, the imprint of personalities on history and the divine comedy of great events—are played out in settings easily identified by the contemporary reader.

Caroline Sanford, the fictional heiress who was the captivating central character in *Empire*, is also the focus of this new novel. Vidal's most fascinating creation since Myra Breckinridge takes a cue from William Randolph Hearst's interest in the movies and goes to act in an anti-German propaganda silent in Hollywood under the *nom de cinéma* of Emma Traxler. Eventually, she ends up producing films and finding herself attracted to the ill-fated director William Desmond Taylor. In Hollywood, Caroline embraces a new kind of American power center:

"Movies were not there simply to reflect life or tell stories but to exist in their own autonomous way and to look, as it were, back at those who made them and watched them. They had used the movies successfully to demonize national enemies. Now why not use them to alter the viewer's perception of himself and the world? Thus, she would be able to outdo Hearst at last."

Meanwhile, back in Washington, Vidal's characters scramble in ethical and political turmoil as Woodrow Wilson draws our isolationist country into World War One, Prohibition kicks off the Roaring Twenties and Warren G. Harding presides over a corrupt Administration. We experience these moments in history not on the Senate floor or on the White House steps but in drawing rooms and at dinner parties where the participants in these great events step off stage and reveal the motivations and machinations behind the scenes.

Vidal's engaged, opinionated interpretations of historical events distinguish him from traditional historical novelists, most of whom use history as a colorful backdrop for soap-opera stories. He breathes vivid reality into names from the past—Wilson, Harding, Hearst, Taylor, Eleanor Roosevelt, Charlie Chaplin, Alice Longworth and others—and brings them alive in our imaginations. In *Hollywood*, he imagines a truth that is dazzlingly connected, funny, insightful and altogether enthralling.



Hooray for *Hollywood* . . . and Washington.

Gore Vidal's America marches on; a double tribute to Jackson Pollock.

The nonfiction truth laid out in ***Jackson Pollock*** (Clarkson N. Potter), by Steven Naifeh and Gregory White Smith, is, in contrast, grim and troubling. This huge, 944-page biography of a man hailed by art critics as one of the greatest American painters is the study of a tormented, self-destructive alcoholic. What makes the dark journey through his life well worth the effort is that Pollock was the center of the abstract-expressionist movement in painting, and this relentlessly thorough biography illuminates decades of development in the avant-garde art scene. Inadvertently, it gives credence to Tom Wolfe's essay *The Painted Word* by detailing the maneuvering of Pollock's art dealer, Peggy Guggenheim, and the theoretical duels of critics Clement Greenberg and Harold Rosenberg.

The necessary companion volume to so many words about an artist is a gorgeous picture book, ***Jackson Pollock*** (Abrams), which includes more than 100 of his paintings reproduced in five-color printing and a knowledgeable text by Ellen Landau.

It is a healthy sign for both the men who fought the war and the nation in general that many accounts of Vietnam experiences and their aftermaths are being published. The most eloquent and sensitive of these in early 1990 is Michael Norman's ***These Good Men*** (Crown), subtitled "Friendships Forged from War." In the spring of 1984, Norman was seized by a deep restlessness, despite a happy family life and career. He realized that he had to deal with his memories of a traumatic battle in 1968 at Bridge 28 alongside the Quang Tri River in Vietnam, after which only half of the 110 men of Golf Company, Second Battalion, Ninth Marines were able to walk away. Starting with a list of 11 men, Norman set out on a journey of more than 30,000 miles and five years to confront that war experience. His personal memoir of that journey and the moving stories of the men with whom he was reunited make this book an inspiring testament to the healing power of love and friendship.

Another Vietnam memoir of a more difficult healing is Rod Kane's ***Veteran's Day*** (Orion). Writing with stream-of-consciousness urgency, Kane relives his combat experiences as an Army airborne medic and the long, hard plunge through alcohol and drug abuse back into an American society he hardly recognizes. Kane's angry and sometimes incoherent struggle is punctuated by memories of men calling, "Doc, I'm hit"; "Doc, over here"; "Doc, how 'bout this guy?"; "Doc, help me, help me." Alternately terrifying, hilarious and heartbreaking, this book takes you into the head of a vet more startlingly and immediately than anything else I have read.

For yet another view of Vietnam, read ***Where the Orange Blooms*** (McGraw-Hill), by Thomas Taylor. It's the phenomenal odyssey of Ben Cai Lam, who escaped from Mao's China in 1949 only to end up fighting in Vietnam with the 101st Airborne Division from 1965 until the U.S. troops left in 1971. He continued to fight in the South Vietnamese Army until they surrendered to the North Vietnamese, and he spent five horrible years in a "re-education camp." After 17 attempts, he escaped from Vietnam and eventually made his way to Dillon, Montana. This is an extraordinary story of courage and survival.

Finally, the poet laureate of Baghdad by the Bay has written what purports to be an eccentric guidebook to the town (before the earthquake, of course) but is actually an excellent collection of bittersweet short stories. Herbert Gold's ***Travels in San Francisco*** (Arcade) is filled with poignant and funny vignettes, perfect slices of Northern California life to be sipped thoughtfully, like Buena Vista Café Irish coffee.

BOOK BAG

Temporary Sojourner (Fireside), by Tony Eprile: A riveting collection of memories, observations and comment. Stories about the author's South African childhood.

Searching for Robert Johnson (Dutton), by Peter Guralnick: The story that Johnson, the king of the Delta blues singers, sold his soul to the Devil in exchange for fame—whether true or false—is conjecture enough to read this extended essay.

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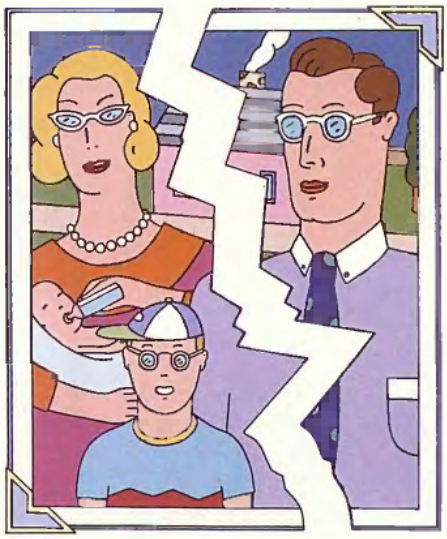
MEN

By ASA BABER



THE VINEYARDS OF VENGEANCE

This column is dedicated to every divorced father who has lost custody of his children after he sued for it. You will see that it speaks to a very dark fantasy that many of us have shared.

When a father loses custody of his children in divorce court, he feels as if they have been kidnaped. No matter how soft-spoken the judge or how slick the lawyers, it is a traumatic moment. Strangers come into the father's life and take his children away. Worse, these same strangers award custody of his children to his ex-wife—a woman he probably does not trust anymore. To the caring father, that is a violent action.

Every father knows that the numbers are stacked against him when he enters the divorce/child-custody process. Fewer than three percent of all children in the United States live with their fathers only (while 21.4 percent live with their mothers only and three percent live with neither parent). On the face of it, these numbers prove that the disenfranchised father is a common character on the American scene.

The day inevitably comes when the divorced father has to say goodbye to his kids. That is a day of maximum pain. As I turned Jim and Brendan over to my ex-wife's custody, I felt angry and gypped (to put it mildly), and I was desperately worried about their future. How well would my boys fare without me? What would they think of my absence? I knew that I was qualified in every way to have at least joint custody of my children; I knew that I deserved equal treatment under the law but had not gotten it; I knew that I was a good father who spent a lot of time with his kids and who loved them totally. But there they were, leaving my life for all but a few weeks a year (*if* visitation were honorably enforced), and it hurt like hell.

I gave my boys one last hug, and as I walked away from them, I felt as though I had just lost every claim to masculinity I ever had. I couldn't protect my kids? I didn't even have a right to live with them? Then, by definition, I was not a man. The phrase battered father occurred to me, and it fit. I was in the middle of a certain kind of violence, and I had just lost the biggest fight of my life. I was ashamed of my fears and ashamed of my loss.

As the years went by, things got worse. Internally, I was struggling with a darkness that almost overwhelmed me. It was as if I had watched a kidnaper haul my two boys into a car at gunpoint and speed away with them—and I had stood there and allowed it to happen. Born and trained for action, filled with the need to protect my sons, I had peaceably surrendered them to the system that had screwed me.

There were times when my self-image was so distorted that I was close to self-destruction. I raged inwardly at the injustice of the situation, but I still tried to be a good father from an awful distance. I paid more than my share of child support, wrote to my children and called them often, visited with them whenever I could, endured various disruptions of communications from the other side, and still the pain of the loss stayed in my psyche like a chunk of hot shrapnel.

Somewhere in the lower depths of that terrible time, I had a thought. "They were kidnaped from me," I said to myself, "so I'll just kidnap them back." That idea took hold of me and became my favorite fantasy. Having been dealt with unfairly by the courts, having had my rights as a father dismissed in a cavalier fashion, having my children raised in ways that I could not tolerate, I saw no way out of my pain other than revenge.

The fantasy grew: I would show up in their town, tell them to hop into the car, and away we would go, The Three Musketeers united again and forever, wrestling and singing, laughing and joking. "Why not do it?" I kept asking myself. No one could execute a kidnaping faster or more efficiently than I could; no one could disappear more professionally if need be. After all, I reasoned, the three of us deserved to be together after so many years of cruel and unnatural separation. In one dramatic moment, I could redress my grievances, prove to my sons that I cared, show my ex-wife that I could not be muscled and ensure the safety of my boys. Such a deal!

Indeed, that is a common fantasy for many divorced fathers, it turns out. After talks with hundreds of men about this experience, I know that many of us go through the same cycle of fantasized vengeance. There are some of you out there who, as you read this, are saying, "All right, Ace, I'm going to go get my kids right now!"

I understand your eagerness. *But don't do it.* That eagerness is misplaced and that fantasy could be destructive to your children. Don't act on it. That's the message for today, as tough as it is for me to write it and you to absorb it. Don't bring even more violence and dislocation into your children's lives. Take the pain and deal with it on your own. That is your job as a man. Stay in touch with your kids, shield them from your sadness and be a great father to them every time you get the chance.

You and I have consumed the same bitter grapes, but we should remember Jeremiah's lamentation. "The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge," he wrote. Think about it.

It is our job as men to eat our share of the sour grapes of divorce and *not* pass them on to our children. Once the court has made its decision, it is our job to take a dive, to get fucked, to lose. Maybe one day we can get justice in the legal system. Maybe one day fathers will not be dismissible evidence. We should fight for that. But our children should not be fodder in that fight.

My sons eventually came back to live with me, and the courts had nothing to do with it. It was a natural progression. The grape I had eaten was poisonous and sour, but I lived. And every grape I ate was one grape they didn't have to deal with.

You there, you good man with an intense love for your children, don't turn kidnaper. If you remain constant with your kids, they will figure it out. Listen to Jeremiah instead of that voice inside you, and you and your children will thrive! Sooner or later, you'll be united again.

Introducing new ESCORT and self-powered SOLO

The new ESCORT: Incredible performance

At Cincinnati Microwave, we've continuously advanced the science of radar warning since we introduced the original ESCORT in 1978.

But we've never stopped striving for another quantum leap. And now we've found it: DSP.

Incredible technology

DSP is Digital Signal Processing, a technology virtually unheard of in personal electronics, but used in many exotic electronic devices.

DSP is used by NASA to create detailed space photos from blurry images. It's used to deliver sharp images from medical scanners. And now we're using DSP to find radar signals too weak to be detected by conventional technology.

How it works

The new ESCORT's DSP circuitry samples incoming radar signals 50,000 times a second, slicing them into discrete bits of information. This data is then digitized and continuously analyzed by an internal computer. The end result is incredible.

The heart of ESCORT's DSP circuitry is this 20 MHz 24 bit HCMOS processor, a custom version of the Motorola DSP 56000.

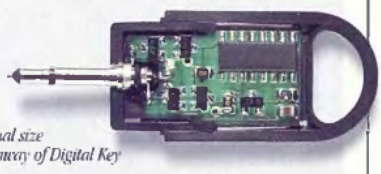
Breakthrough performance

New ESCORT provides an incredible increase in sensitivity on both bands. Quite simply, this means that the new ESCORT picks up radar signals much further away than ever before possible. All this in an incredibly compact package, only ⅞" high and 3¼" wide. The science of radar warning will never be the same.

Bad news for thieves:

A new security system in new ESCORT and SOLO makes them of little use to anyone but the rightful owner. Here's how it works:

The system is fully automatic, and easy to use. Included with your new radar detector is a tiny electronic "Oigital Key"™ to put on your key ring (see the main photo above and the cutaway below).



Actual size cutaway of Digital Key

About every two months, your radar detector's circuitry will prompt you to insert your Oigital Key into a small jack on your detector, and turn your detector on. After confirming that you used the right Oigital Key, your radar detector will reset its lock and will be ready for two more months of use. That's all there is to it.

However, for someone who doesn't have the right key (and there are thousands of different Oigital Keys), the radar detector simply won't work. And needless to say, there's little economic incentive for a thief to steal your radar detector if he can't sell it. And if a stolen ESCORT or SOLO is ever returned to our factory for service, we'll immediately contact you (if you have reported the theft to us).

Although nothing is totally "theft-proof," our new Oigital Key security system will help keep your new ESCORT or SOLO yours.

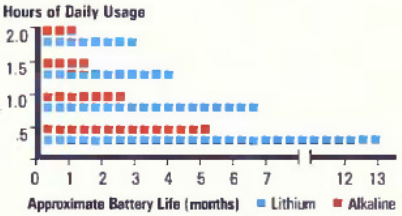
SOLO: A new kind of radar detector — No power cord

If you're a business traveler, always switching between cars and using rentals in distant cities, you need the most convenient radar detector possible. But radar detectors have always been less than ideal for traveling. Until now.

Revolutionary convenience

After two years of development, we're introducing SOLO, the first self-powered superheterodyne radar detector. You just mount it on your visor or windshield and turn it on. It's that simple.

SOLO doesn't need a power cord, recharger, or add-on battery pack. Its remarkable design uses only 2% of the power of a conventional radar detector. As a result, SOLO operates about 200 hours on a single 9 Volt lithium battery (or 80 hours on a standard alkaline).



Uncompromised performance

SOLO has the same long-range warning as our test-winning PASSPORT, in an even smaller package (about ¾"H x 2¼"W, weighing only 5½ ounces). And unlike most battery-powered devices, SOLO maintains full performance over its full battery life.

New self-powered SOLO may be the first radar detector that's never too much trouble to use.

The right stuff

New ESCORT and SOLO have all of the advanced features we pioneered with ESCORT and PASSPORT. Variable rate audio, with different tones for X and K bands. Alert lamp, ten-segment meter, Dark mode, and a Mute switch with a new Auto-Mute function. A battery-saver even turns SOLO off if you forget.

Everything included

Both new ESCORT and SOLO come complete with leather case, visor clip, windshield mount, and comprehensive owner's manual. ESCORT includes power cords (straight, coiled, and direct wire), while SOLO includes both lithium and alkaline 9 volt batteries and a travel case.

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We only sell direct from our factory to you, and we guarantee your satisfaction. If you're not completely satisfied in 30 days, just return your purchase for a full refund. You can't lose.

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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

What will sports be like in the Nineties? Your guess is as good as mine—Saul Mine, ticket broker, West 42nd Street—and probably as good as my own.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

The major colleges will finally get a post-season play-off to determine the national champion. Notre Dame will be in it every year. Even in those seasons when Notre Dame goes 3-7-1, it will be in the championship game. Notre Dame is box office and if it is not in the championship game, no TV network will buy the package from the N.C.A.A.

The N.C.A.A. will put every major college except Notre Dame on probation for recruiting violations.

A member of the N.C.A.A.'s infractions committee will suggest putting Notre Dame on probation as well. This man will be hanged, not in effigy but for real, during a pep rally on the Notre Dame campus, at which Ronald Reagan will speak and the Pope will tap-dance.

PRO FOOTBALL

The N.F.L. will narrow its choices of expansion cities down to 68. Exhibition games will continue to be played in these cities. The American cities that sell the most tickets to these meaningless exhibition games will then be eliminated from consideration, and the N.F.L. will place expansion teams in Edinburgh, Brisbane, Düsseldorf, Bogotá and Brussels.

But a total of 33 teams in the N.F.L. will only create imbalance, and talk will begin about further expansion for the year 2010.

Jacksonville, Florida, will be one of the cities most often mentioned.

Art Shell will become the first black head coach to be fired in the N.F.L.

In Dallas, Jimmy Johnson will become known as "only the second coach the Cowboys have ever fired."

During a game, an unnamed team's entire offensive line will explode on the field from steroid abuse.

BASEBALL

Throughout the Nineties, Pete Rose will autograph and sell his old jockstraps for $34.68 each at a convenience store in Chillicothe, Ohio.

An unborn child will be named manager of the New York Yankees.

Bo Jackson will be Nolan Ryan's 7000th strike-out victim, thus becoming the only athlete in history to be a Heisman Trophy winner, M.V.P. of an All-Star game and Nolan Ryan's 7000th strike-out victim, all in one lifetime.

WHITHER SPORTS?

A team of scientists from MIT will finally figure out what the Houston Astros' colors are.

By 1995, the Texas Rangers will have seven .300 hitters in the line-up and will win their first 62 games but will finish fourth in the American League West.

George Steinbrenner will fire the United States of America for not winning the war on drugs.

BASKETBALL

The N.C.A.A. will increase the number of teams invited to participate in its national championship tournament, "the road to the Final Four," from 64 to 256.

"It makes a better TV package," a spokesman will say.

A survey will reveal that Weight Training Two is the most popular course taken by 90 percent of all college basketball players. Many scholar-athletes will have taken Weight Training Two nine times over a two-year period.

Skye High, North Carolina State's star center, will be declared scholastically ineligible for flunking Weight Training Two.

Every school except Duke in the Atlantic Coast Conference will conduct a seven-year internal investigation into possible rules violations and will find no evidence of any wrongdoing.

The N.B.A. will fight off a corporate take-over by Time-Warner and will merge with Disney.

BOXING

Gunner Steroid, a white kid, only 18, whose real name is Bobby Joe Stench, will win the heavyweight title and become the world's most unpopular athlete, inasmuch as he's white.

TRACK AND FIELD

Al Track will run a wind-aided 7.2 in the 100-yard dash with a color TV under his arm. Ben Field will high-jump 12 feet, six inches while being pursued by an international drug cartel.

The summer Olympics of 2000 will be awarded to Scutari, Albania.

GOLF

Walt Matilda, a big, blond Australian with an exciting nickname, "The Great White Nabisco," will narrowly lose 17 major championships but will become rich and famous because of his 512-yard tee shots.

Most golf courses designed in the past 20 years and built around the bulkheads will be declared fire hazards.

The United States Golf Association will legalize a square ball to compensate for the continued widespread use of square-groove clubs among recreational golfers.

TENNIS

A statement made by Steffi Graf in a press interview at Wimbledon will be translated as "Stop or I'll shoot!"

MISCELLANEOUS

As education continues to be a problem in America, network television will put drag racing in prime time.

In a nuclear submarine, Dennis Conner will win the America's Cup back from Israel.

A Siamese cat will win a gold medal in Olympic gymnastics.

East Germany and West Germany will unite, win the World Cup in soccer, then invade Poland.

A Japanese business conglomerate will buy *The Star-Spangled Banner* but will continue to let it be played at most sports events.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

When my boyfriend and I started having sex, he had no problem bringing me to orgasm when he was on top. Then, as a change of pace, I rode him once and found that my orgasms were a lot more intense and satisfying. The problem is, now my boyfriend hasn't been able to bring me to orgasm except when I'm on top. We've tried everything—extended foreplay, oral stimulation, other positions. He says it doesn't matter to him that much, but it's frustrating for me and making sex less enjoyable. Any suggestions?—Miss J. T., San Diego, California.

Lighten up. We heard a comedian talk about self-appointed experts in bed. His girlfriend would give directions in bed—"Do this, do that." Finally, she rolled over and confessed that she had never had an orgasm. He said, "Then what the fuck are you doing giving directions? I've been having orgasms for years." You have a problem, but it's not the one you think you have. First, an orgasm is not something your boyfriend makes happen—it's something you allow yourself to have in his presence. You've found a sure-fire method (on top) and everything else pales in comparison, to the point that you have created a self-fulfilling (or -defeating) prophecy. By insisting that every form of stimulation produce an orgasm, you put an undue burden on each approach. In bed, what you believe will happen will happen. If you think that being on top is the only way that works, it will be the only way that works. But that's a problem half the couples in America would kill for. Play. Frolic. When you want your orgasm, roll over on top. Then give your boyfriend his favorite form of orgasm. Then start again.

I was interested in the information you published recently about an outfit in Germany that rents high-velocity Porsches, BMWs and Mercedeses. It sounds great, but I have one question: Is there truly no speed limit on the autobahns? Can I really go as fast as I want?—T. P., New York, New York.

A friend of ours recently spent several days trying to see how fast a BMW 750iL would go on Europe's public highways, and in Germany, he claims to have found a slight credibility gap between what's promised and what's delivered. It's true that many, if not most, stretches of Germany's limited-access autobahns have a recommended speed limit of 80 miles per hour, but a recommendation is not reality—while doing 125 miles per hour, he was passed by a Porsche 928 that appeared to be approaching escape velocity. He was also left behind at 110 mph by a Volkswagen Golf that had clearly received a steroid injection under the hood. That's the good news, along with the fact that the autobahns are superbly maintained highways—smooth, wrinkle-free and clearly marked. Also, German drivers

are very fast but invariably polite. Nobody cuts you off or weaves from lane to lane. The national mantra seems to be "Keep right unless passing." If they want you to move over, they usually turn on their left-turn signal. If that doesn't work, they flash their lights. Unfortunately, some stretches of autobahn have posted limits, usually between 60 and 72 mph. Other parts are slowed by repairs. And traffic on weekends is murder, so try to hang it out on a sunny workday afternoon far from the big cities. Also note that all nonautobahn highways have posted speed limits. Take your cue from the flow of traffic—the police do go after speeders. One favored method is to photograph the front end of your car (including your license plate) with a high-speed camera positioned on an overpass. A few weeks later, a ticket and a copy of the photo with your speed superimposed on the corner arrive in your mailbox. We know one driver who laminates the photos to the grille of his car—like the pictures of enemy aircraft that flying aces use to indicate kills.

Because of what might be called a case of condom phobia, I am writing to you. Whenever I contemplate the idea of using a condom in order to make love to somebody, my penis absolutely refuses to get with it and intercourse becomes impossible. But if by sheer luck I am able to sustain an erection long enough to slip the rubber on, the moment I attempt to enter the nearest vagina, my manhood dwindles down to nothing and I am through. No amount of coaxing, from me or the poor girl, will bring it back to life. This situation is very frustrating for me, as I am not able to get laid. I am single and don't have a regular girl, but many times, I have encountered what will turn out to be a one-night stand and that's when my condom phobia makes its appearance. I am keenly aware of the smorgasbord of S.T.D.s going around. I refuse to risk getting something by fucking unprotected. So the result is always the same sad thing: no sex. The problem is nothing new for me. It has been going on for many years, but since I've usually had a steady girlfriend, I haven't had to worry about it. Now, unfortunately, I have been by myself for almost three months and I don't know when my next girlfriend is going to come around the corner to save the day. So far, it has been solo sex or no sex. Is there some help available for this problem?—G. P., Miami Beach, Florida.

Let's get this straight. You want Mr. Happy to be eight inches of well-insulated, throbbing steel in the presence of a woman you hardly know who might be a Petri dish of potentially lethal virus. Gosh, sounds like a healthy sexual attitude to us. The problem may be unfamiliarity: You may have to get to know your casual lovers as well as you knew your girlfriends (we assume you were still using condoms with them, or did you have some other form of birth control?). Putting on a condom during sex injects a hard dose of reality into the fantasyland of ricochet romance. You could practice at home. Masturbate with a condom until you know it like the palm of your hand. Try adding lubricants. Turn one of those condoms with ribs inside out so the tiny little fingers stimulate your secret pleasure centers. Become acquainted with a variety of condoms so your anxiety is replaced by expertise. Ask your new friends to put the condom on as part of foreplay—of course, they will be clumsy, and that clumsiness may detract from arousal, but at least it's something you're doing together.

When I put out a Brie or Camembert cheese at a party, guests gouge out pieces of the creamy center, digging between the crusts. It doesn't take long before the cheese is a mess. In France, I've noticed that people cut off a wedge, crusts and all, which they gobble with gusto. Tell me, is one supposed to eat the rind? Which cheese rinds are edible and add to the flavor, and which are to be avoided?—J. J., Gary, Indiana.

Cheese authorities agree that the rinds of all natural cheeses are edible—but not necessarily enjoyable. Here are things you want to look for: For soft or semisoft surface-ripened cheeses such as Brie, Camembert, Saga, Reblochon, Pont l'Evêque, French Munster, Nariolles, Livarot and Liederkranz, watch for such signs of deterioration as browning and other discoloration, slimy, sticky surface, "barnyard" odor, shrunken merchandise. Some hosts elect to remove the rinds of aggressive cheeses such as Reblochon and Livarot before serving. But don't discard rinds frivolously. Ernst Siggaard, production

manager of Tholstrup Dairies, U.S.A., says they add complexity and balance. For hard, interior-ripened cheeses such as Emmenthaler, Gruyère, Appenzell, Parmesan, Raclette, Pecorino and Romano, beware of cracked or excessively dried-out rinds, cheeses darker near the rind, misshapen goods and bitter rinds. Ideal Cheese, a premiere Manhattan shop, will grind dense, tough rinds so they can be used in cooking. No amount of coaxing or reassurance will persuade a confirmed rindophobe to eat the rind of Brie or other such cheeses. But you can prepare the cheese so it's vastly more appealing to the palate. It's simple. Start with a ripe Brie. Brush any loose particles off the top, then spread lightly with unsalted butter and coat with chopped toasted almonds.

Since I went away to college (more than six years ago), I've been reading *Playboy* but have been reluctant to write to you because I don't see many letters from women. I've noticed that you've advised men who've complained about an occasional inability to achieve an erection, but I've never seen a discussion of my problem.

About the time I started menstruating, I also became curious about my body and soon learned that touching my clitoris caused it to quiver and grow stiff, which really felt good. By the time I was 18 (and still a virgin), I could caress my clitoris until it stiffened and lengthened to about an inch and protruded from the lips of my vagina. Near the end of my freshman year in college, I finally lost my virginity to a sophomore who was exceptionally considerate of me but who was amazed at how large my clitoris became when I was sexually aroused. We both thoroughly enjoyed intercourse as well as oral sex. In fact, we even experimented by inserting my erect clitoris into the opening of his erect penis to produce pleasurable sensations unlike anything else imaginable. I have since been sexually active with other men. That is, until recently. I've fallen in love with a wonderful man and would like to marry him, but when we have intercourse, my clitoris will not become erect. This is particularly embarrassing since I told him that it would. We've watched erotic videos in the nude together; he has caressed my clitoris with his fingers; he has gently sucked and licked it to cause a slight arousal. Of course, we've had intercourse, but so far, nothing has been able to arouse it to a firm if not rigid inch-long organ. As a consequence, I've become so anxious about this failure to become aroused that I can't enjoy our intimate moments together, and he's losing interest in me. I've heard that many men lose the ability to have a fully erect penis as they become older (in their 50s and beyond), but I'm only 24 years old. Have you any suggestions?—Miss B. G., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The clitoris is similar to the penis. It becomes erect when aroused. It can refuse to join the party. It can become unnerved by performance anxiety. If you can make your clitoris perform its trick in private, you know the problem is not physical. Our advice: Retire from show business. You can still pleasure the other 99.9 percent of your body (and we assume you still reach orgasm). It's not unusual for a woman to respond differently to different men—the weight of your marital fantasy may be enough to stifle your arousal. Your body may be pulling its punches; maybe you should listen to it.

What is the truth about eelskin wallets? Do they cause damage to the magnetic strips on credit cards?—A. I., Vista, California.

Where do these rumors come from? Did some guy who was overdrawn on his credit line explain a rejected card by blaming it on the ghost of an electric eel? The type of material your wallet is made of will not affect the magnetic strip, but where you carry your wallet may: If you sit on your wealth, eventually, the card may become creased. Between two and ten percent of all cards cannot be read and have to be replaced as soon as you get them. Other sources that may demagnetize the strip include magnetic clasps on purses and wallets, money clips with magnets, magnetized security cards (the kind used to enter buildings), head demagnetizers (when you work on your stereo, leave your wallet in the next room)—i.e., any strong magnetic source. Industry experts also counsel against storing cards with magnetic strips rubbing against pens, pencils or other magnetic strips.

Not long ago, *The Playboy Advisor* ran a letter about people who suffered headaches from sex. I have just the opposite condition: Sex can cure a headache. Have you ever heard of such a reaction?—B. N., Chicago, Illinois.

This may put an end to the oldest excuse in the book. "Darling, I have a headache. Would you mind a quickie?" A report in Medical Selfcare *suggests that sex may actually provide relief from some types of migraine headaches. A researcher at Southern Illinois University found that for some people, a small orgasm brought modest relief, while stronger orgasms brought complete relief. The effect varied from person to person—one man said he could relieve pain only by having sex with someone other than his wife. Right.*

I'm a golfer looking for a challenge. I don't mean the sink-this-putt-and-your-old-lady-owes-me-a-blow-job challenge. I mean one tough bitch of a golf course—long, tight, with water hazards full of hungry gators. You get the idea. Where do I tee off if I want to get beat up and enjoy it?—E. O., Dallas, Texas.

Ready for the Whips and Chains Open, are you? You seem to be in good company, since plenty of golfers are lining up at 7000-yard monsters that promise five hours of humiliation. One guy we know has a T-shirt that says BEAT ME, FUCK ME, MAKE ME MISS TWO-FOOTERS. *Our top six nightmare courses? Some masochists like to warm up at a place such as Pebble Beach, California, where the ocean will claim plenty of golf balls and the pro shop will relieve you of $150 for the privilege (who else besides golfers and New Yorkers would willingly pay so much for being treated so rudely?). One of our personal favorites is the Tournament Players Club in Sawgrass, the Florida course at which Pete Dye introduced the dreaded island green. From the back tees at T.P.C., you'll need heavy artillery just to reach the cut part of the fairways. Another layout guaranteed to leave your swing in tatters is the P.G.A. WEST Stadium Course at LaQuinta, California, a track so tough that the pros tried it once and refused to go back. Another fun afternoon can be spent at The Bear, in the Grand Traverse Resort in northern Michigan. Jack Nicklaus built this 7065-yard namesake, and you should enjoy watching your two-iron approach shots bounce harmlessly off the greens and into the woods. To get your kicks a little farther from home, check out the aptly named Teeth of the Dog course in Casa de Campo, a plush resort in the Dominican Republic. The stretch of holes along the ocean there will bring back painful memories of the aforementioned Pebble Beach. As for those who prefer the razor instead of the bludgeon, look no farther than Muirfield, the venerable links just east of Edinburgh in Scotland. This is surely the most subtle torture track in all of golfdom.*

Other than masturbation or intercourse, is there a cure for blue balls? Sometimes I don't have the privacy for one or time for the other, let alone a willing partner. I know it has probably been years since you suffered from this, being the suave, sophisticated adult that you are—but rack your memory. I need help.—C. J., Denver, Colorado.

First, let's go over the cause of blue balls, or stone ache, as it is sometimes called. According to an article in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*: "The first phase of sexual stimulation produces general pelvic venous dilation. If this persists, the venous drainage from the testicles is slowed and the blood pressure inside the testicles may go up to a painful level. The pain disappears spontaneously after two to three hours without any residual symptoms." If you can't masturbate, try this technique: "Stone ache can be promptly relieved by straining to lift an immovable object, such as a car bumper, while in a stooped or squatting position. The patient should be cautioned to attempt to lift symmetrically so as to prevent back-muscle strain. The [victim] is instructed to apply as much force as possible for three to four seconds; repetition of the straining/lifting process is occasionally necessary. The pelvic pain often disappears dramatically after 15–30 seconds." So does your date.*

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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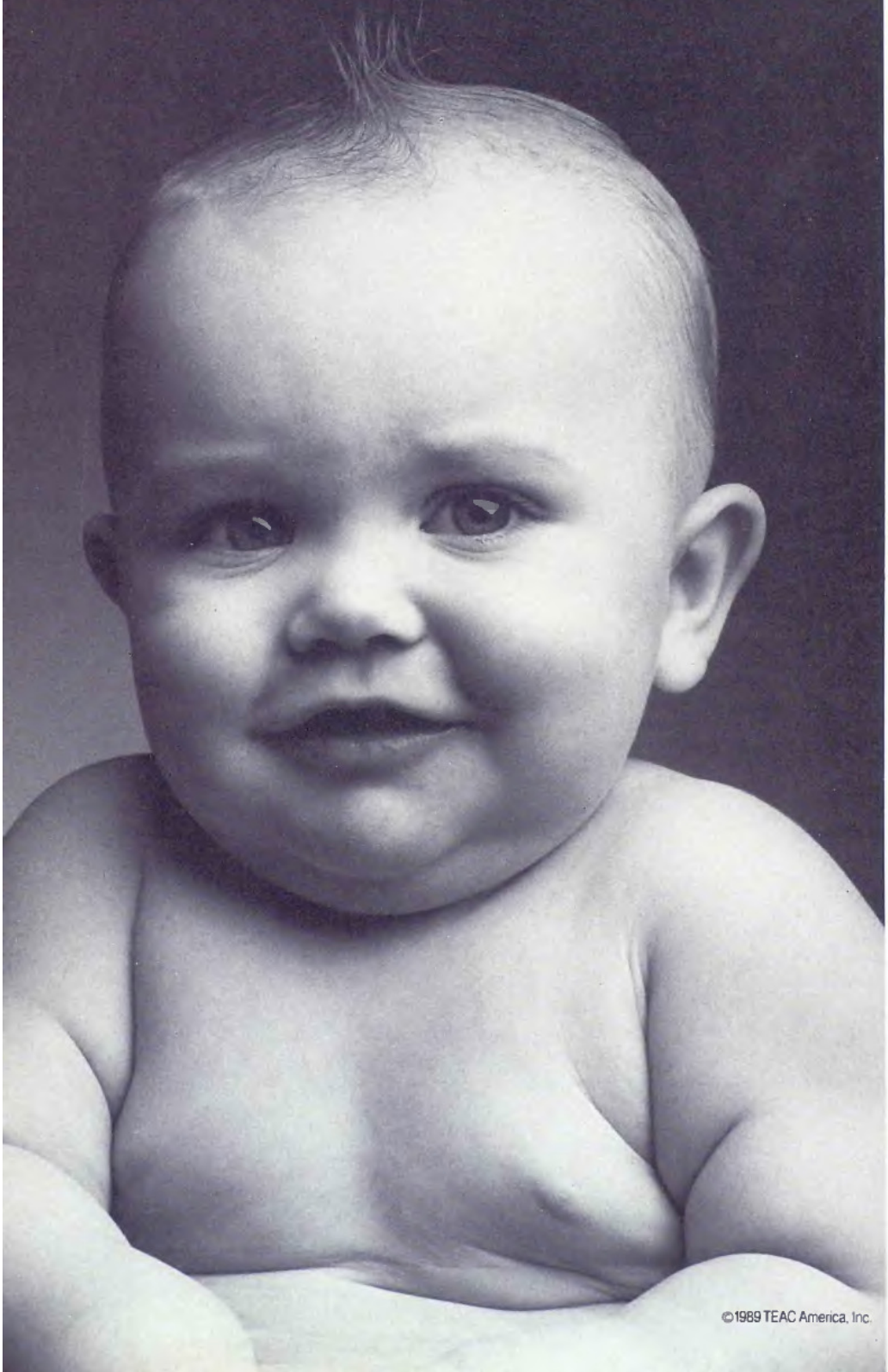

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OF MICE AND MOLESTERS

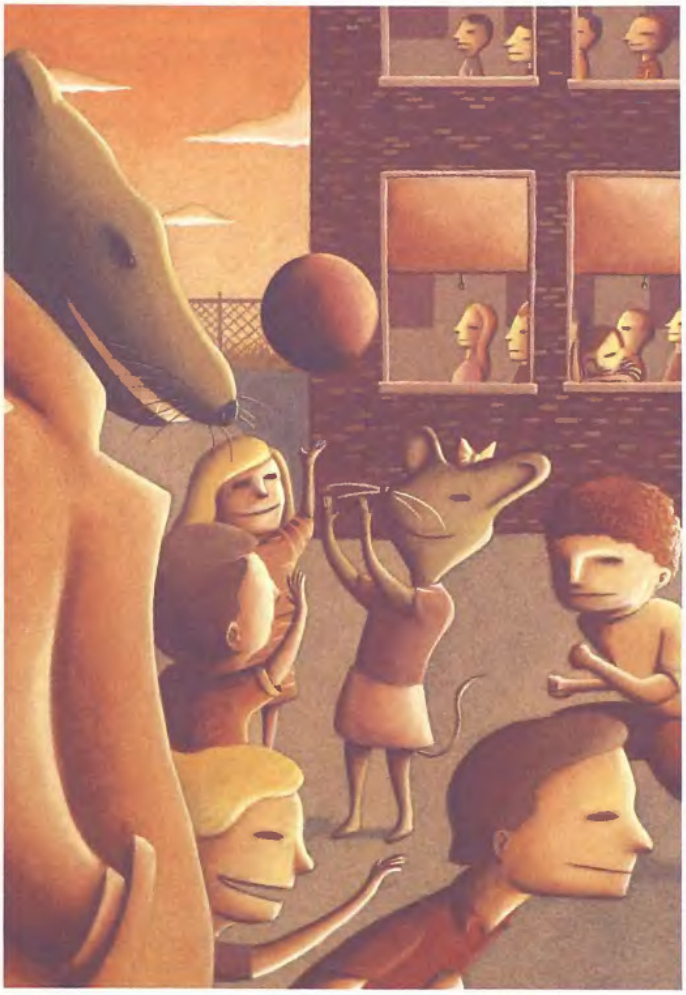
If you ever wondered how adult America talks to its children about sex, take a look at the programs designed to teach kids about the very serious issue of sexual abuse.

John Crewdson, Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist, writes in *By Silence Betrayed, Sexual Abuse of Children in America*, "Most prevention programs refuse to call penises and vaginas by their proper names, referring instead to mysterious 'private zones' or 'places where your bathing suit covers.'

"*Red Flag, Green Flag*, a multimedia program . . . has as its centerpiece a coloring book that contains a drawing of an androgynous child whose arms, legs, chest and other body parts are identified for what they are, while the region between the child's legs is merely labeled 'genitals (private parts).' Upon closer inspection, it becomes apparent that the child in the drawing has no genitals or private parts.

"*It's O.K. to Say No!* . . . mostly contains warnings about 'child molesters' who frequent public rest rooms and video arcades, with a few cautionary words about neighbors, teachers and baby sitters thrown in. But *It's O.K. to Say No!* never says what it's OK to say no to. In one story, a girl named Tina spends the night at the home of Lucy, her friend. After Tina's in bed, Lucy's big brother comes into her room and starts saying 'strange things' that make Tina feel 'uncomfortable.' But what things? Why does Tina feel uncomfortable? The reader never finds out. Because *It's O.K. to Say No!* and similar storybooks are designed for parents to share with their children, their squeamishness may be an acknowledgment that many parents feel uneasy talking with their children about any aspect of sex."

Cordelia Anderson, one of the pioneers in child-sexual-abuse-prevention programs, agrees with Crewdson. "We're saying that we want to talk to you about *it*, that if you have any questions about *it*, I want you to ask me about *it*, that it's not OK if someone does *it* to you, and that if *it* happens, it's not your fault. But what *it* means is so bad that I can't even say the words."



Neil Gilbert, co-author of *Protecting Young Children from Sexual Abuse*, also disagrees with the way sexual-abuse programs discuss "good touch, bad touch." "In introducing 'bad touches' that are sexual, many programs begin by teaching children to identify their private parts. But there is disagreement about exactly what these private parts include. The minimalist position defines them as the genitals or the body parts covered by underwear. A more expansive view includes the mouth and the chest. And in some programs, physical contact on any part of the body that does not 'feel good' is a bad touch. One curriculum, for example, explicitly acknowledges that the hair is not a private part, while another uses role playing in which a four-year-old girl is congratulated for informing her teacher about the next-door neighbor who sometimes invites her into his house for milk and cookies, and then touches her hair. Thus, in the most inclusive view of 'bad touch,' children are taught that even a pat on the head should be reported to the authorities if it feels funny. . . . Hence, the programs teach that the 'yucky' kiss from Uncle Bill, the tight hug from Grandma or the unwanted squeeze from Aunt Jenny, which may not feel good, are therefore 'bad touches.' These touches are seen as an infringement on the child's rights that should be automatically resisted, and perhaps even reported. At best, this view disregards the deep affection from which these physical expressions usually arise; at worst, it implies that something insidious lurks behind simple physical contact."

Some programs, in order to avoid the subject of sex altogether, use animals to try to impart their message. About Golden Books' *Never Talk to Strangers*, one of the best-selling children's books on the subject, Crewdson says, "The book uses what its publisher describes

as fantasy and humor to convey its message 'in a nonthreatening way.' The illustrations it contains show children in familiar settings—at home, at the store, at the bus stop, at the playground—when an unfamiliar and presumably threatening character appears on the scene. None of these strangers, however, is human. 'If you are hanging from a trapeze,' the book begins, 'and up sneaks a camel with bony knees, remember this rule if you please—never talk to strangers!' It goes on to warn children about grouchy grizzly bears, parachuting hawks, a rhinoceros waiting for a bus, coyotes who ask the time, cars with a whale at the wheel and bees carrying bass bassoons."

Crewdson continues, "The problem with such anthropomorphic presentations is illustrated by a filmstrip featuring Penelope Mouse, who has an otherwise unidentified 'strange experience' at her uncle Sid's house. When a group of schoolchildren who had been shown the filmstrip were later asked what its message was, they agreed that sexual abuse must be a serious problem among mice."

Is stranger danger and the message for children to always be on their guard really what we want to convey? Crewdson thinks not. "The real problem with sexual-abuse-prevention programs is that . . . very few of them warn children about the possibility of sexual abuse by relatives, and there are almost none that discuss parent-child incest. Those who design such materials defend their skittishness by pointing to the parent-teacher protests that have sprung up even when the most innocuous programs have been introduced into local schools. . . . Some parents oppose prevention programs on the grounds that they 'put ideas about sex in children's heads.' Others are concerned that sexual-abuse prevention might somehow be akin to sex education. Because many parents find it hardest to acknowledge the possibility that their children may be at risk from family members, sexual-abuse counselors argue that in most cities, an incest-prevention program would have no chance of gaining acceptance."

Gilbert concurs. "Nobody knows how many children are sexually abused by strangers. But most estimates indicate that 80 to 90 percent of reported cases of sexual abuse involve offenders known to the child." He believes that the available programs that purport to teach children about sexual abuse are at best social placebos that "may only bewilder small children while soothing parental anxieties; at worst, they leave youngsters as vulnerable as ever but psychologically on edge—a little more aware of the dangers around them and a little less able to enjoy the innocence of childhood.

"The resources consumed by training preschool children might be used more constructively in programs designed to sharpen the vigilance of parents, teachers and other responsible caretakers of children. This approach would place the duty to protect children closer to the family and the community, where it belongs."

We agree. But is it any wonder that adults who will not use straight talk when discussing sex—if they discuss sex at all—with their children will not only abdicate their own responsibility to their children but also insist that sexual-abuse-prevention programs be so obtuse that they do more harm than good?

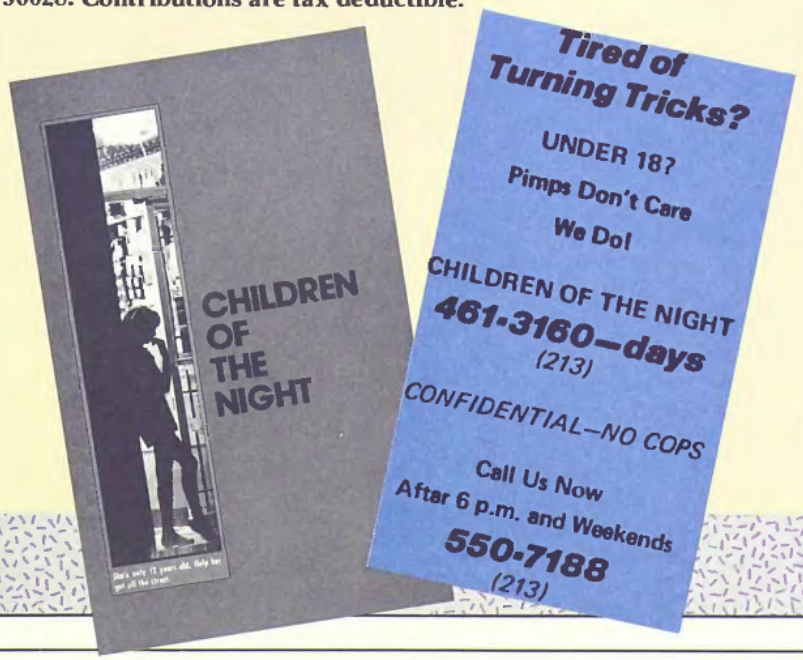
Perhaps it is adult Americans who need sex education.

CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT

Dr. Lois Lee sees the product of America's silence about sex. She heads Children of the Night—a volunteer program in Los Angeles that deals with child prostitutes and runaways. Most of the adolescents are from white, middle-class homes and about 80 percent have been sexually abused, often by a family member. Dr. Lee says, "Authorities estimate that about a thousand kids come to Hollywood every week. A kid who stays on the streets for a week is going to have a brush with prostitution. Eighty percent of the kids I see have worked as prostitutes."

Children of the Night supplies the basics: More than 50 adolescents every month receive clothing, emergency medical care, Social Security cards, counseling, a ticket home or housing referrals and help with placement in drug programs, schools, mental-health facilities and jobs. Most important, Lee is an adult these teens can trust.

The Playboy Foundation provided funding to Children of the Night when no other organization was willing to do so. Late last summer, a fund-raising benefit was held at the Playboy Mansion to raise money to convert the old Van Nuys post office into a 24-bed shelter. If you want to join the crusade for children, send a check to Children of the Night, 1800 North Highland, Suite 128, Hollywood, California 90028. Contributions are tax deductible.



NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SATURDAY-NIGHT BREATHING

AMSTERDAM—*For reasons not altogether clear, premature babies seem to breathe better when fast music is piped into their incubators. Most premature infants suffer*

respiratory problems and the music appears to increase their breathing rate. The babies were treated to the crooning of Perry Como without much effect, but, according to a researcher, "When we changed that to disco music, the breathing rhythm also improved. The beat seems to pull them along."

CAR WARS

DENVER—*To win the battle with fast-driving motorists, a Denver electronics firm has introduced a laser speed gun that could render police radar detectors obsolete. The International Measurement & Control Company, which made laser range finders for the military, says that its new speed-measuring device can be aimed at a specific vehicle over a long distance by means of a telescopic sight. However, it uses so little power—less than 1/35 the energy of a Lazer Tag game—it won't fry the motorist.*

HERE COMES THE GROOM

COPENHAGEN—*Denmark has become the first country to legally recognize homosexual marriages. Calling the unions "registered partnerships," the official act grants gay couples who say "I do" essentially the same rights as married heterosexuals. The measure was passed by the Danish parliament in May by a vote of 71–47 after a 40-year campaign by homosexual-rights advocates.*

YEAH, RIGHT

EDMONTON, ALBERTA—*Local taxpayers and some other residents of Edmonton were surprised to learn that their police had been setting up prostitution arrests by paying for private individuals to have illegal sex. During the trial of two massage-parlor operators, testimony revealed that a detective had supplied several men, including the 19-year-old brother of a policeman, with $672 for massage-parlor services, which included oral sex and sexual intercourse. The brother said that he visited the parlor twice to get evidence but that he did it only by way of "trying to help the police service." A defense attorney complimented another customer-witness on his "marvelous sense of public duty."*

BUSINESS AS USUAL

NEW YORK CITY—*The Metropolitan Transportation Authority has decided not to ban masturbation, deviate sexual intercourse, sodomy or physical contact with others' clothed or unclothed genitals on the Metro-North Commuter Railroad—not that the M.T.A. approves of such activities. At a board meeting, the M.T.A. chairman noted that they are already prohibited under state law and "I just personally feel that this sort of thing isn't a priority for us. God knows, we have enough problems conducting mainstream business."*

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL BUYCOTT

LOS ANGELES—*The Southern California affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union is sponsoring a campaign to combat fundamentalist censors. The campaign, called a buycott, seeks to help embattled companies that advertise on shows targeted by the Reverend Donald Wildmon and his group CLeaR-TV for containing "incidences of sex, profanity, violence or anti-Christian stereotyping" ("The Playboy Forum," December). Wildmon advocates that his followers boycott the companies that advertise on the shows; the A.C.L.U. chapter asks that people against censorship send letters of support to the companies and make an effort to buy the products that they produce. In addition, the group will boycott the next company that buckles under to censorship pressure and pulls its advertising from a TV program.*

CALL IN THE CLOWNS

TACOMA, WASHINGTON—*An off-duty Army sergeant, threatened by neighborhood drug dealers while he was barbecuing in his back yard, put in a call to some fellow rangers, who rode to the rescue with an array of personal weapons. They took up defensive positions and traded more than 100 rounds with the attacking dopers without hitting anyone, raising the question of whether the soldiers were very good shots—or very bad ones. Two suspected dealers were arrested on weapons and assault charges and the cops confiscated the soldiers' guns. Commented one police officer, "The fact that nobody got hurt—it is kind of amazing."*

SEX ED

TORONTO—*In an effort to reduce the incidence of AIDS and sexually transmitted diseases among young people, 47 of whom are infected with HIV, Toronto health*

officials have decided to place condom machines in all high school rest rooms. A city medical officer commented that "teenagers believe themselves immune, infertile and immortal."

READER

ANIMAL RIGHTEOUSNESS

Animal-rights activists are neither lunatics nor bozos (*The Playboy Forum*, November). Please save those titles for evangelists and religious nuts.

David Kveragas
Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania

As long as animal-rights activists commit commando-style raids on laboratories that perform research to advance medical knowledge, *Playboy*—and I—should refer to them as the lunatic fringe.

Edward MacSwain
Halifax, Nova Scotia

CABLE CENSORSHIP

A small but vocal minority of fundamentalists in Kansas coerced several cable-TV companies to yank *The Last Temptation of Christ* from their Cinemax schedule. I figured that by subscribing to a pay cable-TV channel I wouldn't have to worry about censorship. Obviously, I was wrong.

Carl A. Lehman
Hays, Kansas

I pay an added fee in order to view the movies on Cinemax cable channel. Now I'm told that I can't view *The Last Temptation of Christ* because the management of Multimedia Cablevision says it's offensive. I'd certainly like to see for myself.

T. Gibson
Wichita, Kansas

Kansas wasn't the only state affected by local cable management's decision not to show the movie "The Last Temptation of Christ." At least two cable-television systems in Arkansas refused to air the movie, as did Multimedia Cablevision in Oklahoma. One Oklahoman filed a $1,000,000 Federal lawsuit against Multimedia. The suit contends that the cable company committed fraud by advertising the movie and then not showing it.

MORE ON WILDMON

We all wish that the Reverend Donald Wildmon would go away, but he won't—at least not until advertisers have the guts to stand up to him ("Complicity Is Not Cost-Free," *The Playboy Forum*, November). As a comedian once said, "Conservatives believe that the basic freedoms are being eroded—the freedom to censor books, plays and television, the freedom to hang people and the freedom to avoid paying income tax."

Wayne J. Brown
Tuskegee, Alabama

The Reverend Donald Wildmon has been getting a lot of press coverage lately and I'd like to report an absurd incident that involved the American Family Association—Wildmon's organization. Four *Playboy* Playmates visited Petoskey, Michigan, in order to play softball against a local team at the Emmet County Fair. The fair manager received threatening phone calls, assumedly from A.F.A. members, for scheduling the game, but to her credit, she refused to cancel it. Unfortunately, some elected officials bowed to pressure and backed out of their commitment to play or officiate. In addition, the A.F.A. picketed the game carrying placards that read PLAYBOY PROMOTES PERVERSION.

Despite everything, the game was held. People had fun. The Playmates looked great. It's a shame that the misguided moralists did their best to spoil the fun.

Charles Clemens
Conway, Michigan

ABORTION SCRAPBOOK

Judie Brown of the American Life Lobby ("Abortion Debate Scrapbook," *The Playboy Forum*, November) opposes all forms of birth control except the rhythm method. It's an odd and hypocritical attitude that allows for mathematics in birth control but prohibits chemistry and physics.

James A. Reynolds, III
Houston, Texas

I have a solution to the problems of birth control and abortion. Let every young man upon attaining sexual maturity make several deposits in a sperm bank immediately before having a

FOR THE RECORD

Lessons to Be Learned from PORN VIDEO

a guide to x-rated rules of romance

1. A couple can always rejuvenate a troubled marriage by having sex with friends, business associates and strangers.
2. The first thing any woman is inclined to do upon awakening from a night's sleep is have sex with the person sleeping next to her. If she has slept alone, she will have sex by herself.
3. Whenever one calls a friend, a spouse, an employer, a politician or a clergyman on the telephone, it is probable that he or she is having sex with someone during the conversation.
4. A woman's bath is not complete until she either masturbates or has sex with the people who unexpectedly join her.
5. The sale of a house or a condominium is traditionally closed by the purchaser's having sex with the broker.
6. When a burglar surprises someone at home, the intruder and the homeowner have pleasurable sex.
7. All maids, chauffeurs, cooks and butlers are willing, skillful sexual partners.
8. It is considered standard operating procedure for law-enforcement officials to have sexual relations with witnesses and suspects during questioning and interrogation.
9. When one discovers a spouse engaged in a homosexual affair, the appropriate response is not to file for divorce but to join in.
10. Grocery, pizza and newspaper delivery men routinely accept sexual favors instead of money as payment for their goods and services.

—CHARLES KADOO, *Spy* magazine

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RESPONSE

vasectomy. Then, when a child is wanted, sperm is withdrawn from the sperm bank and used in artificial insemination. (Theoretically, frozen sperm should keep indefinitely.) Every child would be a wanted child. That is as near to utopia as we can come.

Arthur D. Penser
Huntsville, Alabama

ABORTION DEBATE

I'd like to contribute to the abortion debate. The following is an excerpt from a statement made by James M. Jones, Ph.D., speaking for the American Psychological Association: "The A.P.A. is concerned that the Court's decision in [*Webster vs. Reproductive Health Services*] could have profound, lasting effects on women dependent on publicly funded facilities for health care and counseling by depriving them of the information they need to make and act on critical reproductive choices. The decision also creates an impossible situation for mental-health practitioners who have any involvement with publicly funded programs or facilities. By placing constraints on what can be discussed between counselor and client in such facilities, the decision strikes a serious blow against both informed consent and professional discretion."

S. Wagner
Pierre, South Dakota

CHILD ABUSE—THE REAL OBSCENITY

After reading Philip Nobile's "The Making of a Monster" (*The Playboy Forum*, July), I feel compelled to write to *Playboy*.

Steven Judy, a rapist and murderer, was executed in Indiana in 1981. While on death row, he—as did Ted Bundy—relished the attention he received from the news media, though unlike Bundy, he didn't let the religious fanatics (his term) get on his band wagon. Yet—also as did Ted Bundy—he blamed society for his misdeeds.

Bundy wanted a reprieve and used Dr. James Dobson to try to help him get it; Steve wanted to die and used the state of Indiana to accomplish his goal.

Not having medical training, I can only speak from my heart. Steve lived in our home for ten years. I loved him like a son and my family and I experienced only his loving and giving nature. I can honestly say that he was never interested in pornography. I cannot recall one time when I found any porn magazines, pictures or any material Dr. Dobson could construe as being obscene. No, not even cheerleader pamphlets. Yet before Steve died, I saw through his boy-next-door act.

The horror Steve experienced in his childhood is what, I feel, made him a monster. His parents were alcoholics who fought often. Couple that with the confusing messages he received about his role (lover, soother, protector or child) and he could only become a confused and deeply troubled adult.

My message to Dobson and the numerous do-gooders like him is this: Why not redirect your energies toward helping the children who are abused by their own families? Stop the system from sending them back into destructive environments. Encourage your antiporn propagandists to donate a few hours each week to abused children instead of monitoring how many *Playboys* are being sold to potential Bundys and Judys.

Steve's records indicate that at an early age, he exhibited abnormal behavior; Bundy's records showed the same. Steve's problems were ingrained before he was removed from his environment—as, apparently, were Bundy's.

If Dobson is sincere in wanting to stop "the making of a monster," he will focus on child abuse. Of course, he may not receive the publicity his type craves—but his heart will feel great.

Mary Carr
Indianapolis, Indiana

A CHRISTIAN SPEAKS OUT

I am a clergyman who recently attended an international gathering of my denomination. I can truthfully say that many at the core of the leadership of so-called mainstream Christianity are profoundly disturbed by the extremes of fundamentalist groups of Christians.

J. J. Stewart
Long Beach, California

BOTTOMING OUT

In these conservative times, the sight of a little skin can start folks frothing at the mouth. Consider the reaction to the Nivea ad featured in the October issues of *Mademoiselle*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Glamour*, *Redbook* and *Cosmopolitan*. Stores received complaints about the ad's being "pornography" and nervous retailers pulled the offending issues off the stands. Three hundred and four Vons supermarkets, 1326 Wal-Mart stores and 77 Krogers caved in to overreacting customers.

The spokesperson for Beiersdorf, Inc., the marketing agency for Nivea in the U.S., expressed shock at the uproar, noting that "many of the responses have come from the Bible Belt and from church groups, but complaints have also come from people like you and me."

People like you and me? Leave us out of this absurdity, please. —KIM ERWIN

A COLLEGE PRIMER ON AIDS

researchers estimate that one out of 500 college students is infected with the aids virus. we look at what colleges are doing for the other 499. here's what's on the table during sexual-awareness week at your local university

AIDS... WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW

AIDS is short for *acquired* (not inherited) *immune deficiency* (a breakdown of the body's defense system, producing susceptibility to certain diseases) *syndrome* (a spectrum of disorders and symptoms). People with full-blown AIDS suffer from unusual life-threatening infections and/or rare forms of cancer.

The virus that causes AIDS also produces milder but often debilitating illnesses called *AIDS-related complex*, or ARC. . . . Many people with ARC improve without treatment; others progress to have AIDS itself and some remain the same.

People with AIDS, ARC or a positive test present no danger to those with whom they go to class, share bathrooms, eat, work or sit.

There is no need for concern about the safety of swimming pools, whirlpools, saunas or telephone booths because of AIDS. AIDS cannot be transmitted by coughing or sneezing. The virus is not transmitted in food handling. Those living with people with AIDS, ARC or a positive blood test are at no extra risk unless they are sexual partners or they are sharing contaminated needles.

Under no circumstances can you get AIDS by donating blood or by getting hepatitis B vaccine.

SYMPTOMS OF AIDS AND ARC

Many of the early symptoms of AIDS or ARC are similar to those of common minor illnesses, such as the "flu." What distinguishes AIDS and ARC is the severity and duration of the symptoms. Of particular importance are:

1. Persistent, excessive *tiredness* for no apparent reason;

2. Recurring *fevers*, chills or night sweats;

3. Unexplained *weight loss* of more than ten pounds;

4. Persistent enlargement of the *lymph nodes* (glands) in the neck, armpits or groin;

5. *Sore throat* that does not go away or white spots or patches in the mouth;

6. A new, persistent *cough*;

7. Easy *bruising* or unexplained bleeding from any part of the body;

8. Persistent *diarrhea*;

9. Pink or *purple bumps* or blotches on the skin.

WOMEN & AIDS: TEN TIPS ON CONDOM USE

1. Only use latex condoms—natural or lambskin condoms let HIV pass through them.

2. Condoms vary; finding a comfortable condom may increase your partner's willingness to use them.

3. Read the instructions thoroughly with your partner—not all men are completely sure of correct condom use.

4. The condom must be put on before penetration because the AIDS virus can be present in pre-ejaculatory fluid.

5. If you need additional lubrication for vaginal or anal intercourse, use a water-based lubricant, like K-Y jelly, that will help prevent condom breakage.

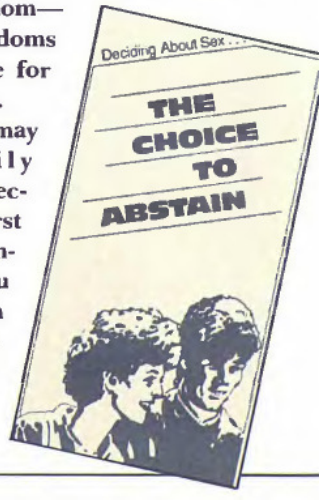
6. To further avoid breakage, try extra-strength or ribbed condoms or use two at once.

7. Use unlubricated condoms for oral sex.

8. No man is too big or small for a condom—snug-fit condoms are available for smaller men.

9. A man may temporarily lose his erection when first using a condom, but you can help him get it back.

10. Practice makes it easier.



Anyone who chooses to be sexually active should play safe. It doesn't matter who you are or if you are gay or straight. "Nice" people get herpes and straight people get AIDS. It's not who you are that gives you a sexually transmitted disease—it's what you do. Protect yourself.

SAFE

- Dry kissing
- Masturbation on healthy skin
- Oral sex on a man with a condom
- Urinating on unbroken skin
- Touching, massaging, fantasy

LESS RISKY

- Vaginal intercourse with a condom
- Wet kissing
- Anal intercourse with a condom

RISKY

- Oral sex on a man without a condom
- Masturbation on open/broken skin
- Oral sex on a woman

DANGEROUS

- Vaginal intercourse without a condom
- Anal intercourse without a condom
- Urinating into mouth, vagina or rectum
- Sharing a needle
- Fisting
- Oral-anal contact

HARMFUL TO YOUR JUDGMENT

- Amphetamines (speed)
- Amyl nitrite (poppers)
- Alcohol
- Marijuana
- Cocaine

ADVICE FOR THE GAY COMMUNITY

For women:

Lesbians are not at high risk of contracting or transmitting the AIDS virus at this time unless they use I.V. drugs or have unsafe sexual contact with people in risk groups. However:

- Increased antigay hostility and discrimination as a result of AIDS hysteria affect lesbians as well as gay men.
- Insemination choices and co-parenting options have been limited by AIDS.

For men:

For men who have sex with other men, *the easiest route for passing HIV is receptive anal sex (getting fucked)*. This is true for two reasons. First, anal sex involves semen (cum), the body fluid that contains large amounts of HIV in an infected person. Condoms (rubbers) can interrupt this route by catching the semen before it touches the receptive partner. However, condoms can tear or slip off and, therefore, are not 100 percent effective. Second, anal sex involves the lining of the bowel, which provides little protection against the virus. It is designed for absorption of fluids into the blood stream. It is also easily damaged during anal sex or douching, which in turn provides an even easier route for HIV to enter the receptive partner's body. The man who inserts may also be at a lower but real risk of HIV entering through breaks in the skin of the penis. Safer sex means avoiding this very risky route of transmission or at least lowering its risk by using condoms (rubbers) faithfully.

MAN TO MAN

Healthy Sex

Sexually Transmitted Diseases have reached epidemic proportions. The results can include infection, infertility and, in some cases, life threatening illness.

The following guidelines help promote responsible, safe sex.

Consider abstinence. . . or. . . outercourse—there are many ways to express affection without having intercourse

Know thyself—be aware of any possible signs of infection (such as sores, unusual discharge, foul odor, burning with urination)

Know thy partner—see **Know Thyself** (look before you leap)

Limit number of sexual partners

Don't have sex with someone who has had multiple partners

Never have sex if you have an active infection

Don't have sex if your genitals are already irritated

Wash carefully before and after sex. . . hands too

Use condoms—realize that this will significantly reduce but not completely eliminate risk

Urinate after intercourse

Avoid high risk sexual practices such as anal sex

Always seek medical treatment if you suspect an infection

THE SEARCH FOR SEXUAL FREEDOM

one man's story

The first letter from James David Moseley arrived last April.

"Dear Sir:

"The purpose of this letter is to ask for your help. I am being held in a Georgia prison for the crime of sodomy (*per linguam in vagina*). I committed this act in private with my own wife. She is over the age of 21. I was convicted under the Georgia sodomy statute for simple consensual sodomy—a law that penalizes nonaggravated, nonviolent sodomy between consenting adults with a sentence of up to 20 years.

"Although she was an accomplice, my wife was neither charged nor tried. I was sentenced to a total of five years. I'm to serve two years in prison and three more on probation. Probation in Georgia can be revoked for as little as a traffic violation, a D.U.I. or an arrest without conviction.

"My life has been virtually destroyed. I have lost everything, including my family. I am now a convicted felon, convicted of a sex crime. As a result, I will not be allowed to visit or have custody of my children. I cannot even be paroled to a Georgia halfway house, since Georgia will not accept convicted sex offenders in its halfway houses. The state will accept convicted murderers in the same halfway houses.

"I believe the Georgia sodomy statute violates the Equal Protection Clause of the 14th Amendment, is cruel and unusual punishment under the Eighth Amendment and violates the basic privacy guarantees of the Federal Constitution. I would sincerely appreciate your help."

Sodomy is against the law in 25 states and the District of Columbia. In 1986, the Supreme Court upheld the right of Georgia to prohibit and punish consensual sodomy between gays—the same law that had been used to incarcerate Moseley for heterosexual sodomy. Defenders of sodomy statutes always say the law is symbolic, that it is never enforced. The cold steel bars of the Metro Correctional Institution are very real, as Moseley would testify. How did this injustice come to pass?

After the initial letter, *Playboy* contacted Moseley at the Metro Correctional Institution in Atlanta and asked for more information. He sent a second letter and detailed more of the circumstances: "Thank you for your letters. You've restored some of my faith. I am an honorably discharged Navy veteran with a commendation for saving the life of another Navy air crewman. I am a member of the P.T.A. After finding evidence of my wife's infidelity, I went to see an attorney regarding divorce and custody of my two sons. He suggested I move out of the house. I rented an apartment but continued to spend three or four nights a week at the house to be with my sons."

One night, his estranged wife asked him to tie her up and have sex. He tied her feet and had oral sex with her but felt that something was wrong. He left.

"My wife brought the initial charges. Her reasons? To get custody of our two boys. She is a vengeful, spiteful person."

> "'Had Mr. Moseley committed this crime with a deceased donkey in the public square, he could not have been sentenced to as long in prison. . . .'"

According to newspaper clips sent by Moseley, his wife, Bette Roberts, believed that all's fair in divorce: She accused her husband of two counts of rape, two counts of aggravated oral sodomy and two counts of aggravated anal sodomy for allegedly violating her on two separate occasions in February 1988. The jury did not buy her story (in part because her own sister testified in Moseley's defense that she had an ulterior motive in asking to be tied up: She had learned that he had spoken with an attorney and wanted to stage a preemptive strike).

Moseley's second letter continued: "The prosecutor [a woman] made it seem like I had committed a capital crime—*'Your mouth touched her vagina!'* she screamed. I didn't even know what was going on. And I still can't believe all this. It was presented to the jury as though I were the lowest, most degraded piece of scum on earth because *my mouth touched her vagina*. I felt like some sort of human sacrifice to appease Georgia's tribal gods. What hypocrisy! As though the prosecutor's mouth had never touched a sexual organ!"

The jury of nine women and three men found Moseley innocent, but Judge William H. Ison, "a self-described country boy," instructed them to find him guilty of the lesser charge because on the stand he had admitted having oral sex with his wife.

"It's on the law books," Ison said. "It's a criminal offense. I'm sworn to uphold the laws of the state of Georgia."

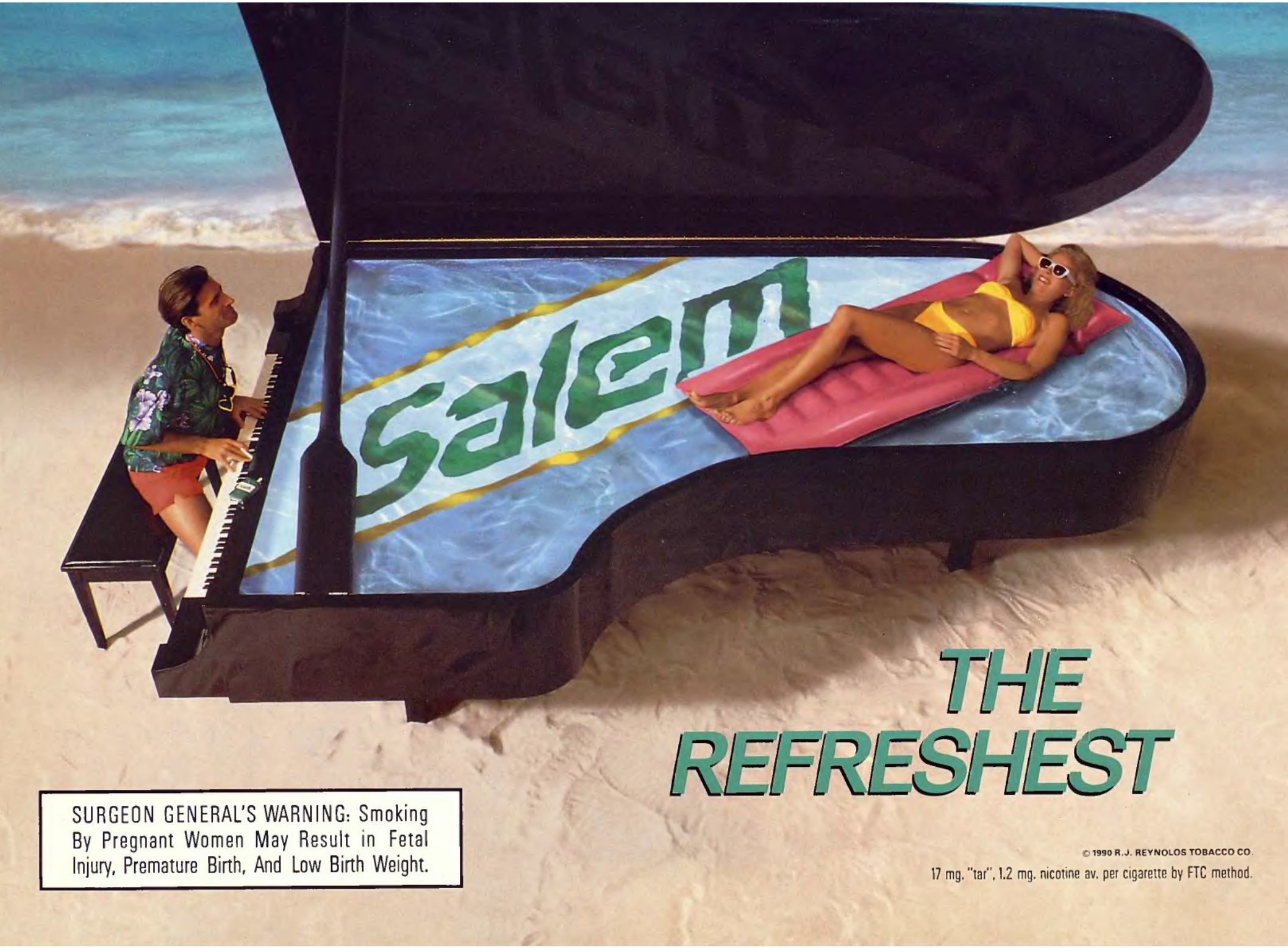
Moseley was sentenced to five years; the Board of Pardons and Paroles later ruled that he had to serve 30 months. At the same time it was releasing 3000 felons—including robbers and murderers—because of jail overcrowding, the state found a place for Moseley.

We contacted the Georgia A.C.L.U. and discovered that four lawyers were already working on Moseley's release. Clive Stafford-Smith, a lawyer with the Southern Prisoners' Defense Committee; H. Judd Herndon and Julie Edelson of the A.C.L.U.; and Michael Mears, mayor of Decatur, Georgia, filed a brief arguing that the ludicrous application of the Georgia sodomy law violated the equal-protection clause: "Let us review the state of play in Georgia and decide whether any conceivable person could think this aspect of the Georgia penal law reasonable.

"Mr. Moseley was eligible for 20 years in prison for his heinous crime. Had he committed the same offense with his wife after she was dead, he could only have received half the time. Had he had intercourse in the courtroom during the trial, his punishment still would have been less. Indeed, had he chosen not his wife, but committed his offense with a donkey, he could only have received one quarter the sentence. . . . Had Mr. Moseley committed this crime with a deceased donkey in the public square, he could not have been sentenced to as long in prison as for having oral sex with his wife. . . . The law is patently unconstitutional as applied to Mr. Moseley in this case."

In September, a judge overturned Moseley's conviction, in effect, saying the statute did not apply to married heterosexuals. Moseley gained his freedom—after 19 months in jail.

Who will be next?



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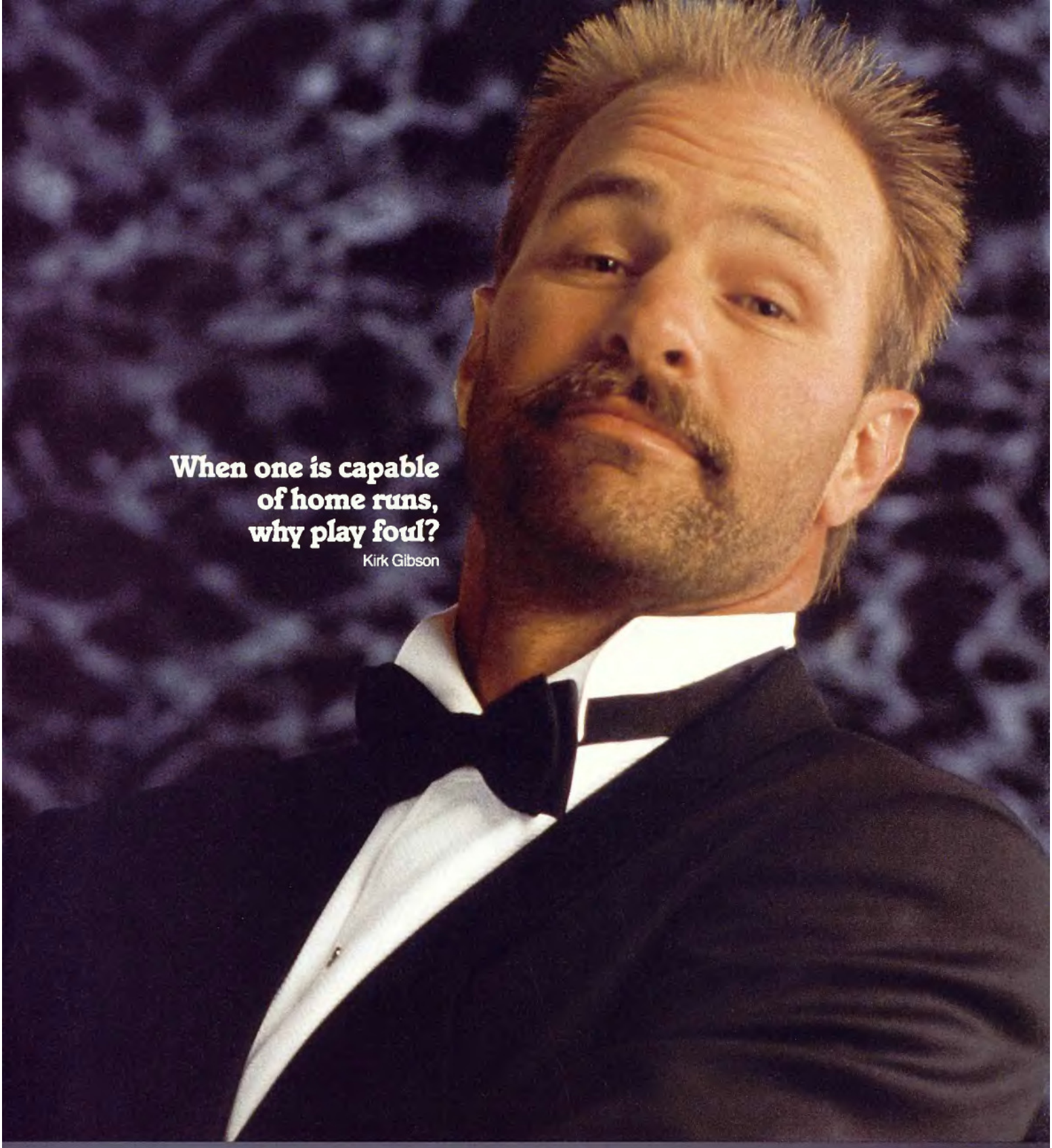

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: EDDIE MURPHY

a candid conversation with the top box-office draw in the world

"Open the gate."

Eddie Murphy, dressed in a typical at-home outfit of spandex bicycle pants, athletic jersey and cap, has just strolled down his number-nine-shaped asphalt driveway to the property's edge. A guard in the security kiosk nods uncertainly.

"Hey, open the gate," says Murphy again, signaling with an upraised hand.

The wrought-iron electronic portals to Bubble Hill, his $3,500,000 colonial brick minimansion in Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, part sluggishly and Murphy slides through. "This is a pretty middle-class neighborhood," he explains casually, turning left and wandering down the street toward nowhere in particular. It's a quiet neighborhood, with Bubble Hill the stateliest property around. "I think they probably freaked out and thought things were going to get wild when I showed up in my leather pants," he says, chuckling. "But I'm a good neighbor. We're not loud; we keep to ourselves."

Suddenly, Murphy stops and gazes toward the house, across an acre and a half of plush, sweeping lawn, towering pines and cicadas singing in the lingering dusk.

"You know what's interesting?" he says. "I've lived here four years, and this is the first time I've walked out of my yard."

The admission does not seem so surprising. Indeed, it adds credence to the current rumors: Eddie Murphy thinks he's Elvis; Bubble Hill is his Graceland; Murphy holes himself up with his "guys" and is more and more a prisoner of his own success. Sort of like Elvis in the slow lane, according to one writer.

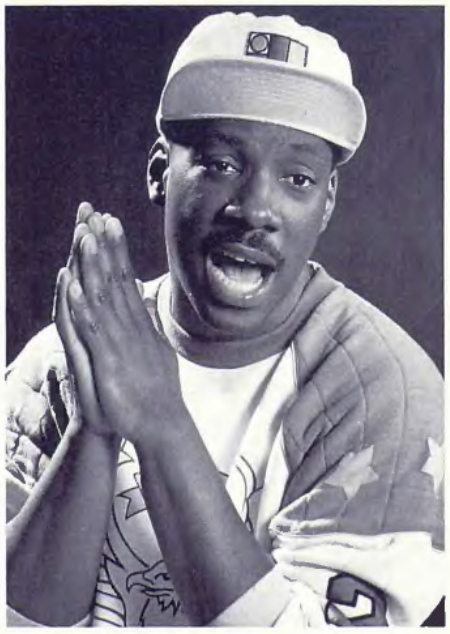
Interesting as speculation, but is it really the case? Or does Murphy simply believe that a little mystique goes a long way? He was once readily available to the press, but his accessibility has diminished as his fame, fortune and notoriety have risen. More and more, he has limited himself to occasional jousts with an interviewer and superficial promotional activity, while around him swirl reports of wild times at Bubble Hill, self-indulgence on movie sets and lawsuits from former lovers. So the questions simmer: Who is Eddie Murphy, and what's going on?

On the surface, Murphy is a very middle-class black kid from Brooklyn. Born April 3, 1961, he had a dream of being in show business that finally took shape the night he stepped on stage, at 15, to tell jokes at the Roosevelt Youth Center on Long Island. Soon he was refining his comedic talent at local bars and in the Roosevelt High School auditorium. After graduation, he walked into New York's Comic Strip, impressed the owners so much they became his managers and, at 19, was chosen for the all-new cast for "Saturday Night Live's" 1980–1981 season. He thrived there for four years and, with such characters as Tyrone, the jailhouse poet, huckster Velvet Jones, Gumby, Little Richard Simmons, Buckwheat and Mr. Robinson, Mr. Rogers' ghetto alter ego, became the show's undisputed star.

In 1982, Murphy stepped up to the big screen and a promise of stardom with his first movie, "48 HRS." In just about that short a time, he became a superstar. World-wide, more than a billion dollars of box-office hits followed: "Trading Places," "Beverly Hills Cop," "The Golden Child," "Beverly Hills Cop II" and "Coming to America." Also, two comedy albums, "Eddie Murphy" and "Eddie Murphy: Comedian." And an HBO special, "Delirious." And the highest-grossing concert film ever, "Raw." And two music albums, "How Could It Be" and "So Happy." And the formation of Eddie Murphy Productions. Few in Hollywood have ever achieved domination so quickly and completely.

There has also been trouble: a 1987 paternity suit. A 1989 sexual-harassment suit, pending resolution, by an actress fired from "Harlem Nights." A lawsuit from his former manager, claiming a percentage of Murphy's earnings, that was settled out of court. A raft of plagiarism accusations over who actually conceived the story for "Coming to America," which was credited to Murphy. And lately, charges from some in the black community—such as director Spike Lee—that with all his clout, Murphy is not doing enough to help his people. This, in addition to the guff he has taken for the misogynist humor in "Raw"; for flagrant gay baiting on the stage; for starring in films that lately are, according to

"I feel real old, real old. If you see me naked, my balls hang down to my knees and there's gray hair on my balls. That's when you know you're not young anymore. The more gray hair, the more sleepy your dick is."



"I have nothing against homosexuals. I think an orgasm is your thing, and you should fuck whoever the fuck you feel like fucking. Whoever makes you come the hardest. Anybody who says you shouldn't, fuck them."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANOY O'ROURKE

"That shit about doing a movie 'for the experience' is for the birds. You get all these people together and the movie flops—and then you've got that deferred-payment shit. Always take your money. Always, always."

one critic, "soulless, self-serving junk."

Good reasons to stay indoors? If so, there's plenty at Bubble Hill to keep Murphy occupied. For starters, the compound features a glass-housed pool and attached cabana large enough to accommodate a single-family home; a state-of-the-art recording studio one flight below the cabana, accessible by elevator; a basement screening room/minidisco/game room, boasting high-gloss laminated-wood decor and 15 TV monitors, stacked two and three high, inset into corner walls; and a gym, which doubled as an editing room for "Harlem Nights."

Then there's the house itself: spacious, tastefully designed, with marble floors here, fine woods there, a modern Betty Crocker kitchen, formal dining and living rooms, library and the ever-present Murphy pals/cronies/employees.

When Murphy does leave the premises—for a meal, a movie, work, whatever—it's in a black Rolls, or a black Testarossa, or one of the many cars parked on the basketball court and usually in the company of his "boys," who bracket Murphy's vehicle in a motorcade of Mercedeses. On rare occasions, he may move about in the company of a journalist—which was the case with Playboy *Contributing Editor* **David Rensin,** *who paid Murphy an extended visit at Bubble Hill. Rensin's report:*

"On my first night at Bubble Hill, I waited for Eddie in his poolhouse. When he finally joined me, I was turning a ping-pong paddle in my hand. 'You play?' he asked, picking one up. 'I haven't played for seven months, but don't fuck with me,' he cautioned. The game was tough; Eddie felt no need to ingratiate himself to an interviewer and smashed away, putting nasty English on the ball at every opportunity. I lost, 21–12. I wish I could say it was good manners, but it wasn't.

"However, the game seemed to put him in an excellent humor, leading to the impromptu tour outside the gate.

"The next night's talk took place in Eddie's spacious office. A single lamp cast a confidential glow over us and shadows on a mock Atlas statuette of Eddie carrying a Paramount Pictures globe on his shoulders. To get comfortable, he punched the speakerphone and ordered a box of Bazooka bubble gum. It arrived instantly. For the next two hours, we wadded chewed pieces into old wrappers and set the discards on the desktop. There was no trash can. 'Don't worry,' he said. 'Someone will pick it up.'

"Afterward, we played some more ping-pong. I criticized his spins. He called me a faggot. I called him a pussy. He blew the point. He banged the table with his paddle. He screamed. No good. Pretty soon, he was on the losing end, 21–9. I'd say it was good manners, but it wasn't.

"A third, marathon session the following week ended our talks. That night, I had dinner at Bubble Hill, with Eddie and his boys. Among the dinner topics was the story of a woman who, some years before, had on separate occasions declined to sleep with Eddie and one of his superstar friends. Eddie didn't seem to mind having been turned down. He was just confused. 'She slept on a futon,' he explained. 'You should have seen her apartment. She let a hundred million dollars of dick get away and she's sleeping on the floor.'

"Lest Eddie be accused of purely prosaic interests, he did reveal a spiritual side: He crosses himself before all meals and has a superstition about the number nine. 'Nine is God's number,' he said, adding, 'I was born at seven pounds, two ounces. My first gig was on July ninth. My L.A. address is twenty-seven twenty-seven.' And the kicker: 'My driveway is shaped like a nine.'

"Superstar interview subjects such as Eddie have been known to add spin to their answers in an attempt to sound substantive, to protect themselves. At first, I thought that Eddie's unbridled candor was a kind of inexperience; he hasn't given many long interviews, certainly none this long. But I soon realized that, while sincere, Eddie Murphy is nevertheless always intensely conscious of what he believes keeps the public interested in him.

"Since much of Eddie's press continues to draw parallels between him and Presley, it seemed the right subject with which to begin."

"I don't do drugs; I don't eat peanut-butter-and-bacon sandwiches; I don't put foil on my windows and sleep for three days."

PLAYBOY: Because of your phenomenal success, elusiveness toward the press and ever-present entourage, among other things, you've been accused of leading an Elvislike existence. The media have even compared Bubble Hill to Graceland. Is it true that you've gone totally Elvis?

MURPHY: That's bullshit. I don't do drugs; I don't eat peanut-butter-and-bacon sandwiches; I don't put foil on my windows and sleep for three days. They say that just because I'm a big Elvis Presley fan. Besides [*smiles*], Bubble Hill is much nicer than Graceland. Elvis wasn't exactly an arbiter of great taste. My mother decorated this house.

PLAYBOY: So we can discount the stories by writers who've been unable to get through to you, saying you've become an Elvis to your Colonel Parker–like manager, Bob Wachs?

MURPHY: That's bullshit, too. My managers work for me, and they do what I tell them to do. There's no one controlling me. [*Laughs*] Come on. If you want reality and you can't get to somebody, you make it up?

PLAYBOY: But you *are* fond of Elvis. Is he your role model?

MURPHY: I'm fascinated with Elvis' strong presence, more than anything. Otherwise, he's not exactly a great role model. His music after the Fifties kind of sucked, and he did these horrible movies. But he was still *Elvis.*

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by presence?

MURPHY: There was something about him that made you *have* to look at him, even if you didn't give a fuck about him. I guess that special shit is what makes *anybody* famous—and he had more of it than anybody. It's like when you watch Michael Jackson dance: Every move is deliberate. Or the way Prince dresses: He looks so comfortable that he can get away with it and make it look cool. If anybody else put on pumps, he'd look silly. I'm just amazed by him. [*Suddenly stands, stretches*] Let's go on upstairs.

[*Murphy leads the way through a wood-paneled den, featuring a pool table covered in red felt, into the marble-floored hall, up the stairs and through a door on the second floor. The carpet is French vanilla and the walls (one mirrored) are decorated with framed Elvis memorabilia. Lots of it. Murphy sits behind a large glass desk.*]

PLAYBOY: So this is the Elvis room. They don't allow anyone upstairs in Graceland.

MURPHY: Elvis keeps his privacy even in death?

PLAYBOY: Yes. By the way, do you think Elvis is really dead?

MURPHY: Oh, yeah, as a fucking doornail. [*Looks around*] There's more, but this is all the stuff that's framed. But I've got no pictures of him looking bad, like when he got fat. That wasn't a cool Elvis.

PLAYBOY: You must not have liked the Albert Goldman book, then.

MURPHY: Fuck, no. But Elvis is dead and he can't defend himself, so you can say a lot of shit that will make people read the book. I read it and I wondered, too, Oh, shit! Do you think he did that? Look, I'm just a fan, man. Why does anybody like Elvis? This is just surface stuff for me. People think it goes deeper. It doesn't. Everybody has somebody he likes. I still have a lot of fan in me.

PLAYBOY: Do you also have an emotional connection to Elvis?

MURPHY: Emotional connection? Like, if somebody took all my Elvis pictures, would I start crying? No.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you sit around by yourself and watch Elvis videos or movies?

MURPHY: Yeah, sometimes. I watch *This Is Elvis* a lot, and sometimes I'll take—this is

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gonna really make me sound like a lunatic—an Elvis video and make it play on all the television sets in the house, so that everywhere you walk, there's Elvis playing.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MURPHY: Because Elvis is cool! [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Why is this funny to you?

MURPHY: All of it's funny. One of the fucked-up parts about being in the public eye is that everything I do becomes a big deal. Everything I do. I went to a restaurant one night and it was, like, "Who was the mystery girl with Eddie at the restaurant?" Who gives a fuck *who* the girl was at dinner? That kind of shit starts to get ya after a while. Who cares?

PLAYBOY: Isn't it simply based on the mythmaking that goes along with being a superstar?

MURPHY: No. I just get reamed by the press. The press builds you up and tears you down. I'm in the tear-down stage right now. For instance, I think the press wants so bad for me to fail in a picture. The critics were really unfair with *Coming to America*. Really unfair. I liked that movie. But people harp on the unsuccessful things I do. Things are still written about fucking *Golden Child*, which made a hundred million dollars, saying it sucked. People still talk about *Best Defense*. It wasn't even my movie, but it always gets three or four lines in a story. Most of the people who want to talk with me, I feel, want to get me. But I understand it. That's the cycle. They can only write so many good articles about you before they're writing stuff they wrote before. A lot of my reluctance to speak is also rooted in the idea of "What's to talk about?" For instance, after I do this interview, I won't do another one for five years. You never know who's gonna stick it to you.

PLAYBOY: Maybe it's because of the odd details you volunteer when you *do* talk to the press. For instance, you've admitted to being a clean freak who takes several showers a day and constantly washes his hands. Why?

MURPHY: Because I always figure somebody might have dug in his nose, or scratched his balls, or just dug in his ass. Then he comes to shake my hand, "Hey, Eddie!" Sometimes you pee and get a little pee on your hands and then it's, "Hey, Ed!"

PLAYBOY: But besides that and a few other eccentricities——

MURPHY: I'm a very normal person who just happens to be in show business.

PLAYBOY: Normal?

MURPHY: I have very normal thoughts. There's nothing I've ever done that I'm ashamed of; there's nothing that I regret doing. I'm also one of the straightest people I know. I don't say "Fuck it!" very well. A lot of what I do is for the people who are in my life, and I don't relax and I don't sit back and enjoy the things that have happened to me. I'm always thinking about what I'm gonna do next.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like a lot of stress.

MURPHY: My obligations are *always* on my mind. People around me go, "Man, just say 'Fuck it!' " But I can't. I'm too responsible.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you at a level where you could just let the chips fall?

MURPHY: The stakes are too high. I'm always thinking about who I've got to please. Now I'm at the stage where I'm trying to please everybody. I've stopped being an artist and I've started being a businessman; I've begun saying, "*This won't work.*" But I tell you, there'll come a time when I won't give a fuck again.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you might not have made it this far if you'd put aside your discipline and said "The hell with it"?

MURPHY: I'd probably be here, but I'd have fucked under a tree and done some drugs and had V.D. or something by now. I'd be here, but I wouldn't be as healthy. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Can you remember a moment in your life when you had the opportunity to indulge but turned away?

MURPHY: When I first was on *Saturday Night Live*, John Belushi and another comedian, whose name I won't say because he's alive and I don't want to fuck his name up, took me to a blues bar. They put blow out on the bar and they said, "C'mon, have a sniff." And I really admired these guys—I was nineteen or twenty years old—so I was real close to doing it. But I didn't. I just didn't. That was the closest I'd ever come to experimenting with drugs. I was in a circle that was supposed to be hip, and the people I was looking up to in that circle were all doing it. I just didn't do it.

PLAYBOY: Was the nameless comic someone else on *Saturday Night Live*?

MURPHY: No.

PLAYBOY: When Belushi died, did you think of that moment?

MURPHY: When Belushi died, I thought, *What a waste*, basically. Thirty-three years old and dead from some fucking cocaine. It's stupid, man. All that shit is stupid. People die really young. If I croak in an airplane crash, it's fate. Nobody can call me stupid. These people who croak from drugs in their thirties and forties, before they've even lived, are killing *themselves*. Belushi was a baby. Elvis Presley, as much as he lived, he was a baby when he died—forty-two years old, man! Stupid! Freddie Prinze. I feel some sympathy, but then the other side of me goes, *Jesus Christ, that's so fucking stupid!*

PLAYBOY: Your attitude on drugs was ahead of its time. And you say you know who you are—which most people don't. So aren't you really more than just "normal"?

MURPHY: But I'm still normal. I'm not extraordinary. Don't I seem like a normal guy? [*Pauses, then says firmly*] I'm a normal guy. [*Grins*] I am. I could play that movie-star, Hollywood-bachelor shithead role if I wanted to. I could have a bevy of beauties around the pool and walk around with my robe on and all that shit. I *could* do that.

PLAYBOY: You mean you don't?

MURPHY: No. I never had that trip. I've had parties at my house, but no "Here comes Ed" kind of lifestyle. I'm not saying that way of life is weird or bad, just that *that's* extraordinary, and I don't live it.

PLAYBOY: That's your perception of other movie stars' lives?

MURPHY: I picture them walking around in their robes going, "Oh, hello." Like Cary Grant.

PLAYBOY: Are you sure you know what normal is? You've said you think guys like Sylvester Stallone and Michael Jackson are normal.

MURPHY: Given their level of popularity and power, they could be a *lot* stranger than they are. You'd be surprised how normal Stallone and Michael are. People really think Michael is a fucking lunatic, and he's extremely normal. The only thing abnormal about him is that he doesn't use profanity. At *all*. I'm always thinking, Jesus, I would have said "Shit" to get my point across. I would have said "Fuck that!"

PLAYBOY: What do superstars talk about among themselves?

MURPHY: About anything *except* music and movies and shit. We talk about stuff that's happened in our lives. One of the weird things about being friends with an entertainer is that both people are reaching out. But there's something morbid about it, because you talk about weird shit that's happened to you.

Arsenio [Hall] is the only entertainer I can call up and talk to about anything. Somebody'll be on TV and we'll call up and be goofing on the person over the telephone. Anybody else is show business, show business, show business; they're all nice people, but I guess we have our guards up. You want to know who's really your friend and who just wants to hang out with you because you're who you are.

PLAYBOY: Do you have trouble figuring out who's a yes man and who isn't?

MURPHY: The people around me aren't patting me on the back every minute. Most things I hear are when people tell me about something shitty they heard about me or something fucked up that's getting ready to come out in the paper. So I have a really low self-image sometimes.

PLAYBOY: What's your predominant emotional state?

MURPHY: Controlled. I'm just a very disciplined person. If I feel myself getting too close to something, I know I've got to cut it off. If I feel myself getting real sad about something, I avoid that, too. I don't think it's unhealthy to experience the real highs and the real lows; I just think one should travel at a safe speed.

PLAYBOY: You sound like one of your heroes, Mr. Spock.

MURPHY: No, I have emotions, but I have them in check. Do Vulcans actually *have* them?

PLAYBOY: Spock is half-human.

MURPHY: So he has to control his emotions, too. [*Smiles*] Yeah, but *I* laugh—though maybe Spock laughs sometimes. He'll go into his chambers and say, "Excuse me, brothers, it be that green motherfucker!"

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you experienced great joy?

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MURPHY: When I found out I got *Saturday Night Live*. I was nineteen. I went, "Yahoo! Yippee!" [*Pauses*] I guess that's not great joy; I was just happy. Is great joy when you cry and all that shit? Do you make a loud noise? Do you say "Yippee" or "All right" really loud, while clenching your fist? Then I've never experienced great joy in my life. I've never gone, "Yeah, wooo!" No great joy for me, not yet in this life.

PLAYBOY: You've said you don't get angry.

MURPHY: I get angry. But I don't show it. I just leave.

PLAYBOY: What gets you depressed?

MURPHY: Stupid shit: women and money.

PLAYBOY: What kind of money worries could you have?

MURPHY: I have to stay on top of it; still got to pay taxes; everybody's problems become my problems. I have fifty-two people who work for me; whenever somebody has a financial problem, it winds up on my desk. So-and-so's light bill is fucked up, and the light bill becomes my problem. I figure, I pay him a salary, why do I have to pay his light bill, too?

PLAYBOY: What's your net worth? Do you keep track?

MURPHY: Yeah, but it's personal. I'm still paranoid about that shit. I know how much money I have, give or take a dime.

PLAYBOY: Forty million dollars? Eighty million dollars?

MURPHY: Get the fuck outa here! I ain't got no fucking eighty million dollars. Nowhere close. If I had, you think I'd be doing this shit? You think I'd be working?

PLAYBOY: What would you do?

MURPHY: Jack shit! I'd show up every year and fucking host the United Negro College Fund Telethon, and that would be my fucking time to go out of the house. That's *all* I would do.

PLAYBOY: What about your art?

MURPHY: [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Eighty million bucks and art goes out the window?

MURPHY: Nah. I'd be doing a lot more music. I'd have a lot of double, triple albums in my basement, unreleased. I'd do a lot of writing, reading, recording and writing music. It's the going out and performing—acting, being on the set, playing the music—that's a drag. That's the work part.

PLAYBOY: While we're on the subject, has it been easy gaining acceptance as a singer?

MURPHY: My first love has always been comedy. Music started out as a hobby when I was younger. Right now, because I like doing it, I'm gonna continue. So call it a hobby that has gotten out of hand.

PLAYBOY: Is singing one way you stay hungry as an artist?

MURPHY: I'm not as hungry as I am ambitious. I don't have "the eye of the tiger" anymore. Now I just want to do the best movie or sing the best song I can. I don't put limitations on myself. I dabble with a lot of forms of expression, and that's good for me as an artist.

PLAYBOY: Yet your art and its vast popularity have put some limitations on you. You've called your existence xenophobic; you have a mistrust of strangers. Would you change that if you could?

MURPHY: I chose it. I painted myself into this corner. It's real hard to gain trust from a person like me. Everybody in show business who's successful has his own little clique, his own employees, his little wall around him. Everybody who comes into a star's world is under heavy scrutiny, is on trial. Even if a person is genuine, it takes so much to get to know the star that most people say, "Fuck this, it ain't worth it. I didn't even want to be the motherfucker's friend and I gotta go through all this bullshit? Fuck him!" So the star winds up by himself.

PLAYBOY: But did you have any idea you'd wind up behind a brick wall?

MURPHY: I built the wall because I felt that there was supposed to be a wall there. It's like going to a premiere in a limousine as opposed to going in a jeep. It's part of that show-business bullshit. You're supposed to have walls; if I had a chain-link fence, it would look weird. I didn't anticipate the negative, no. But I accept it.

PLAYBOY: As you accepted—or anticipated—success?

MURPHY: I think that the one thing everybody who's successful in this business *can* tell you is that he knew. I've asked that question of everybody famous I've ever met, and they all say, "I did." They believed. They had faith that they were going to attain it. You'll never hear of a person who got really famous saying, "I never thought this would happen to me. This is a fluke." People might luck out and get a hit record; they found a nice groove and weren't prepared for it. But if you're talking about famous, they all knew it.

PLAYBOY: Do you mourn the loss of the days when you could just have pals?

MURPHY: You have four or five true friends in a lifetime. My true friends—the guys I hung out with when I was in junior high school and high school—work for me. There's nobody who's just around me getting jerk-off money. I can see the job getting done.

PLAYBOY: Would you rather have your chops busted or your ass kissed by the people around you?

MURPHY: I'd rather have my ass kissed; I think anybody would. But I'm not an idiot; I know if I'm being an asshole. Don't kiss my ass if I'm being an asshole. Let me know when I did something wrong. However, *I'm* the most disciplined person around, so it's very rare that I'm fucking up or being irrational.

PLAYBOY: Do you expect the same kind of discipline from your people?

MURPHY: No. No. See, I'm a different type of megalomaniac. I'm megalomaniacal about what I do. I know I've had a certain level of success as an entertainer, so I have no doubts about that. But as far as being a person goes, I have a lot of shortcomings. I have a lot of insecurities. But I'm a pretty normal person, a very well-rounded, very disciplined person. I'm not an asshole much, personally.

PLAYBOY: Despite suggestions to the contrary?

MURPHY: [*Wide eyes*] You'll never hear that I'm an asshole. You'll hear that I'm a lunatic. A freak. Or a dope addict, but not an asshole. [*Smiles*]

PLAYBOY: Don't you ever just want to be alone?

MURPHY: The only time I'm ever really alone is when I hop into my car and drive off. It's therapeutic. I drive into the city and cruise around fucked-up neighborhoods.

PLAYBOY: Seeing what the poor folks are doing? Do you take the Rolls or the Testarossa?

MURPHY: Nah. Something inconspicuous. I drive, I talk to cops, I see shit happen sometimes.

PLAYBOY: How do the cops react to chatting with you?

MURPHY: Cops are cool. I don't go to the same places all the time. But if I see something going on, I pull over and talk to the cops. I feel like I've got to keep in touch with reality. If I stayed here at Bubble Hill and didn't read the newspapers and have my people around me, I wouldn't know what the fuck was going on. That's why I go out and drive around. I see people on crack. Crack is crazy, man.

PLAYBOY: You drive through *crack* neighborhoods?

MURPHY: Yeah. I stop and ask addicts, "*What the fuck are you doing?*" I used to give them money. I used to say, "You've got to get your life together." I'd lecture them and say, "Get off the street." But I realize, from what I know about crack now, all those motherfuckers *do* is smoke crack. So they'll sit there and listen to a lecture and go, "Yeah, thanks, brother," and go smoke my fucking money. I realized I was doing more harm than good.

PLAYBOY: Do you stay in the car or get out?

MURPHY: I get out of my car and talk to people. I'm not worried about anything happening to me, because the idea of me pulling up in a crack neighborhood and talking to somebody is, well. . . . The crackhead usually freaks because it's Eddie Murphy. So even if he thinks about doing a crime, everything is happening too quick. It's a *Twilight Zone* kind of thing.

I've sat crackheads down in my car and talked to them: "*What's wrong with you?*" I've talked about their families and how they don't want to do drugs. I've seen people crying and all that kind of shit.

PLAYBOY: Crying in your car?

MURPHY: Yeah, I've had crack-addict tears in my car. I hope I can inspire them to do something.

PLAYBOY: Did any of them ever reach you afterward, by mail, and——

MURPHY: Say "*I'm cracked up*"? Crackheads don't write letters. They say, "I'm gonna *smoke* this stamp money."

PLAYBOY: No, did anyone ever let you know

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that your talking with him made a difference? Changed his life?

MURPHY: No one's ever contacted me. But turning their lives around is something they have to do themselves. [*Smiles*] Now I'm gonna have crackheads looking for me and shit. If they read this interview, crackheads are gonna be on the corners going, "Eddie might drive through, give us some of that advice shit. We bust his ass and take his watch."

PLAYBOY: You keep saying you're normal. What do you think accounts for the public's fascination with you?

MURPHY: I don't think people are fascinated with me. I'm just a funny guy, and people enjoy my movies. I make them laugh. And that's as far as it goes. This is the deal: A guy wants to see a movie with his girlfriend. He'll say, "Let's go see this horror movie." And the girl will go, "No, let's go see a Tom Cruise movie," and the boyfriend doesn't want to see that because Cruise is too handsome. So they settle on my movie. The girls go to see Cruise by themselves; the guys see the horror movies by themselves; but you go to my movie on a date. I'm not a threat; I make you laugh.

PLAYBOY: Your latest movie, *Harlem Nights*, really is *your* movie. Not only do you act in it, you wrote, produced and directed it. To take just one of your hats, why direct it?

MURPHY: I'm stuck in this weird position. Directors have big egos, and really big directors have huge egos. Most directors, when they become stars, don't want to work with big, big actors. They work with no-name actors or character actors so they can be in control. Also, when it's time to put a project together and I want to get a big director and get moving fast, these directors aren't available for three years. Only *schleppers* are available. Rather than get a half-assed job, I figured I might as well do it myself.

PLAYBOY: What makes a good director?

MURPHY: You have to have focus. You have to know what you want. You have to have an open mind. Nobody's right all the time. I'm not a power freak. I'm always very cool.

PLAYBOY: Would you work with a woman director?

MURPHY: It all depends on what she had directed. And if she was really comfortable with the fact that she was a woman and didn't have to prove to me that she was in charge. Like Penny Marshall: I'd work with her in two seconds. In one second. In fact, I have to go work with Penny right now. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: You could have directed *Coming to America* but didn't. Why?

MURPHY: I wanted to help out [the director, John] Landis. I figured I'd give this guy a shot because his career was fucked. But he wound up fucking me.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

MURPHY: As it turned out, John always resented that I hadn't gone to his *Twilight Zone* trial. I never knew that; I thought we were cool. But he'd been harboring it for a year. Every now and then, he would make little remarks, like, "You didn't help me out; you don't realize how close I was to going to jail." I never paid any mind.

PLAYBOY: Did you think he was guilty?

MURPHY: I don't want to say who was guilty or who was innocent. [*Pauses*] But if you're directing a movie and two kids get their heads chopped off at fucking twelve o'clock at night when there ain't supposed to be kids working, and you said, "Action!" then you have *some* sort of responsibility. So my principles wouldn't let me go down there and sit in court. That's just the way I am. If somebody in my family was guilty of something, I wouldn't sit there for them in a courtroom and say, "You've got my support." Fuck that. The most it would be is, "Hey, you go work that out. I still love ya; I'm still your friend."

PLAYBOY: So you hired Landis out of friendship despite thinking he'd been irresponsible?

MURPHY: Yes. He'd done four fucked-up movies in a row and I knew he'd spent a lot of money on his trial. I went to Paramount and said I wanted to use Landis. But they had reservations: His career was fucked up. But I said, "I'm gonna use Landis." I liked the guy. I used to always say that the one fun experience I had with a director—and I've worked with directors I really liked: Marty Brest, Walter Hill, Tony Scott—was with Landis, because he plays around a lot on the set. I made Paramount hire him.

PLAYBOY: Was he grateful?

MURPHY: He came in demanding lots of money. Paramount was saying, "Hey, come on, Eddie, we're getting fucked here," but I made them pay his money. They bent over backward. But after he got the job, he brought along an *attitude*. He came in with this "I'm a director" shit. I was thinking, Wait a second, I fucking hired you, and now you're running around, going, "You have to remember: I'm the boss, I'm the director."

One of his favorite things was to tell me, "When I worked with Michael Jackson, everyone was afraid of Michael, but I'm the only one who would tell Michael, 'Fuck you.' And I'm not afraid to tell *you*, 'Fuck you.'" And sure enough, he was always telling me, "Fuck you, Eddie. Everybody at Paramount is afraid of you."

PLAYBOY: *Is* everybody afraid of you?

MURPHY: I don't know. But I still figured, Well, good! Because there's no way they're gonna respect me. They can't respect me. I was twenty-six years old. Imagine me in the office of a fifty-year-old guy in a suit. Naturally, he'd look at me, a kid, talking about "I want to do it *this* way," and he'd say, "Yeah, right. Sure, sure." Then on top of that, I'm this black man making demands. He'd look down his nose at me. So if I don't have his respect, at least let me have some fear. Let me have something.

PLAYBOY: But Landis just gave you grief?

MURPHY: It got worse and worse. What first put a bad taste in my mouth about him was when, after he hired [co-star] Shari Headley and all these other people, I said I wanted to take everybody to dinner. I didn't know anybody. But Landis grabbed Headley and said, "You stay away from Eddie. Don't go near him, because he's gonna fuck you and ruin my movie. He just wants your pussy." I'm thinking, Wait, ooohhh, nooo, that has *nothing* to do with being a fucking director. He's a control freak. Just assuming that I was trying to get the pussy is one thing; and even if I *was* trying to get the pussy, for him to try to stop me from getting it because he was directing the movie. . . . He's got a lot of nerve. Plus, it wasn't even about pussy.

PLAYBOY: Did you confront him?

MURPHY: I kind of ignored it. But every day, it was a new "I told Michael, 'Fuck you'" story.

Then, one day, I had these two writers who did the screenplay for *Coming to America* with me. They were writing a TV show called *What's Alan Watching?* that my company was producing. They were at our location in New York, and Landis was asking them, "Why are you guys here?" They said, "We're working on something for Eddie." And he said [*strongly*], "The production's not picking that up." And they said, "No, we're working through Eddie's company. Right now, we're waiting for the deal to go through." And Landis said, "So you're not being paid yet? That company should be paying you! Don't come to New York unless you're being paid."

The whole crew was standing around—extras and actors—and Landis started screaming, "Don't be afraid to ask Eddie Murphy for his money. You go up and ask for your fucking money!" I walked in and he said, "Eddie! Your company is fucking these guys out of their money! Guys, don't be afraid to go up to Eddie and say, 'Fuck you!'" He's screaming about my deal making in front of the cast.

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

MURPHY: I playfully grabbed him around the throat, put my arm around him and I said to Fruity, one of my guys, "What happens when people put my business in the street?" And Fruity said, "They get fucked up." I was kind of half joking. Landis reached down to grab my balls, like he also thought it was a joke—and I cut his wind off. He fell down, his face turned red, his eyes watered up like a bitch and he ran off the set. Fuckin' punk.

PLAYBOY: Did you go after him?

MURPHY: Nah. He came to my trailer later and made this big speech. His voice was trembling. And it all came out: that he didn't think I was talented, that the only reason he did *Coming to America* was for money, that he didn't respect me since I hadn't gone to his trial and all this bullshit. All this fucked-up shit. Called me ignorant, an asshole.

PLAYBOY: How did you take it?

MURPHY: I'm sitting there *shattered*; I'm thinking, This fucking guy. I bent over fucking backward to get this guy a job. He

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probably won't even acknowledge what happened. He didn't realize that his fucking career was washed up. So I told him, "The next time you fuck around with me, I'm gonna whip your ass." His Hollywood shit came out then: "What do you mean, 'whip my ass'? That's not in our deal." So I said, "You're gonna have to give me either some fear or some respect. I want one of them, because this is *my* shit and you're working *here*. If the only way you can fear me is knowing that the next time you fuck up, you're gonna get your ass whipped, fine." But Landis was fucked up: "Is that a net or a true-gross ass whipping I'm gonna get? What kind of ass whipping is it?"

PLAYBOY: *Would* you have whipped his ass?

MURPHY: If he had fucked up again, I would have beat the shit out of him.

PLAYBOY: Even considering the consequences of a lawsuit and criminal charges?

MURPHY: The thing about an assault charge is that if you're gonna do it, make it worth it. If it had come to that—me whipping his ass—there wouldn't have been some headline like "EDDIE MURPHY PUNCHES JOHN LANDIS IN THE FACE." I'd have beat the shit out of him, put him in the fucking hospital, almost killed him. Then, when the headline read "EDDIE BEING SUED FOR ASSAULT," I'd have said [*humbly*], "Yeah, I did give him a horrible ass whipping; he deserves some sort of compensation, because I did beat the shit out of him."

Anyway, it worked. He was afraid of me. He'll probably never admit it, but the motherfucker was on his fucking toes for the rest of the show and didn't fuck with me for the whole rest of the picture.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you actually whipped somebody's ass?

MURPHY: I haven't done anything like that in years. But I'd do it in a second, because I don't get tired. [*Laughs*] That's my claim to fame. They say Michael Jackson is the Thriller, and Bruce Springsteen is the Boss, and Elvis is the King. I'm the guy who can whip any actor's ass in Hollywood.

PLAYBOY: Think you can take on Arnold?

MURPHY: Arnold does weights. He's an old guy. [*Smiles*] There's a difference between having muscles and being able to fight. I'm not saying I'm challenging Arnold Schwarzenegger, I'm just saying most big guys aren't necessarily the best fighters.

Besides, I wouldn't just punch somebody in the chest. If I fought seriously, I'd go for the throat, the eyes; I'm using chairs and a piece of glass and fucking somebody up. I'm not gonna stand there and get in a fucking boxing position. I'm kicking in the balls.

I used to box when I was a kid; I used to take karate; I still work out now. I'm not punk and I think I can whip the average actor's ass. People in show business are basically soft. You know who else is real quick to fight? Arsenio. He's the only person I think I wouldn't fuck with.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on. What do you think of your acting?

MURPHY: I don't think I'm an actor. I'm a matinee idol. Even the term movie star sounds like I think I'm hot shit. Robert De Niro is an actor. Al Pacino is an actor.

PLAYBOY: Don't you want to be considered an actor?

MURPHY: I want to do successful movies, that's all. I want to be entertaining. In the old days, there were people who were a combination of actor and movie star; now it's either/or. The only person now who I think is both an actor and a movie star is Jack Nicholson.

PLAYBOY: In *Harlem Nights*, your character, Quick, is not entirely sympathetic. He even kills a woman. You play him as more subdued than your comic characters. Was that acting?

MURPHY: I can act. Most movie stars can act, but there's more artistry to being an actor than there is to being a matinee idol. The idol can show up with a good jawline and his charisma. An actor can move you, even though he looks like shit. Tell me or Tom Cruise, "Don't smile for the whole picture," then see what happens. That's a test. Tell me not to raise my eyebrow. I got a couple of tricks I do to make it look like I'm acting.

PLAYBOY: Yet your comic characters—Axel Foley or Reggie Hammond or Prince Akeem—can be memorable.

MURPHY: But that stuff's not hard to do, man. Look at Al Pacino in *Cruising*, *The Godfather*, *Scarface*, *Dog Day Afternoon* and tell me that's the same man. I'm under an inch of make-up in my latest movie, and you *still* see there's some Eddie Murphy.

PLAYBOY: When will you do a serious role; for instance, Malcolm X?

MURPHY: I wouldn't star in that story, because it would detract from the seriousness of the piece. People would be sitting around the first hour of it, just trying to buy *me*. [*Pauses*] I'd produce it, though. I met with Norman Jewison recently about the Malcolm X story. He was going to do a movie adaptation of Alex Haley's book *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, and he talked to me about playing Haley. Warner's owns Malcolm X's story. Paramount tried to buy Warner's, and now Warner's is saying, "Oh, Eddie, you want to be in *Malcolm X*? Go suck our dick, Eddie. Fuck you!" So that never happened. But Denzel Washington is gonna play Malcolm X, which is a great choice.

PLAYBOY: Your next project is a sequel to your debut film, *48 HRS.* Why are you going back to the well?

MURPHY: *48 HRS.* is the most imitated movie of the Eighties. You can draw a line from it to *Commando* to *Lethal Weapon* to *Red Heat* to *Running Scared*. And none of them was as good as the original. Now we've got the original cast, director and producer. We made the one that everybody's trying to imitate, so we're trying to go one better. *48 HRS.* is also the best picture I've ever done, as an actor, but the worst thing we can possibly do is try to recreate it. This time, I see more characterization, not bigger explosions.

PLAYBOY: But won't audiences be expecting moments similar to the bravado bar scene where Reggie takes control?

MURPHY: I'll never get that reaction from an audience again. That was like watching a baby get born. They went, "Oh, this guy's gonna be doing movies for a while." It was something special; it was like the birth of a—I hate to say this—movie star. You can get born only once in this business, but you can die over and over again. [*Laughs*] Then you can make comebacks.

PLAYBOY: Is *48 HRS.* your insurance in case *Harlem Nights* bombs? [Most critics panned it.]

MURPHY: I'm happy about the movie and I'm proud of the way it turned out. It's not an action-packed kind of picture, and neither was *Coming to America*. But I wanted to get away from that because [the critics] pigeonhole you for doing the same shit. Hollywood, and Paramount, would love for me to turn *Beverly Hills Cop* into the *Police Academy* series, every couple of months, until *Beverly Hills Cop X*. Americans are creatures of habit: We like to do the same shit all the time. That's why TV shows are so popular here. People like the idea of meeting somebody every week on a certain day, at a certain time, while sitting in the living room.

PLAYBOY: But you can do whatever you want.

MURPHY: And that's what I'm doing. I trust my impulses. Rather than go for the buck, my impulse, after I did *Beverly Hills Cop II*, was to do something completely different from the shit I'd been doing. *Golden Child*, *Beverly Hills Cop*, *Beverly Hills Cop II* were the same character—Axel Foley—three movies in a row. After a while, people get tired of watching your shit.

PLAYBOY: How much did you get for *48 HRS.*?

MURPHY: Nick Nolte got two million dollars. I got two hundred grand. I signed to do *Trading Places* before I even saw *48 HRS.* on screen. And that wasn't for a lot of money, either, compared with what Dan Aykroyd got. I got three hundred grand for *Trading Places*. When I did *48 HRS.*, I was twenty, twenty-one years old. Two hundred thousand dollars? I thought I was the hottest shit since the fucking spoon. *Nick Nolte?* Shit, he *deserves* two million. He was in *Rich Man/Poor Man*! I didn't fucking know. Then *48 HRS.* made a hundred million dollars world-wide.

PLAYBOY: And you made a five-picture, fifteen-million-dollar deal with Paramount. Although you've renegotiated the deal upwards a couple of times, lately you've complained that considering your box-office magnetism, it's the worst deal in town.

MURPHY: I have a *horrible* deal at Paramount. Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Will you renegotiate? Or will you move the franchise to another studio?

MURPHY: I have three pictures to do with Paramount, and two of them will be done within a year, maybe less: We're doing the

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next *48 HRS.* in January, and in June, they're trying to put together another *Beverly Hills Cop* picture. *Coming to America* and *Harlem Nights* were self-indulgent, in terms of the commercial mold studios like, so I figure with these big pictures just out and behind me, I'll be in a good position. It all boils down to whoever wants to be in business with me the most; that's where I'm going.

PLAYBOY: You mean whoever writes the biggest check?

MURPHY: Yeah, it's business. Whoever's gonna give me the most lucrative deal, that's where I'm going. I'm no fucking idiot who's gonna go, "Oh, no, I'm gonna stay with Paramount and work for less money because I've been here since the beginning." Get the fuck outa here!

PLAYBOY: How do you imagine life at Warner's or Disney?

MURPHY: Warner's has a lot of money, and it's a powerful company. I have personal relationships with people at Disney, because a lot of them were working at Paramount when I started working there. But the companies are so huge. So take a studio like Columbia that's all fucked up right now and having bad luck with pictures. It would be more to my advantage to be with a smaller studio. At Disney or Warner's, I'd be the icing on the cake. But if I went to Columbia, I'd be the fucking cake. [This part of the interview took place just before Sony bought Columbia.] And if nobody wants to give me a really lucrative deal, I'll just go independent and do my fucking movies myself.

PLAYBOY: You've also had some problems over the authorship of *Coming to America*. The lawsuits are piling up, including one by syndicated columnist Art Buchwald. Can you comment?

MURPHY: There are so many lawsuits because it's a public-domain story: *The Prince and the Pauper*. But that's just part of the business. At first, I got really pissed off about it, because there are at least six or seven people—people I've never met before—claiming they wrote the movie.

PLAYBOY: Well, we're not actually expecting you to say, "Yeah, I ripped it off."

MURPHY: This happens all the time. There will be people claiming they wrote *Harlem Nights*, too.

PLAYBOY: Most of the *Coming to America* litigants say they sent their material to Paramount.

MURPHY: Yeah, to Paramount. "I sent something similar to that to Paramount three years ago, and you sent it back. And now Eddie Murphy comes up with an idea like this." None of them are saying they sent something to Eddie Murphy. Most of the lawsuits are against Paramount.

PLAYBOY: So you're not even financially involved?

MURPHY: No, not at all.

PLAYBOY: At one time, you wanted to be in *Godfather III*. What was that about?

MURPHY: I pitched a story to Mario Puzo, Francis Ford Coppola and Al Pacino. Everybody loved it, and then Pacino said, "You know something? 'Everybody loves it' means it'll never happen." My idea was for me and Stallone and Pacino to be in it together. Paramount thought it would be too expensive to do; it would have cost eighty million dollars to get everybody together; so before we could even shoot a roll of film, we'd be forty or fifty million dollars below the line.

PLAYBOY: How about deferring salaries and taking a percentage, just for the experience of working with the ensemble?

MURPHY: That "just for the experience" shit is for the birds. You get all these people together and the movie flops—and then you've got that deferred-payment shit. *Always* take your money. Always, always.

PLAYBOY: Yeah, but what's a million bucks here or there to you?

MURPHY: A million dollars here or there? That's a lot of fucking money! I haven't lost sight of that. The average person could work twenty years and not make a million dollars.

PLAYBOY: When you pay to go to a movie, what do you like to see?

MURPHY: I like a good romantic movie, and I like a good action movie. I liked *Rain Man*. I liked both *Lethal Weapons*. I liked Nicholson a lot in *Batman*. The public ultimately tells you what's good and what's bad. You, or a critic, can talk about a film being so fucking brilliant, but if nobody goes to see it, the movie isn't shit.

"The public ultimately tells you what's good and what's bad. A critic can talk about a film being so fucking brilliant, but if nobody goes to see it, the movie isn't shit."

PLAYBOY: Do you think audiences simply want unchallenging entertainment?

MURPHY: No, that's bullshit. Take a movie like *Rain Man*, which isn't your Joe Average film. Are you saying that the same person who would go see *Porky's* wouldn't go see *Rain Man* because *Rain Man* is a movie that's intelligent and emotional and has great acting in it—and it made two hundred million dollars? And that's just domestic. That stuff about "The American public isn't sophisticated enough to appreciate this sort of movie" is shit. Don't get me wrong; I don't think *Porky's* is a great movie, but it made a hundred million dollars, so there's *something* good about it. I dare anybody to sit and watch that movie and not go, "Hey, some of that was funny." I find myself laughing at shit that I'm ashamed of, like fart jokes. Or when the guy sticks his dick through the fucking wall in the shower and the big woman grabs it. If you don't think that's funny, you've got a fuckin' problem. That's funny!

PLAYBOY: You mentioned a possible *Beverly Hills Cop III*. At one point, you resisted the idea. What's going to make it a sure thing?

MURPHY: Two years ago, I would have done it for a great big check; now I need a really great script *and* a good check. You know what I thought would have been the ideal *Beverly Hills Cop III*? *Die Hard*. Bruce Willis did a real good job. It's one of those movies I wish I was in.

PLAYBOY: Has your pal Stallone given you advice about making sequels?

MURPHY: Only about how much money you could get from the studios. He said, "Don't let them sell you short." And it's true. He makes twenty million dollars just to step in front of the camera. No matter what his movie does, he's gonna make twenty million. He said, "They dress you up; they put make-up on you; and you go out and they make millions and millions on you and you get a little bit of it. When you get old, they get somebody else to do your job and it's over. We're whores."

PLAYBOY: You act like someone twenty-eight years old going on fifty.

MURPHY: I feel real old, real old. I *look* old. If you see me naked, my balls hang down to my knees and there's gray hair on my balls. That's when you know you're not young anymore. There's no such thing as a young guy with gray hair. The more gray hair, the more sleepy your dick is.

PLAYBOY: That's not always true.

MURPHY: Your dick gets bigger as you get older? That's an old man's myth. [*Old Yiddish voice*] "I'm ninety, but you should see my cock. Hey, it's been growing for ninety years. You tell me how long it is. Why do you think I'm all hunched over? It's pulling this weight of my balls and cock around all the time. Why do you think I'm in this wheelchair? I can't walk with this long cock. I'm ninety, for Chrissakes. Why you think my wife has no teeth? They didn't fall out; I put my cock in there and it blasted her fucking teeth out of her fucking mouth. My cock's the size of a person."

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about Little Richard.

MURPHY: Hah! Little Richard came to me and said [*in Little Richard falsetto*], "I want you to play me in my movie. Oooo, you'd be so good!" Then I read the book *The Life and Times of Little Richard: The Quasar of Rock* and there was a *lot* of homosexuality. So I started thinking, If I'm going to do this movie, I have to *really* do it—and I *don't* know how we're gonna shoot the dick-in-my-mouth scene. I *don't* know how we're gonna shoot the scene where I'm getting fucked in the ass. I don't know how we're gonna have an audience buy it. I can't shoot that scene unless I do a fadeaway of me falling back onto the bed. I don't even want to have that scene.

That is a scary book. Little Richard talks about how he once slept with a guy with such a big dick that he knows what it feels like when a woman has a baby. He was

screaming, "*Woooo!*" And I read that, thinking, *He wants me to do that?* You can't even show that scene *afterward*. What are you gonna do, have me laying on the bed on my stomach, with a little curl of smoke coming out my ass?

PLAYBOY: What about the kissing scenes?

MURPHY: I'm not doing *those* scenes, either. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Seriously, would you play a homosexual character in a movie?

MURPHY: Would I play a homosexual? Why? I'm a comedian. [*Smiles*] It would just have to be a movie where I say, "Hey, this is great; I've really got to do this." But I don't think I could do some movie where I was kissing some guy and shit like that.

PLAYBOY: That would be real acting.

MURPHY: I read something about a sequence in *An Officer and a Gentleman* where they had to eat roaches. I ain't eating no bug and I ain't kissing no man. Sorry. If I'm not an actor because of that, so be it. And if you want to go to the movies and see me eat a bug and kiss a man, you have a problem, not me. [*Tough New York accent*] "Yeah, Murphy's good, but he doesn't eat roaches in his films." [*As movie reviewer Gene Siskel*]: "When's Eddie gonna eat a beetle? That's what I want to know." [*Smiles*] You know, I could kill two birds with one stone and do a movie where I suck Ringo Starr's dick. Are you happy? I ate a Beatle and sucked a cock at the same time. [*Laughs and laughs, then in Siskel's voice*] "Two thumbs up . . . up the ass."

PLAYBOY: You got mixed reviews for your remarks at the 1988 Oscar ceremony. You told the Academy that you almost didn't show because they haven't recognized black people in motion pictures. Had you planned that outburst?

MURPHY: I didn't know *exactly* what I was going to say, so I bounced it off Robin Williams. He said, "I don't know; it might start some shit." He told me just to say what I had to say instead of trying to be funny. But I just went, "Fuck it, I'm going for it." I didn't want to make everybody cringe. I'm surprised that so many people took offense. Warren Beatty told me it was the wrong time, and I'm thinking, Well, when *do* you accuse the Academy of being racist and be heard—unless you're doing the nominees for the best picture? They're all listening right there. Where am I gonna say it? In *Ebony*? They don't read *Ebony*.

PLAYBOY: Well, some film makers are trying to create some change—Spike Lee, for instance. Yet when his film *Do the Right Thing* was released last summer, he seemed to be your most vocal critic, suggesting that with all your power, you *weren't* doing the right thing.

MURPHY: He's militant, so the media love it. He realizes he gets a lot of press by attacking established people. I read something where Spike said that blacks who get successful and move away from poor people should be shot, and that goes double for Hollywood Negroes like Bill Cosby and Eddie Murphy. And I went, "Whoa! Bill Cosby and his wife just gave twenty million dollars to a black college. They should be *shot* for moving to a nice neighborhood?"

It has nothing to do with, "I'm gonna get away from this black neighborhood." What would Bill Cosby look like living on fucking Dekalb Avenue in Brooklyn, in an apartment? "I'm gonna stay here because Spike thinks it's right." Get the fuck outa here!

PLAYBOY: That takes care of Cosby. But what have *you* done? What has your power gained blacks in Hollywood?

MURPHY: Without me, I don't think the studios would have put out a movie like *Hollywood Shuffle*, or backed *I'm Gonna Git You Sucka*, or bought *She's Gotta Have It*. Five years ago in Hollywood, all the studios were thinking, We gotta get us a nigger. We gotta get one. It was like a situation comedy. This is why it's weird when a guy like Spike attacks me. He don't realize that he's around because of the "Let's get us one, too" attitude.

Spike is gonna be a great director one day. He has the potential. His problem is that because he's so vocal, *his* stuff is now going to be under heavy scrutiny. When they go after that brother, they'll have so much fucking ammunition that as soon as he does something that people think is bullshit, they're gonna go crazy on him.

"Five years ago in Hollywood, all the studios were thinking, We gotta get us a nigger. We gotta get one. It was like a situation comedy."

The thing people have to understand is that I'm aware of the power that I have as a film maker, as an actor and politically. But people seem to think that I'm operating without an agenda. *But I have an agenda.* I am also aware that change is something that has to happen *gradually*. Change is something that has to be done . . . quietly. It's not about going in there and rocking the fucking boat. You can rock the boat, or you can sail smoothly to your next destination.

PLAYBOY: Why do you choose the smooth sailing?

MURPHY: Because of what happens to anybody who rocks the boat. Malcolm X. Muhammad Ali. Martin Luther King. [*Pauses*] But don't think I have no agenda.

PLAYBOY: What *is* your agenda?

MURPHY: That's my business.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you want to share it?

MURPHY: Let's put it this way: You shouldn't judge anybody until he's finished doing what he's doing. [*Bitterly*] When they start throwing the dirt into my grave, then you can look back and say, "This motherfucker wasn't about shit." Judge a person by *all* of his accomplishments. You don't know what I've got planned; you don't know how much money I've given to what organizations and what I want to do, or what my *over-all* view is of what I have to do as a black man in this country. So don't sit around and judge me. Don't say, "Go now, Ed!" Fuck it, I'll go when I'm *ready* to go! I'll say something when I'm *ready* to say it!

PLAYBOY: Have you given away much money?

MURPHY: I've given money to all kinds of black foundations. But usually, when a person gives a big donation, it's in the papers because it's good PR. But I don't give money to organizations for PR, I give money to organizations that I care about. And it's nobody's business.

PLAYBOY: Without revealing your agenda, what would you like to see happen, ideally, for blacks in Hollywood?

MURPHY: My dream is just to have black artists appreciated as much as white artists. I want us to be able to win Oscars, to do films about our people when we want to, to get films made, to do what we want to as artists. There shouldn't just be Eddie Murphy and Richard Pryor in movies. You can think of fifty white leading men. There are only ten brothers who are working consistently in leading roles: Eddie Murphy, Richard Pryor, Danny Glover, Gregory Hines, Arsenio Hall, Spike Lee, Robert Townsend, Denzel Washington, Forest Whitaker and, recently, Keenen Ivory Wayans. If you want to do black actresses, Whoopi Goldberg—that's it.

PLAYBOY: Since you think change must be gradual, have you purposely soft-pedaled your artistic and political instincts? Some think you've chosen popular vehicles instead of challenging films. In other words, must the black experience be diluted to make it palatable or salable to America?

MURPHY: No, because the things I do aren't *just* popular. A movie like *Coming to America* is a political movie, because it has an all-black cast and a black star. It shows black people in a positive light, and yet it's a movie for everybody. But that's as political as I'll get.

PLAYBOY: Movie critic Armond White, of *The City Sun*, a black-owned New York weekly, disagrees. He said that film was an insult to the black heritage and self-image.

MURPHY: That guy, man, he's fuckin' lost. He likes those struggle pictures; movies that deal with the plight of the black man and "the system." He likes Spike Lee and *Tony Brown's Journal*. Have an open mind. I'm not a politician, and I don't use the movie screen as a pulpit. I *understand* that I am in a very political position. I'm a black man and I can reach the masses. But it's real easy to go [*agitated*], "More! More!" I'm *not* a radical. There's always gonna be somebody on the top and somebody on the bottom. And it's inevitable that the person

on the bottom doesn't think that the person on the top is doing it right, and if he were on top, he would do it another way.

PLAYBOY: Let's look at blacks on TV. How do you feel about the criticism that *The Cosby Show* is unrealistic and unrepresentative of black America?

MURPHY: *The Cosby Show* is no more ridiculous than *Father Knows Best*. It's not Joe Average America on either show. There are probably more than one or two families like the Huxtables, but sure, it's not what the masses are like. Most white families weren't like *Father Knows Best*. *The Cosby Show* is positive imagery, however much fantasy it contains. Most black families aren't like *Good Times*, either. It just took us this long to have a show like Cosby's and have it be successful.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of one of the first successful so-called black TV shows, *Amos 'n' Andy*?

MURPHY: As ridiculous as some of the episodes are, and they're certainly not positive images, *Amos 'n' Andy* made me laugh because the guys who played Kingfish and Andy Brown were very funny people. But that's progress. If that show had *not* been on, there could never have been another show afterward. As far as Bill Cosby goes, when it comes to making positive images for black people, here's a guy who in the Sixties had a show about a black gym teacher. It was a very political show. It didn't stay on very long, but that sucker was a steppingstone to other shit. Acceptance is the only thing. That's what my movement is: acceptance.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there has been much advance in how blacks are portrayed sexually?

MURPHY: Cosby and his wife are always affectionate and there is always sexual innuendo about what they want to do. They're always playing some jazz music and sneaking off upstairs. So there is some element of sexuality on *The Cosby Show*, and it's very tastefully done. But certain things call for it and certain things don't. There's no sexuality in my Axel Foley movies. The one thing in *48 HRS.* that I didn't like was the relationship between Nick Nolte's character and his girl: What does that have to do with the story? We're chasing these bad guys, and every now and then, he stops and goes [*in Nolte's voice*], "Honey, I'm sorry I can't make dinner tonight, I'm chasing this killer."

PLAYBOY: Is America still afraid of black men's sexuality?

MURPHY: Well, you've heard about us and our dicks.

PLAYBOY: Heard but not verified.

MURPHY: Well, that's good. I'd hate to think I was sitting here with a reporter who had seen a lot of dicks. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: In *The Best of Eddie Murphy: Saturday Night Live* video tape, it's clear that you did a lot more black-oriented stuff then than people may now remember.

MURPHY: I was a nineteen-year-old kid. The only thing I had *done* was be black.

PLAYBOY: When you first got to *Saturday Night Live*, do you think they expected another Garrett Morris?

MURPHY: Absolutely. It was just tokenism. They just threw me in there to be the black guy on the show. They had no idea what was going to happen. I'd been on a year and they still didn't realize anything was happening.

PLAYBOY: How about rating some of the *Saturday Night Live* alumni in their transitions to movies? Start with Chevy Chase.

MURPHY: Chevy did great. From that "I'm Chevy Chase and you're not" thing, he's become a big movie star. He makes six, seven million dollars a picture.

PLAYBOY: How about Dan Aykroyd?

MURPHY: Danny was always more of a writer in the beginning. It was his nature. But he's a star now, too.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about some of his movie choices?

MURPHY: You can't attack someone for his picture choices. A lot of people have done fucked-up movies. I've done them. You can't tell from reading the script. I didn't like the script for *Beverly Hills Cop II*. I liked the script for *Golden Child*. But who knows? *Doctor Detroit* might have been a wonderful script. Just fucking with you, Danny. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: How about Bill Murray?

MURPHY: He's in great shape; he's the one who most wanted to be a serious actor. Billy can go either way and do whatever he wants. All the flak he got for *The Razor's Edge* is still no reason not to do serious shit. Bill's a good actor. He's the most versatile actor of us all.

PLAYBOY: How do you look back at your own *Saturday Night Live* experience?

MURPHY: When I left in 1984, I told every journalist that I hated the show. But in retrospect, it was the most fun I ever had. I loved working with Joe [Piscopo] and Tim [Kazurinsky]; I loved constantly being under the gun and having to write all the time. The criticism we got because we were "those bastards who came along after Belushi" gave us a tougher skin. Everybody said, "Hey, you the new guys on *Saturday Night Live*? Well, fuck you! Your show sucks!" And we were busting our asses up there, sixteen hours a day, writing this fucking comedy. When we finally overcame that, we did some good shows.

PLAYBOY: Do people still seem to think of you in terms of *Saturday Night Live*?

MURPHY: That seems like a real long time ago. When I watch those old tapes, it weirds me out. I'm like this kid. Sometimes I watch sketches and don't remember doing them. I *do* remember going through a period when people would scream out characters from *Saturday Night Live*—Buckwheat or Mr. Robinson or Gumby—and it would really piss me off. I wouldn't turn around. It bothered me, because I was Eddie, you know?

Today, somebody will scream out something from *Saturday Night Live*, but my reaction is, "This motherfucker has a good memory." The good thing about *Saturday Night Live* is that I got to do so many different things that no one can pin just one character on me. I'm Eddie Murphy now, no matter how you cut it.

PLAYBOY: Do you still work on characters and impressions?

MURPHY: I *never* worked on them. When I was a kid, I used to go into the basement and practice. But now I can just hear someone and tell if I can imitate him.

PLAYBOY: As a kid, did you practice in front of the mirror?

MURPHY: Yeah, I was crazy. I used to give shows in my basement and the edge of the carpet was the stage. I'd be Elvis and Al Green and Stevie Wonder and do all this shit for imaginary audiences.

PLAYBOY: Was that a regular after-school performance?

MURPHY: [*Embarrassed*] Actually, I cut a lot of school. I graduated two months late. I had to go to summer school every year from eighth grade to twelfth grade.

PLAYBOY: Were you popular in school?

MURPHY: Yeah. Even then, I was *Eddie Murphy*. I was voted most popular. I was like a little celebrity. I had already been on local cable, I was hot shit. In high school, I used to give assemblies. I did a show for the six grades over three days. My band played, and afterward, I did an hour of material about the school: impressions of teachers, students, hall monitors; there were routines about smoking marijuana behind the school, and getting caught by the truant officer, and cutting class, and detention, and gym. By the third day, people were sitting in the aisles.

The truth is, I knew what I was put here to do. Until I was ten, I wanted to own a Mister Softee ice-cream truck. But after that, I knew I wanted to be in show business. [*Smiles*] My parents have pictures of me with a fucking ventriloquist's dummy. Arsenio has pictures of himself as "Arsenio the Magician," wearing a top hat.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you talk very often about your natural father?

MURPHY: My parents broke up when I was three and he died when I was eight. After the divorce, he and I used to go out on the weekends to movies, but I don't have a really clear memory of him. People tell me that I walk like my father, hold my head like my father; but I don't have a "Once my father did this" story.

PLAYBOY: Is there any truth to the suggestion that his death at the hands of a jealous lover in some way contributes to your well-known distrust of women?

MURPHY: Nah. I don't trust *anybody*.

PLAYBOY: What's your biggest fear? What scares you the most?

MURPHY: [*Long pause*] I guess not being able to take care of my family. That means everybody in my family and my extended family. My biggest fear is not being able to be there for people who depend on me.

Anything else I can deal with.

PLAYBOY: Do you have female friends?

MURPHY: No. [*Pauses*] Everyone's gonna read that and think, Oh, he's an asshole; he doesn't have any woman friends. Hey, if I want to play racquetball, I want to compete. I don't want to hit the ball and hear [*high, prissy voice*] "Oh, wait a second. Let's do that over. That doesn't count."

PLAYBOY: We mean friends in a more emotional sense.

MURPHY: You mean, is there a woman I just call up and hang out with, or go to the movies with, that I don't have any romantic or physical interest in whatsoever? No.

PLAYBOY: How about somebody you were once involved with who is now your friend?

MURPHY: When it's over, it's over.

PLAYBOY: But not all of your relationships end badly, do they?

MURPHY: A lot of them end over something stupid or fucked up, and it's over. Even if we just outgrow each other, shake hands and go to separate corners, I don't see them anymore.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to have a female friend?

MURPHY: It would be good for me. It would give me some insight into a lot of things that I don't understand and broaden my scope. I haven't met this woman yet, but when I do, I won't resist it. A friend is a hell of a thing to have. With my guy friends, we pretty much just talk about women and money and sports—and the system, politics. But as far as friends go, there's nobody I talk to about more than surface stuff. I don't discuss *me* with anybody.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you've done so a bit in this interview.

MURPHY: You think this is deep? *This* is surface stuff.

PLAYBOY: If this is surface stuff, what's the deep Eddie Murphy?

MURPHY: [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Give us a look into the abyss.

MURPHY: You get *that* interview in five years.

PLAYBOY: OK, then let's talk about women. Just how *do* you feel about them?

MURPHY: I love women. I like the old-fashioned ones a little more. I'm not that crazy about those feminists. I respect them, but my preference is for one of those "Hello, dear" women. "Hello, dear. How was your day today?" That's what I want.

PLAYBOY: What kind of pet names do you think you'd like her to call you? You don't want her to stick with just "honey," right?

MURPHY: She can call me Mr. Box Office. [*Laughs*] "Hello, Mr. Box Office."

PLAYBOY: You *do* have a nickname, though—Big Money.

MURPHY: Yeah, that's stupid. Me and my buddy Clinton were joking around one day, doing those characters that we did in *Coming to America*, and we were pretending we were pimps. I told him his name was Sweetwater and he said mine was Big Money—and it stuck. That was ten years ago. Now I'm ashamed of it. When my friends go, "Hey, Money!" I say, "Shhh!"

PLAYBOY: What do your friends call you?

MURPHY: Yo, Ed. Hey, Ed. Eddie.

PLAYBOY: Who has to call you Mr. Murphy?

MURPHY: When someone calls me Mr. Murphy, I say, "Call me Eddie. Don't call me Mr. Murphy or Mr. anything." Women have never given me a nickname, either. My dick is crooked, and I thought I would get a nickname because of that. It's almost like an R, though not quite as bent. I figured someone would call me Hook Dick. But women act like they never notice it.

PLAYBOY: You're referring to the bend, not the dick itself, right?

MURPHY: Right. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: You raised the subject; we're just following up: How *does* it bend—to the left or to the right?

MURPHY: It's this way [*demonstrates by crooking his finger*]. It's like if I'm lying down and she's at the foot of the bed, it's pointing right at her face. It's *different*. I think it touches places—this is disgusting—that don't usually get touched.

PLAYBOY: Anatomically speaking, that would be the G spot.

MURPHY: A good hook shot to the G spot. [*Laughs*] This is disgusting! What are we talking about?

PLAYBOY: Sex. And judging by some of the lyrics on your last album, *So Happy* [released in August 1989], this subject shouldn't make you uncomfortable. In fact, you come off as a pretty wild guy. Some of the lyrics are bondage fantasies. For instance, the song *Love Moans* opens with a woman whispering, "I'm here for you, and I'll follow all your rules."

MURPHY: Yeah, that's pretty nasty. [*Claps the beat and sings*] "Would you do me in my car / While I'm driving pretty fast? / I've got to press my throttle down to keep up with your ass, baby."

PLAYBOY: Is this stuff you do in real life?

MURPHY: Nah. I'm a prude, man. I've never fucked or had my dick sucked in a limousine; I've never fucked around in a car; I've never done a lot of shit that entertainers do. I've only fucked outdoors once. I'm not a freak at all. I'm very straight.

People *think* I'm a lunatic—this wild, fucking-a-different-girl-every-night kind of guy. [*Pauses*] I am probably the straightest person I know. Twenty-eight years old and never had a venereal disease. I had crabs once, from this bitch from Roosevelt [High School], when I was sixteen. Bitch. I had on a rubber, too, but that doesn't stop the crabs. That's my sexually transmitted–disease experience. I'm such a prude. A rubber freak.

PLAYBOY: No wonder your lyric about doing it "under the trees" is so wistful.

MURPHY: I never did it under no tree, either. I'm too shy to fuck under a tree. And now I *can't*, because I'll fuck under a tree and a reporter will see me: "EDDIE MURPHY SEEN FUCKING UNDER A TREE." "MURPHY LIVES OUT HIS LYRICS."

PLAYBOY: Do you write those lyrics because

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you *want* to do that stuff?

MURPHY: I don't take the labyrinthine approach to anything; it's just straight forward, surface everything. There's never a subliminal message or a double meaning. I'm not an intellectual by anyone's standards. There's just something sexy-sounding about fucking under a tree. I guess I will one day. Right now, I fuck only in my bedroom.

PLAYBOY: Suppose a woman said, "C'mon, Eddie, let's go out under a tree."

MURPHY: [*Hesitates*] I'm sure I need to see an analyst because of this shit, but . . . I'm attracted to conservative women who don't *look* conservative. I like a woman who looks a little vampy. I'm attracted to a woman who can suck a dick but never sucked one before. [*Laughs*] I'm attracted to a woman who's receptive to what I want to do but doesn't have a huge, long sexual résumé. I don't like sluttish women, you know.

So what's happened to me is that usually I'm around very passive women, and they wouldn't make a suggestion like that. I suppose if I'd heard that suggestion, I'd have done some things. The one time I did something outdoors, it *was* the woman's suggestion. We were on a beach. But I'm fine right in my bedroom.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps if you didn't have your guys living with you, you might feel less inhibited about running naked through the house and out onto the lawn.

MURPHY: Yeah, but if I wanted to, I could just tell them to get out because I want to freak with this girl. They'd understand. But the truth is that I don't walk around my *bedroom* naked. I don't sleep naked. I wear my drawers.

PLAYBOY: Boxers or Jockeys?

MURPHY: Jockeys. I can't walk around naked, man; dick dangling all over the place. My dick's gotta have support.

PLAYBOY: So the kind of woman who makes you comfortable is a whore in the bedroom and a lady in the parlor.

MURPHY: A whore for *me*, though. I don't want someone who's been a whore for everybody. I want somebody who's willing to learn how to suck one great but never really did it before.

PLAYBOY: And you want to be the teacher.

MURPHY: Yeah, I guess. [*Laughs, embarrassed*] Women have a tendency, I guess, to freeze up around me. I've walked into a room and looked at women and they'll turn their heads and act like I don't exist. Or when I get introduced to a woman, she won't look me in the eye. And it's the silly movie-star shit. If it was you, she'd look you in the eye and say, "Come fuck me under this tree." Me, they just say, "Oh, hello, I didn't know you were standing there."

I fuck up a lot with women. You know what my big problem with women is? A lot of them have heard wild shit about me: He does drugs; he treats women bad. And whenever I meet a woman, she comes on to me, like, "Well, I heard you do this and I heard you do that." But they're still *there*. They've heard all this horrible shit and they still come around. Which means they want to meet this guy who allegedly fucked his girls over and slapped this bitch and sniffs cocaine. And I'm nothing like that, so it doesn't work out usually. [*Laughs, then in a woman's voice*] "I thought I was gonna get slapped in my face and pushed down the steps. I'm *leavin'*!"

PLAYBOY: Isn't it hard to resist taking advantage of all the willing women fame can bring?

MURPHY: I went through a stage the second year of *Saturday Night Live* where I was trying to fuck every woman who could possibly be fucked. I tried a lot. I got a lot of cooperation. [*Smiles*] But since I turned twenty-one years old, I haven't jumped into bed just to fuck somebody.

PLAYBOY: What would it take to get that to happen?

MURPHY: Cure AIDS. No matter what I say, even if there's a freak in me—and I'm not denying that—no one has brought that freak out yet; no one has made me say, "Fuck it, I'm gonna stick this anywhere I want it."

PLAYBOY: Do you have a preference for dark- or light-skinned women?

MURPHY: No. It makes no difference. I have an appreciation for any beauty.

PLAYBOY: Let's go a bit deeper. Define love.

MURPHY: Love is respecting somebody and doing for somebody because you *want* to do for her, not because she expects it of you.

PLAYBOY: Can you love?

MURPHY: Oh, yeah. I don't think I can be the *first* one to love, though; I think somebody has to show me that she really loves me before I let myself fall in love with her.

PLAYBOY: What does she have to do?

MURPHY: Just be honest with me for about five years.

PLAYBOY: Any other requirements?

MURPHY: Good looks.

PLAYBOY: Where do most women go wrong?

MURPHY: They're not honest. They act a certain way because they think that if they do *this*, I'll do *that*. They try to outthink me. That fucks relationships. I wonder, Why are they playing this game? Usually, it's because they want to get some money. It always comes back to money. I tell you, man, I'm twenty-eight years old and I've never even woken up to breakfast being cooked by a girl. I've never even had some woman fucking wake up and make up the fucking bed!

PLAYBOY: Since when?

MURPHY: Since period.

PLAYBOY: You may be inundated with offers after this is published.

MURPHY: I'm gonna get a lot of "I think Eddie Murphy is an asshole" stuff after this is published.

PLAYBOY: Well, your anger is unmistakable.

MURPHY: I'm a realist, and I think that a person who's an idealist would listen to me and say, "Oh, he's an asshole." I can imagine women getting offended at stuff that I've said. But this is the way I feel.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever see *any* women who act differently from what you describe?

MURPHY: I watch these fucking guys who work for me: Their girlfriends come around the fucking house, stay with them for a week and never fucking get up after dinner and clean off the table! I've never seen one of the girls in the kitchen helping out Helen [the cook]. Or "Do you need anything?" Never! They fucking lie around and fucking eat. I've seen girls go to my cook and say, "Helen, I'm going to be sleeping until four o'clock. Could you wake me up when dinner's ready?" So I go, Wait a second! Those guys ain't even Ed; it's just *women* acting like that.

The first time I ever saw a woman get up and start helping clean the table off was when a girl my big brother was seeing came around. My reaction was, "Oh, shit!" I've seen women digging the meat out of their teeth afterward and go to sleep. I don't know, man. People are gonna read that and go, "Eddie, you and the guys are hanging around the wrong type of women." So *show* me somebody.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought of setting an example?

MURPHY: Have I ever jumped up and picked the glasses off the table? Me? No! I know women will read this and say, "Why can't men clean the table off sometimes?" I was raised in one of those homes where women clean the table off, and if there's something wrong with me, then fuck it. The women would clean off the table and the guy would take out the garbage. [*Smiles*]

PLAYBOY: Do you have trouble meeting women?

MURPHY: Nah. But women aren't real with me. For the most part, the show starts when they meet me.

PLAYBOY: Does that piss you off?

MURPHY: No, I'm used to it; I'm used to the show. I've accepted it, man. They're gonna play games. I've trusted women and shouldn't have. Turned out they were assholes, and I looked like a jerk.

PLAYBOY: So all that hostile stuff in *Raw* about women: You *did* mean it.

MURPHY: At the time. But I don't regret anything I said. I was growing into someone else. *Raw* is like something I said that night. But that don't make it me.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, you seemed to mean it—and the impression lasts a long time. Women will remember what you said.

MURPHY: But that don't make it me. We're talking about show business. If John Wayne says his name is Rooster Cogburn in a movie, it doesn't mean it's him. As far as being a stand-up comedian goes, a lot of it has to do with truths, and a lot of what I said was truth. But you say things to get reactions, and I got reactions to what I said. I agree with a lot of the stuff that I said, but I

don't think I'm as cold as I am in *Raw*.

PLAYBOY: Where do you meet women?

MURPHY: I could be driving down the street and see somebody and pull over. I met my current girlfriend at an NAACP awards function.

PLAYBOY: What attracted you to her?

MURPHY: She was fine.

PLAYBOY: Has she proved that she's honest?

MURPHY: Yeah, she's a good girl.

PLAYBOY: Does she pick up the dishes?

MURPHY: She's a good girl.

PLAYBOY: Do you love her?

MURPHY: Yeah. I have a great deal of respect for her as a woman. And if I ever fell out of love with her, like that man–woman shit, I'd always love her as a person. So I'd always take care of her; I'd always be friends with her.

PLAYBOY: What earned your respect?

MURPHY: She has yet to fuck around and dog me out.

PLAYBOY: Do you check up on her?

MURPHY: Oh, yeah.

PLAYBOY: Honesty keeps coming up. Your girlfriends must feel as though they're on trial.

MURPHY: Well, they *are* on trial. [*Laughs*] Everybody's on trial, though.

PLAYBOY: How would you feel if you were going out with a famous woman and she were watching to see what *you* were doing?

MURPHY: But I'd be watching her, too. And if you're not doing anything wrong, you won't mind being watched. If I'm traveling fifty-five miles an hour and the fucking cops drive by and turn around and start following me, I say, "Hey, watch me; I'm not breaking no fucking law." I'm a watcher. It's not something that I do consciously, but I watch little shit and I notice little shit. [*Announcer's voice*] "Is it true you see all and know all, Ed?" [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Your current girlfriend is also the mother of your new child. This is your first, right?

MURPHY: To my knowledge. [*Smiles*]

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about it?

MURPHY: I'm excited about it; I'm happy about it.

PLAYBOY: Have you read Cosby's book for some advice on fatherhood?

MURPHY: Fuck, no. Get the fuck outa here! Cliff Huxtable I am not.

PLAYBOY: But you're a normal guy.

MURPHY: Cliff Huxtable's not normal. I don't think I'll ever be in the kitchen with my son, going [*Cosby's voice*], "Now we're gonna eat our bacon-burger dawg."

PLAYBOY: Are you ready for fatherhood?

MURPHY: Yeah, I'm ready. I think it'll be cool. It all seems very natural. I think I'll be a fun dad. I'd be nervous about it if that whole marriage thing were attached, but I'm still a single man, and I have a nice relationship with my girlfriend. I have a responsibility to this woman and to this child, but I'm still a single man; I'm still Ed; I'm still single.

PLAYBOY: Is she going to live here at Bubble Hill?

MURPHY: Noo. Nooo.

PLAYBOY: Was it a planned pregnancy?

MURPHY: [*Laughs*] That's funny. No. She got pregnant, but she was sweet and cool. I said, "OK, you want to have a baby, we'll have a baby."

PLAYBOY: Have you gotten any other women pregnant?

MURPHY: Not very many, no.

PLAYBOY: Did any of them freak you out?

MURPHY: Never when I was sure it was my child.

PLAYBOY: What about Nicolle Rader, who served you with a paternity suit?

MURPHY: That was bullshit. It wasn't my kid.

PLAYBOY: What if it *had* been your kid?

MURPHY: I'd have taken care of the *kid*. But I'd have no responsibility to that woman. When the child got old enough to understand the relationship that I had with his mother, then I would start seeing him. But I wouldn't be forced into a relationship with a woman just because I had a child with her.

PLAYBOY: While we're on the subject of personal problems with women, what about Michael Michele Williams and her sexual-harassment suit? She has charged that you demanded sex from her to keep her job. Do you want to clear that up?

MURPHY: It's something silly, and it's in litigation, and we shouldn't even really talk about it. But that's just a typical somebody-taking-a-shot-at-me kind of thing. I get sued a lot by people who just take shots.

PLAYBOY: How much money do you think you've spent on spurious lawsuits, defending yourself?

MURPHY: Millions. Millions.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever come on to this woman at all?

MURPHY: No. If I were trying to fuck her, I would do it *before* I gave her a job.

PLAYBOY: Let's explore the subject of marriage. You've often said you'll never get married because you fear divorce. And you still value being single, as you've said.

MURPHY: I want somebody to tell me intelligently what I have to gain out of a marriage. And don't tell me [*fluttery*] "Oh, partnership!" Listen: I am in business by myself and have been since April 3, 1961. I don't need a partner. I need somebody I care about and whose company I enjoy. And I can have that without being married, without saying, "Hey, I own you and you own me," because that's what marriage is.

PLAYBOY: Yet a few years ago, you were engaged to Lisa Figueroa. What happened?

MURPHY: [*Quietly*] We outgrew each other, I guess.

PLAYBOY: The rumor was that Lisa started acting as if she were Eddie Murphy, wielding the power.

MURPHY: No, no. We just outgrew each other. We were both too young to be talking about marriage.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been dumped by a woman?

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MURPHY: Never. I had one girl who wouldn't give me no play when I was in high school; another girl I liked I never came on to. But I've never had a girlfriend go, "Fuck you; it's over." [*Pauses*] Ah! Yes, I did. Tamara Young, Andrew Young's niece. She's the girl my mother wanted me to marry. She's the most sensible woman I've ever met in my life.

PLAYBOY: How does your mother feel about your fear of tying the knot?

MURPHY: As long as I'm happy, my mother's happy. I won't deprive her of grandchildren. [*Pauses*] Look, what do I have to gain out of marriage? Nothing. But I have everything to lose. Divorce is a reality; it can happen. You fall out of love just as quickly as you can fall into love. Nobody gets married thinking about divorce. They say their vows, it's a beautiful thing, they cry, feel wonderful.

Then, one day, you meet some other fucking girl and, although you never thought it could happen, you wind up fucking around. Or one day, you roll over and you look at your wife, or she looks at you, and that spark ain't there no more. That's just a reality; that happens. And the people that doesn't happen to should feel blessed. I just don't want to risk having that shit happen and have to move out of Bubble Hill.

PLAYBOY: What happens when love ends?

MURPHY: I don't know if it's a curse or what, but as long as I don't see a person or hear a person, I can wash the person out of my mind. The person never existed. Every now and then, something will trigger a memory, and for a hot minute, I freak out again. But otherwise, it's very easy to forget about somebody, because there's always a pretty girl around. So fuck depression.

PLAYBOY: Are you that way with people in general? Former employees?

MURPHY: Anybody who's ever worked for me, once he leaves, he's cut off. Because most of the people who left left for fucked-up reasons. Once you fuck me over, you never existed. Fuck you. I've had people who have been really good friends who left my organization and sued me and shit.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there a former employee who said he was going to write a book about you?

MURPHY: That guy ain't writing no book. He can't even spell. [*Laughs*] What's he gonna put in a book? He hasn't worked with me since I was twenty-two. What's he gonna write? "Eddie fucked some girl one night." So what? Go ahead. Everybody fucks. There's no one who doesn't fuck. "Eddie's fucking so-and-so!" "Michael's fucking this person!" "Stallone fucked that person!" "Mike Tyson fucked this many women!" Man, everybody's fucking. They read an article like that and then go get their dick sucked, so who gives a fuck?

PLAYBOY: You used to date Robin Givens, didn't you?

MURPHY: When I was a kid, when we were young. I was eighteen or nineteen.

PLAYBOY: She must have been one woman who didn't make the bed. Did you ever get any grief from Mike about that?

MURPHY: [*Laughs*] No. He knew that I used to go with her when he married her.

PLAYBOY: You advised him not to get married, though.

MURPHY: I said, "Be careful." He said, "Man, I just wanta get that pussy!" I said, "Yeah, well, be careful." The rest is history.

PLAYBOY: And this, of course, is case number one in your marriage-stoppers textbook.

MURPHY: Well, man! Listen to all that shit! Stallone had to give fucking *thirty million dollars* to his past two wives. That's crazy. And Mike, I don't know how much money he had to give Robin, but she just bought a house in L.A. that cost two million dollars. I don't know how much they pay on *Head of the Class*, but shit, it ain't that much.

PLAYBOY: Did you sleep with Stallone's ex-wife Brigitte Nielsen? We ask because there's a supposed feud between you and Stallone.

MURPHY: Hell, no. No. I didn't even know that shit was going on, all those rumors. To this day, even though we went through it a couple of times—Stallone asked me and I explained—I guess in his heart of hearts, he'll never know. For him, the question still remains, and that prevents us from being friends again.

"To go to some club and listen to somebody tell jokes and get offended if they say the word fuck makes no sense. If you don't want to hear fuck, stay home and watch TV."

PLAYBOY: You mean he just came right out and asked, "Did you fuck my wife?"

MURPHY: Yeah. Here's what happened. We were real cool for a hot minute; I'd go up to his house; we'd talk on the phone a lot. And suddenly, it stopped. And I went to a party and a boy said, "Hey, man, did you see Stallone? He was just here." I said, "No, where is he?" He said, "Stallone walked out when you walked into the party." I thought, What the fuck is that about? Then someone told me about the rumor that I'd fucked Gitte. So I called Stallone and asked what the fuck was going on. After all, I'd put her in *Beverly Hills Cop II* as a *favor* to him. We were going to use somebody else.

Anyway, I could never fuck somebody's woman. I couldn't fuck somebody's girlfriend. *And* I would tell the person, "Hey, your woman wants me to fuck her; you should get rid of her." That's some old street shit. My honor is not going to let me do something like that. Stallone asked me about it; he's a man; I understood. He said, "Did you fuck my wife?" And I said, "No."

PLAYBOY: All those rumors, these stories—don't they just help you sell your product?

MURPHY: Yeah. And we *are* selling a product here; it's a fucking fantasy. Eddie Murphy is a product, just like Coca-Cola.

PLAYBOY: Are you advertising the real thing?

MURPHY: People look at *Coming to America* and they say, "Wait a second! I bet you his lifestyle is really like that. I betcha!" Remember, I called the girl Lisa. So it's like, "Aha! He was engaged to a girl named Lisa. This *is* his life!" [*Pauses*] No, it's not! That's not my life! "I want someone to love me for me!" *That*'s not it. I just make people go, "I know! I've connected."

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the language you use in your shows, which a lot of people find offensive. Comics such as Andrew Dice Clay and Sam Kinison are wildly successful with much coarser material, and they're criticized less. Did you open the door?

MURPHY: It's interesting that they didn't get persecuted the way I did, but I wasn't the first person to be dirty. Richard [Pryor] was dirty before me, and Redd Foxx was dirty before him, and George Carlin was dirty, too. People have just realized that if something is funny, fuck whether or not it's dirty. You're an adult. To go to some club to sit and listen to somebody tell jokes and get offended if they say the word fuck makes no sense. If you don't want to hear fuck, stay home and watch TV.

PLAYBOY: What about your gay bashing? Are you homophobic?

MURPHY: I have nothing against homosexuals. I think an orgasm is your thing, and you should fuck whoever the fuck you feel like fucking. Whoever makes you come the hardest, that's who you should be with. And all those people who say you shouldn't do that, fuck them, because they ain't there making you come; it ain't their fucking business. But I've heard nigger jokes and I don't fucking go and march in a parade and say that somebody's Negrophobic. In fact, the gay people I know are very funny. There was a gay writer on *S.N.L.* who was funny and nice. I was completely comfortable around him.

PLAYBOY: Let's do some takes on your peers. Whatever comes to mind. Sam Kinison.

MURPHY: Funny, dirty. [*Smiles*] I like a lot of his act; I don't like the religion stuff. I'm a spiritual person. I'd feel welcome in any church, so I wouldn't make jokes about anybody's God.

PLAYBOY: Roseanne Barr.

MURPHY: Very funny. She used to do a joke where she says [*nasal voice*], "My friends tell me I have to be more feminine, I have to be more ladylike; but I just say, 'Hey,

suck my dick!'" When she said that, I was hooked.

PLAYBOY: Andrew Dice Clay.

MURPHY: I have a lot of respect for anybody who just comes out and does whatever he feels like doing. I have no respect for those comedians who are night-club-comic clones. You know: "The other day, my wife came in. . . ." I hate that shit. Talk about whatever you feel like talking about. It's the difference between a comedian and a comic, and I don't like comics.

PLAYBOY: Arsenio Hall.

MURPHY: Arsenio makes you like him immediately. He's got a real ingratiating smile, a very quick mind and he knows how to hit little nerves or obscure things. A lot of people have never seen his real stand-up, only the two minutes of his act that he does on some shitty-assed, stupid comedy show. But watch him for a half hour. He's a bad motherfucker. And he knows how to work a stage better than anybody I know.

PLAYBOY: Better than you?

MURPHY: Is he a better stand-up comedian than me? Yes.

PLAYBOY: Where did you meet Arsenio?

MURPHY: In California, when I did *48 HRS.* He was Keenen's [Wayans] friend first.

PLAYBOY: What made the friendship work?

MURPHY: He's a very straightforward brother. He's funny and we have a lot in common—like comedy and a lust for women. We started hanging out because I was a fan. After a while, I noticed we were calling each other, and hanging more and more, and getting girls and going to the movies together. Now he's my best friend.

PLAYBOY: Who's better-looking? Who pulls the women when you go cruising?

MURPHY: [*Incredulous*] I'm *infinitely* better-looking than Arsenio. He has huge gums and these long, fucked-up fingers. Course, he's always telling me I'm fucking ugly; he does jokes about my nose and shit, and my teeth being small. But trust me, Arsenio gets second choice all the time.

PLAYBOY: Joe Piscopo?

MURPHY: I haven't seen Joe as much as I used to. We just went in different directions after *Saturday Night Live.* He got very heavily into weights. He's got this young girlfriend and they're in love, and he lifts lots of weights. Good for him.

PLAYBOY: Rate him as a comedian.

MURPHY: I don't think even he considers himself a stand-up comic. He's a comic actor who does impressions.

PLAYBOY: Johnny Carson.

MURPHY: I always looked at Johnny Carson as a talk-show host, not a stand-up comic.

PLAYBOY: David Letterman?

MURPHY: Very funny man. Very hip.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think Arsenio's show has overtaken Letterman's?

MURPHY: With Letterman, you might get the vibe that he's kind of condescending. Arsenio is like, "Hey, everybody, let's have *fun*, let's have a good time." You never get the feeling that Arsenio thinks he's more intelligent than the person he's talking to. If you had a choice, you might go with Arsenio's party, because everybody's welcome.

PLAYBOY: Robin Williams?

MURPHY: *Very* fast, and a good actor, too.

PLAYBOY: Jay Leno?

MURPHY: Very funny. But I wouldn't like to watch a comic who was influenced by Jay Leno, because that would nauseate me. The *original* is very funny, but when people try to get on his vibe, it nauseates me.

PLAYBOY: Bill Cosby?

MURPHY: He's a great comedian and an underrated actor. He's more of a storyteller than he is a comedian. I don't think anyone can tell a story better than Cosby. I wanted to do a tour with Cosby and Pryor last year, but Cosby didn't want to go.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MURPHY: Ultimately, it was like asking Richie Havens to do a show with Prince. Richie does some nice stuff, but he's sitting on a stool with a guitar and Prince is jumping all over the stage and doing splits. As much as Cosby has talked about my comedy, and as much as he says he doesn't think I'm a comedian, the fact is that I would have blown him off the stage in terms of energy and in terms of putting on a better show. He's a fifty-year-old guy; he has more insight than I do and he may know how to manipulate the audience a little more and tell a story better. But when he puts on a sweater and I put on my leather pants, *he* gets fucked up. [*Laughs*]

"I'm infinitely better-looking than Arsenio. He has huge gums and these long, fucked-up fingers. Course, he's always telling me I'm fucking ugly."

PLAYBOY: Richard Pryor.

MURPHY: He's the best ever. You talk about mixing body language with everything else: Richard is like a mime on stage. He can take inanimate objects and make them come alive. Things that aren't there, he makes you see them; or he'll become something that he's talking about. There's no one who's ever brought the theatrics that Richard brings to his comedy. Anyone who tells you he's into comedy and doesn't think Richard is the best comedian who ever existed doesn't know what he's talking about. Pryor is better than anyone who ever picked up the microphone and started telling jokes. Nobody can fuck with him.

PLAYBOY: You've said he's your biggest influence. How does he feel about that?

MURPHY: Influence isn't like when you see somebody and go, "I'm gonna steal the way he walks or the way he phrases words." It's somebody impressing the shit out of you and you just adapting that to your own thing. I watch Richard, I listen to him say stuff, I watch the way he looks at things and the way he explains things, and I go, "God, there's so much of this man in me."

Influences are interesting. Richard was influenced by Cosby early on. If you watch some of Richard's routine, you'll hear him go into a voice that sounds almost like Cosby. He does a routine where he goes [*Pryor's voice*], "Snakes make you walk into trees. *Snake!*" It's a Bill Cosby routine. Bill Cosby was influenced by Groucho Marx: the cigar, he never stands up straight on stage when he's walking and he mumbles. You can draw a line from me to Richard, and from Richard to Bill, and from Bill to Groucho. [*Pauses*] And I guess Groucho never thought it was gonna go from "Last night, I shot an elephant in my pajamas" to "Suck my dick!"

PLAYBOY: Eddie Murphy?

MURPHY: Me? I'm OK. The same thing with the movie shit: I'm OK. People like me and they come and see me.

PLAYBOY: Still painting yourself as the average, normal guy.

MURPHY: I am.

PLAYBOY: Is that the key to your success?

MURPHY: People see me on the screen and go, "You know, he seems like he's a nice person, a fun person." That's one reason I got so much shit on my stand-up—I'm just average. Yet I've done these huge pictures. So I get shit for not being as good in my stand-up as I am in films, I guess. I don't think I'm a bad stand-up comedian; it's just one of the things that I do, and I'm not the best. But *Raw* was the biggest stand-up movie in history. So I don't *suck* as a comedian.

I'm the Sugar Ray Leonard of stand-up. People say he doesn't deserve his title. Like him, I'll retire, wait for someone else to come along, and I'll go get my title back. [*Laughs*] No time soon, though.

PLAYBOY: But since your life has been changed so much by success, how will you stay connected to the audience?

MURPHY: My life has changed aesthetically. I have a bigger house and a nicer car, but ultimately, I still have a *house* and I still have a *car.* My life as an entertainer is the business part of my life, just like a doctor doesn't stop living when he becomes a surgeon. He still goes home and has problems with his kids, his wife, his neighbor, this asshole down the street, when he goes to the store. You always have something to draw a funny situation from.

PLAYBOY: It has been said that your comedy doesn't play off white guilt like that of black comics before you; that you never had to establish your dignity, so you felt free to abandon it; that, in essence, you were never a "black" comic.

MURPHY: Yes, I was. I'm just not a very political person. When I'm on stage, when I'm on a movie screen, I'm having a good time, and I want everybody in my audience

to have a good time. I'm not there to chastise my audience.

PLAYBOY: What *wouldn't* you do for a joke?

MURPHY: I wouldn't dress up like a girl.

PLAYBOY: No secret Milton Berle fantasies?

MURPHY: No, man, that dressing-up-like-a-woman shit is just not funny to me. When Arsenio did it in *Coming to America*, it was funny. They were trying to get *me* to do that shit, but I just can't do it, man.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'd feel comfortable at the Friars' Club?

MURPHY: I don't know if they'd be comfortable with me there. But a lot of those old guys are real funny. Like Buddy Hackett. You ever seen him live? Hysterical.

PLAYBOY: Are there any new comics you really like?

MURPHY: Damon Wayans. Really impressive. Everybody else is doing somebody else's shit. "My wife" and "The other day" and "Ooo, these people!" That's bullshit.

PLAYBOY: Let's change the topic. Did you think Jesse Jackson could be President?

MURPHY: I felt strongly about his *running* for President, in terms of symbolism, but I knew that's what it was. Even though he ran in 1988, there are still places in this country where a black can't eat. I stayed at a house in Bel Air, in Los Angeles, and yet I couldn't go onto the golf course right behind it. I'm supposed to be an upper-crust black person and I'm still subject to racism. So there's no way you could have realistically thought that Jesse Jackson was gonna become President in 1988. There will come a time, though.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Jackson knew that?

MURPHY: Absolutely. First of all, black people make up only twelve percent of the population in the United States. How are you going to put a man in office? You've got to get the white vote, too. But it was beautiful because it took the ceiling off people's thoughts in terms of what Jesse could achieve. Ultimately, what we have to do is be accepted as equals, and I really, honestly don't feel that white people accept black people as equals. Racism is covert now; they do it behind closed doors. In the open, everything is cool, but inside, it's still "Ah, the fucking niggers." It's natural for white people to feel that way. White people used to own us, and they haven't forgotten that yet. I know *I* haven't forgotten it. I'm still angry about it. I wouldn't be surprised if you had nights when you sat around and talked about niggers. All white people have, and do.

PLAYBOY: That's a cynical assumption. How would you feel if blacks were accused of the reverse?

MURPHY: Yeah, but our anger is a reactive anger. We never stripped you of your culture or fucked your daughters.

PLAYBOY: What about the Jews? There has been a lot of controversy lately about Jewish–black relations.

MURPHY: Yeah, but I'm talking black–white. I'm talking what happened to blacks in *this* country. Jewish people came here of their own free will.

PLAYBOY: If you can call trying to escape the gas ovens free will.

MURPHY: I sympathize with the victims of the Holocaust. It was a horrible thing. But not as horrible as what happened to black people. You're talking about a people who were raped of their culture. You will never meet a Jewish person named Eddie Murphy. You will never meet a Jewish person named John Smith. Whites took our culture, they took our language, they took our religion.

The Jews have overcome what happened in the Holocaust, outside of looking at the films and still being mad about it. As a people, they have power, they have culture, they have unity, they have money. But black people are still bruised by the horrible things that happened to them. I'm aware of it, and it makes me angry.

PLAYBOY: Is this how you would define the black experience?

MURPHY: You watch those old civil rights movies that show black people getting sprayed down with water hoses. People lose sight of the fact that it was just twenty-five years ago, man. Sicking dogs on us just because we wanted to eat in a restaurant, or because we were marching and singing *We Shall Overcome*. And a lot of those people who sprayed those water hoses are still alive, have children and have instilled the same beliefs in them.

PLAYBOY: What do you think white America has to do for a better future?

MURPHY: My people are the most forgiving people on the face of the earth. To be here in this country and to be subjected to as much shit as we've been subjected to, and to not have had a black revolution! . . . All we want is to be accepted as your equals. We're not even saying, "Hey, we want revenge; we gonna fuck you motherfuckers up." We're saying, "Hey, listen. That shit happened and we're hurt; you fucked us over and you fucked up, but we're here and treat us like your equals." That's what we're saying. Racism is rooted in ignorance, and the more sophisticated a society becomes, the fewer racists we'll have. When you integrate with other cultures, racism gets washed away.

PLAYBOY: What about the future of the world? Are you optimistic or pessimistic?

MURPHY: I know I'll leave some good movies to watch. [*Laughs*] I'm trying to keep this on the surface.

PLAYBOY: As you've said all along. Yet you've dipped a little deeper than you thought you would.

MURPHY: The biggest statement I can make is this: What I've achieved is accessible to any other man, black or white.

PLAYBOY: Theoretically but highly unlikely.

MURPHY: Why?

PLAYBOY: There's just not that much room at the top of the pyramid.

MURPHY: Did you ever see the episode of *Star Trek* in which they beamed down on this planet and were forced to go to the gun fight at the O.K. Corral? Spock said, "If you believe the bullets are real, they'll kill you!" *Well, that shit is true.* Sometimes you hear stories about a guy who gets shot in the head. Is he dead? Nah, he's alive, the bullet bounced off his forehead. And then you hear stories about people who only got stabbed in the arm—and bled to death. You die when you accept death. And you succeed when you accept success, completely and totally. When you go "I am going to succeed" and you don't have one scintilla of doubt. Once you put some element of doubt in, that's when you can fail. Success is pure faith in yourself and God. Cher said this before: There's no dress rehearsal for life. You've got one life. I say, you go for what you want.

PLAYBOY: When did you figure that out?

MURPHY: When I was fifteen years old. I was always gonna be a plumber, man—and I got nothing against plumbers—but it's real easy to start doing shit just out of obligation. Nobody sets out to be a mailman, a milkman or a plumber. That's something you wind up doing. And a lot of those people are content with their lives.

PLAYBOY: Are you happy?

MURPHY: [*Restless*] Well, there's still things I want to do with my life. I think any man who's twenty-eight years old and is happy is a fool. You build toward perfection. So right now I'm . . . content.

PLAYBOY: What will it take to get happy?

MURPHY: It ain't money—I got that in the bank. It's not something that I'll find with somebody else. But something will happen in my life; maybe not even on stage. Maybe I'll do something to touch someone else's life and feel it's the ultimate for me as a person, the best I'm ever gonna be. It could have something to do with a child I'll produce. It's when I feel I've done what I was put here to do.

When I reach my goal, I won't care about what others think. I'll just bask in the feeling. What it's gonna take for me is universal acceptance: "OK, he's an artist." Right now, I'm at that stage of trying to prove I'm an artist. I'm faced with, "Yeah, yeah, yeah, but that last thing you did sucked." So when *I* can believe what I've done is perfect, and fuck you, then I can relax. So far, I don't believe I've done anything perfect, only pretty good. But God works in mysterious ways.

PLAYBOY: And it won't matter what the public thinks?

MURPHY: Right, because it's not the public that inspires an artist to create. An artist feels the need to create even if there is no public. If there were no one on the planet, I'd still do funny things, I'd just be laughing by myself.

Consumer study links small plastic bottle with a closer shave.

Recently, an independent consumer research firm concluded a national study of men's shaving practices. Their findings?

Men who use electric razors use a pre-shave lotion for a closer, smoother shave. And more men use Lectric Shave® than any other brand.

They use it because it works. How it works, on the other hand, requires a bit of explanation.

LECTRIC SHAVE: A HAIR-RAISING EXPERIENCE.

If you were to wake up tomorrow morning and look at your face through a microscope, you'd find your beard hairs lying down flat against your skin (Fig. A).

Convenient for sleeping, not so convenient for shaving. Part of the reason is your pillow. The other is dampness: oils and greases tend to hold the hairs down, much in the way tall grass lies flat when wet.

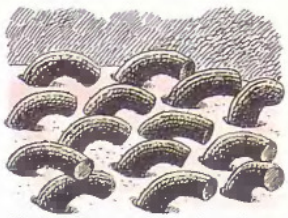

Figure A. The average man has about 15,000 individual hairs on his face. This is how they naturally behave.

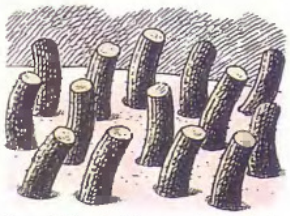

Figure B. Lectric Shave makes the hairs stand up straight, away from your skin. So you shave your beard and not your face.

Now, splash on some Lectric Shave. Within seconds, you'll feel your beard start to bristle up (Fig. B) as Lectric Shave evaporates natural moisture. The hairs dry out; they stand up straight; you get a closer shave than you ever thought possible.

BE KIND TO YOUR FACE. IT'S THE ONLY ONE YOU'VE GOT.

The man pictured above right has put in almost two thousand hours' shaving time. Surprising, but typical. Chances are, you'll more than double that shaving over a lifetime.

Lectric Shave protects your skin from all those hours of abuse. Its lubricants and moisturizers help the razor glide smoothly over your face. Giving you a shave that's as comfortable as it is close.

ANOTHER WAY TO GET A SUPERIOR SHAVE.

While Lectric Shave can help give you a closer shave, there's always the chance it won't mix well with your brand of cologne.

You'll spend close to four thousand hours shaving in your lifetime. A splash of Lectric Shave could make it a much more pleasant experience.

Unless, of course, you use Lectric Shave Unscented.

This convenient formula has a lighter mix of conditioners, leaving your face clean and smooth. Same great shave, in a formula that will complement any after shave.

Whichever you choose—Lectric Shave Regular, or Unscented—you'll get plenty of close, comfortable shaves in every small plastic bottle.

A BETTER SHAVE IN EVERY BOTTLE.

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THE WOMEN OF RUSSIA

they are—you guessed it—red-hot

LAST SPRING, *Time* magazine reported that according to Soviet sociologist-sexologist Igor Kon, "things are changing" in the U.S.S.R., that "women's sexuality, which was previously denied, is starting to be acknowledged." Pretty encouraging news, right? But not the *whole* story. Here's what *Time* and the good doctor left out: *Soviet women are sexy, exciting, smart, beautiful, determined and bursting with life.* We ought to know—we were there. In an unprecedented expedition that took almost two years to plan and demanded the cooperation of more than 100 photographers, models, editors, liaison personnel, translators and government officials, *Playboy* made the journey to the Soviet Union's most famous stretch of soil—Russia—and discovered the biggest secret behind the iron curtain: Russia's women. For years, *Playboy* Managing Photo Editor Jeff Cohen had been getting pitches from independent photographers eager to make the trip to the land of the hammer and sickle, but it wasn't until Gorbachev made *glasnost* a household word that Cohen decided the time was right to take the gamble. Selecting Russian photographer Alexander "Sasha" Borodulin—the son of famed photographer Lev Borodulin—to do the honors, Cohen at first sat Stateside, reviewing the film as it arrived via overseas mail. Captivated by what he saw, he eventually made the 6000-mile trip himself in order to get a closer look at just what it took to create a Russian pictorial. (For an account of Cohen's delightfully revealing adventures in the Soviet Union, see page 82.) Ultimately, we wound up with much more than just a pretty scrapbook. In many cases, we were able to put a few myths to rest. For example, almost all of our models confessed that they *adored* the U.S.—the country *and* its people. "I would like very much to take a look at America with my own eyes and experience its sweet life," one told us. "I think Americans are *klëvye* [swell]," said another. They called us "businesslike, cute and neat"; they labeled us "hard workers, warmhearted and *good guys*." And they were *all* dying to meet us. As for sex, we had our sockskis knocked off as our stunning coterie of Russian ladies candidly voiced a sizzling sensuality that would make some Americans blush. "I worship sex—I place it on a pedestal," one model admitted. Another confessed, "The desire never ends." So let it be said that the Cold War has finally, blissfully ended and that beauty is beauty—*everywhere*.

Zdravstvuyte!—or hello—from Red Square (opposite). St. Basil's Cathedral provides a colorful backdrop for (clockwise, from top) Lena Fiveyskova, Larisa Litichevskaya, Olga Egorova and Natasha Protasova. While Natasha works as a salesgirl in downtown Moscow, her companions here are decidedly regal: Last year, Lena was crowned Miss 21st Century in a private beauty contest of the same name. And in the Moscow *Krasavitsa* (or Beauty of Moscow) pageant—the country's first-ever officially sanctioned beauty competition—Olga was voted Miss Discovery by Soviet home viewers. Above, a shot of Larisa nabbing top *Krasavitsa* honors, which included instant celebrity, a stash of cash and a car.

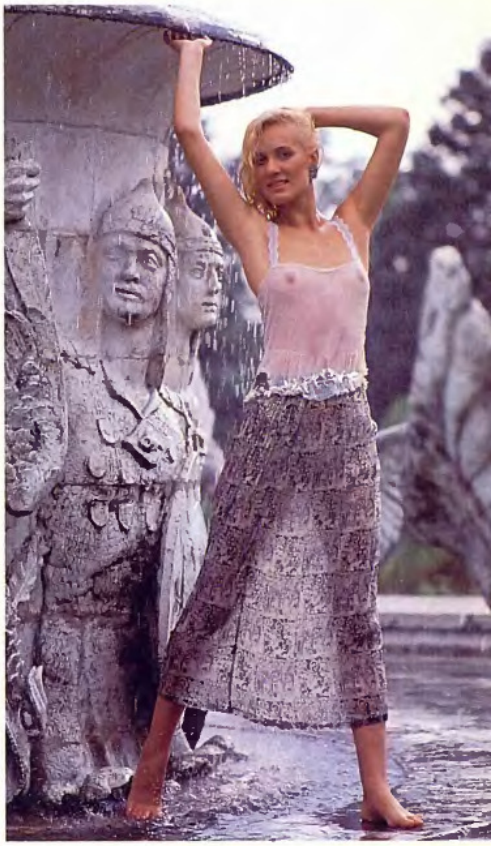
PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR *PLAYBOY* BY ALEXANDER BORODULIN

Below, meet swimmer and would-be movie stor Nona Kuchavo. A descendant of Georgian oristocrocy—o *knyazhna*, as they soy—Nana likes men who con "moke a feost out of life." And here's onother look ot pageant winner Lariso (right), who proudly declares, "I wont to do good for my country." Diplomocy ot its best, *da*?

As you con see from her photo, Anya Alekseyevo (opposite, top left) prefers to word off the Soviet chill the old-fashioned way: doing the bear-rug-and-fireplace routine. Top right is Nadyo Ushkova, o student from Moscow's Institute of Energy. "I like men who ore smart ond charming," soys Nodyo. "Fools, I *don't* like." But her *real* love is her pet turtle, Nad'ko (translotion: "little Nadyo"). Beouty is olso obundant along the Russian waterways. That's Volgograd's Loriso Tregubova (below Nadyo), woding in the Volgo River. We heor thot Larisa is the odds-on fovorite to be nomed the next Miss Volgograd—a title presently held by Leno Silino (whom you'll meet loter). And toking o breok from pedaling along the Moscow ore Lena Serkina (left) ond Notasho Kozlovo (right). Lena wants to "find success in morriage," while Notosha soys she is thrilled that "fewer ond fewer people think thot there is no sex in our country."

Who's the lucky guy in traditionol Georgion garb being bussed by Misses Fiveyskova and Litichevskaya? We never found out, but we're sure Georgio's not the only thing on his mind. Below left is Zhenya Manaeva, a Muscovite ond aspiring clothing designer. An admirer of American dating techniques, Zhenya prefers men who are "smart, tall and entrepreneurial." Sasha Safonova (bottom left) has a philasophy an romance that's delightfully simple: "It's impartant far a man ta be *khoroshiy*," she says. In a word, that means "good." And meet Marina Kazhuchava (belaw right), a Mascaw model. If the poster is life-size, the father af the Saviet state was just abaut Marina's height—5'10".

Flanked by soldiers outside a space museum (left) is Aksana Prakapenko, a madeling student from "a really average Soviet family." About her future, Aksana waxes poetic: "The craaked line of fate will hapefully lead me to the right place." When asked abaut her ambitians, Natasha Berko (below left) declares, "I have a pragram maximum." In Americanese, that's "gaing for the big time." Languishing beneath the Pushkin fountain in Sochi's botanic gardens is Sveta Nikolaeva, a ballet fan and hair stylist whase idols are Mikhail Baryshnikov and Marilyn Monroe. And Vera Esina (bottom right), 20, has a special fantasy: ta get a taste of the *sladkaya zhizn'*—"good life"—in the U.S. af A.



ПЕРЕСТРОЙКА

ПРАВДА

From the province of Krasnogorsk comes Nelle Hilchenko (below), on independent lady who prefers her men to be "outgoing, fun-loving and *laskovy* (gentle)." At left is Tat'yana Kaftunovo, a rhythmic gymnast from Odesso and the current Miss Lux Model. On the subject of Americans, Tat'yana is passionate: "I love them to *terror*," she soys. We think that means she loves us to death.

Moving clockwise around the opposite page from top left: Here's Loriso Tregubova ogain, this time in front of the war memorial honoring soldiers who died in the battle of Stalingrad (now called Volgograd). And as promised, here's 20-year-old Lena Silina, who is currently reigning as Miss Volgograd. (For those of you focused on vital statistics, Lena's *sis'ki* measure in ot 104 centimeters—you do the conversions.) Settling in with *Pravda* by a window overlooking the Kremlin is Inno Tarosova, a 29-year-old model from Moscow. Inna's ambition: "To feel as good spiritually as I look bodily." Rounding out the page is Ekaterina Kirilovo, a swimmer who frankly comments, "I don't smoke, I don't drink ond I don't work." Her current unemployment is bound to change: She's gunning for success as a model—"inside or outside the Soviet Union."

Checking in from o phone booth outside Lenin Stadium is Olga Sokhorovo (obove), o computer operator from Moscow. Olgo's keeping the sciences in the fomily: Her mom is o chemist and her dod is o physicist. Model Mosho Shmerko (below) says hello from the Arbot Street district—Moscow's version of Greenwich Villoge.

Picnicking in the grass just outside Moscow (left) is Vando Rudnevo, a secretary-typist who doesn't mince words. On independence: "I hope my future husband understonds I wont to be o career womon"; on men: "I like attentive guys and dislike *losers*" (that last word communicated in almost perfect English); on sex: "Good men, you can never get enough of; bad men, I don't deal with." Vanda was Miss Moscow *Komsomolets*—or Miss Communist Youth—1988. Working clockwise around this page from above left ore Luda Novolokovo, o diehard Soviet patriot whose peeves include "stupid idiots who are in love with themselves"; Sveta Rutskoya (taking the Pepski Chollenge), o university student who's aiming for a "good position in society"; Morino Gotovtseva, who works with a joint-venture American-Soviet moviemoking compony; Tonyo Krasina, who thinks guys' looks are *vsë ravno* (oll the some) but odmits thot good sex requires *zaryad* (a charge); and Sveto Tsegonkovo (in Cossock attire—well, olmost), on avid reader and family girl who con't wait to raise a brood of her own. Whot kind of guys does she like? "All of them."

The green-eyed beauty above is Tanya Stepanova, a ski bum who's into architecture. "America is a smart nation," says Tanya, adding that she wouldn't mind becoming personally acquainted with a real live Yankee or two. Below, once again, are Misses Berko, Gatovtseva and Nikolaeva, soaking up the sun in Sochi on the Black Sea. And, finally, meet Lena Nosova (opposite), a bookkeeper from Moscow who's on the prowl for more inspiring employment. "It doesn't matter how little the job pays," she says, "just as long as it's creative." But Lena's *real* dream is to work abroad, a plan that doesn't seem to please the comrade on the wall. *Do-svidaniya.*

MISSION: IMPLAUSIBLE

article

By JEFF COHEN

or how a *playboy* photo editor discovered the perils and pleasures of doing business in the age of *glasnost*

THERE I WAS, travel-weary and apprehensive, in Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport, holding a huge nylon duffel bag that was oozing women's underwear. Bras, panties, camisoles, the works. Up ahead was a Sherman tank of a Soviet customs inspector. What would she think of this American man, traveling alone, with suitcases containing women's intimate clothing and six pairs of high-heeled shoes?

I had spent much of the preceding three months trying to conceal my real purpose for this trip—to photograph the women of Russia for *Playboy*. Now the project seemed on the brink of disaster, betrayed by lingerie.

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I had wanted to produce this feature for two years. Once Mikhail Gorbachev had turned his little crack in the iron curtain into a great open door to the West, I had wanted to march through it and capture, on film, one of Russia's most precious resources: its women.

The first order of business was to decide whether or not anyone should know that our photographer, Alexander Borodulin (Sasha to you and me), was working for *Playboy*. We settled on a strategy appropriate to U.S.–Soviet relations—just enough deception to cover our tracks.

Assuming that all phone calls into or out of the U.S.S.R. were monitored and the numbers recorded, we never spoke on my office phone. We similarly never referred to the models or the content of the photos. After Sasha did some preliminary test photos, we needed a system for getting the film from Moscow to Chicago. Mail in and out of the U.S.S.R. is regularly opened and censored, so Sasha gave the first film shipment to a rock group on its way from Moscow to New York for an American tour. Tom Clancy would have been proud.

The plotting intensified when it came time for me to make plans to join Sasha for the main shooting sessions. As *Playboy*'s Managing Photo Editor, I had produced many pictorials, a memorable minority of which had been at places where I wasn't welcome. I had supervised shootings in the Ivy League; I produced *Women of 7-Eleven*. Proud as I was of this list, none of it seemed appropriate training for dealing with the K.G.B.

With Sasha directing the flow of paper through friends in the bureaucracy, the visa application process that normally takes six weeks took six working days. On the seventh, I was en route to Moscow.

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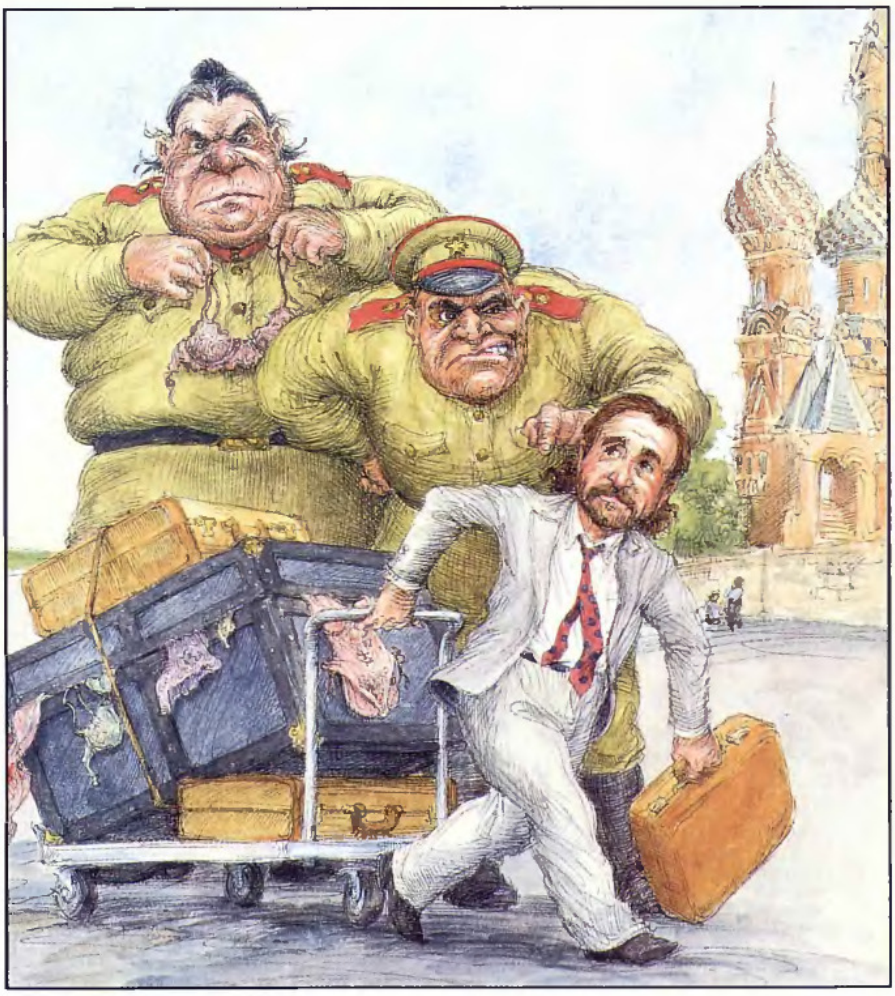
All the skulduggery seemed like a great idea until I set foot in Moscow with the duffel bag hemorrhaging women's underwear. I felt like Indiana Jones on his final crusade, having to pass the three tests of wisdom before reaching the Holy Grail: admission to the Soviet Union.

The first test had been passport inspection, where the Soviet sentry had stared me down as if trying to get me to confess to the Tylenol killings. I have no idea what he was looking for. Unlike customs officers at check points in Canada, for example, this lad had no computer



After working in secret for months to set up our *Women of Russia* pictorial, *Playboy*'s Jeff Cohen arrived at the Moscow airport with women's underwear and high-heeled shoes spilling from his luggage. What, he wondered, would the customs officers think?

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN SCHMELZER

into which to plug my name. He stared. I did my best to stare back. Finally, he stamped my documents. The first test was over.

Next came a sterner challenge, the search for a luggage cart. A nearby porter was renting them for one ruble. I did not have a ruble, and there was no change office in that part of the airport. I offered him a dollar and reached for one of the carts. He recoiled. It's illegal, of course, for a Soviet citizen to accept foreign currency.

I remembered, happily, that I'd been advised by *Playboy*'s Senior Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar to carry a sufficient amount of Russia's universal medium of exchange, Marlboro cigarettes. I gave the porter an unopened pack of Marlboros, which is akin to paying bus fare with Krugerrands. Still, he gave up the cart, so I was on to the last trial: the ordeal of customs check and the telltale lingerie.

She loomed ahead of me, this customs behemoth—imagine Mike Ditka's unmarried aunt. I presented my seven bags. She passed over the lingerie collection with no special heed. No comment, either, on the six pairs of high heels. But before long, she did find trouble: my video and still cameras. Yet all I had to do was give her the serial numbers. Seems she was more worried that I'd make a killing selling them on the black market than that I might, for instance, photograph Soviet women in American panties.

The gantlet passed, I was released into the land of Chekhov, Gorbachev and, it turned out, beautiful women.

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Sasha had made reservations for me at the Rossiya, a quaint 3200-room Moscow hotel with all the architectural grace of a 21-story K mart. Just a hammer toss from Red Square, it made a convenient location for the Russian women to flock to.

Our destination for my first night in Moscow was a disco where they were crowning Mr. Moscow. The Soviets have recently discovered the beauty pageant, and they are seizing all opportunities to hold them. Given this mania for contests, Sasha figured that there might be some attractive women around scoping out the competition for Mr. Moscow.

The disco was in a distant part of the city, in one of the charmless vertical apartment complexes that the government provides for Moscow's 8,000,000 residents. There was no valet parking, no neon sign, no velvet rope and, until we arrived, no cover charge. But the guy at the front door gave us the eye and detected signs of a foreign expense account. He demanded 20 rubles apiece.

When I walked into the night club, I felt as though I'd fallen through a hole in the earth and ended up at the Rathskeller at the University of Wisconsin. These Soviet kids were wearing all variety of jeans, pleated pants, Italian suits, Missoni ties, Harvard, Columbia and N.C.A.A. Final Four sweat shirts and classic footwear from Nike and Reebok.

Two things distinguished these young people from their Western cousins, however. One, Bolshoi and Kirov companies notwithstanding, these kids couldn't dance. Two, they couldn't smile, at least not with the confidence of your average American kid. When a Soviet youth breaks into a grin, you are reminded of the dentalwork in an N.H.L. locker room.

While I was roaming the disco in a time-warp fog, Sasha was hard at work locating would-be models. His *modus operandi* was no different from that used by our staff when it searches for prospective Playmates in Atlanta, Dallas or L.A. You see an attractive young woman, give the high sign to your female assistant and she moves in for a business conversation. We're working on a pictorial, we think you're very attractive, would you like to be a model? As Sasha predicted, the results were good that night. Even though we never saw Mr. Moscow crowned, we found four girls.

"We posed our models in front of St. Basil's and began to shoot. Nobody stopped us. In the new Russia, they must have thought, anything is possible."

The disco closed around one A.M., which was about lunchtime on my jetlagged internal clock. Ever the considerate host, Sasha suggested an afterhours hangout where we might get a snack. The night spot Sasha had in mind was located on a large boat anchored in the Moscow River. We were halfway down the gangplank when the door to the club opened and out popped two Soviet officers—chests bristling with medals and ribbons—in a T.G.I.F. kind of mood. When they saw that most of the people in my group were Soviets, however, duty called. Apparently, it was officially OK for outsiders to party until dawn in Moscow, but God forbid that a Soviet citizen should expect the same privilege. The officers headed straight for our Soviet chauffeur and started interrogating him: Why was our group out so late? Who were his passengers? Where was he taking us? They asked to see his papers, and naturally, his license had recently expired. When that sin came to light, I wondered if we had eclipsed the boundary of prudent pictorials, and I was going to cash it in right there in Moscow.

Happily, Sasha's assistant Igor smoothed out the entire matter, using language he knew the military would understand: 50 rubles to each officer. From each according to his means, to each according to his needs.

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Sasha selected our *glasnost* girls in a grand manner. Through an underground network of agents, photographers, models and street operators, he got the word out that he was looking for pretty young women to photograph. With Sasha's network operating at full tilt, they came to the hotel at all hours of the day and night. The models were bright and eager and full of excitement over their big career opportunity. As in most of Europe, posing nude was never an issue. All the women were comfortable with their bodies and had little or no shyness about undressing with people milling about the tight quarters of Sasha's room.

I was amazed at the freedom given us to go about our business. Sasha and I had decided that the natural opening photo for the feature was a group of our women in Red Square. We picked four of the sexiest models, poured them into skintight outfits and paraded the short distance from our hotel to the Kremlin. On our way, however, we picked up an escort; something about the suit he wore and the way he kept his distance—not too close, not too far—convinced us that he was a K.G.B. agent. We huddled and decided to employ the ultimate weapon: my video camera. What K.G.B. agent wants Westerners to see him on video tape? Sure enough, I pointed the camera in his direction and he disappeared, never to be seen again.

Even though we had shaken the agent, we were concerned that he might return with reinforcements. We kept on moving until we had left Red Square and found another angle on a shot with the girls and St. Basil's.

After shooting for a while, we made another assault on Red Square. As this was a Sunday afternoon, the place was teeming with people. We posed our models in front of St. Basil's and began to shoot. Crowds of tourists, soldiers, even Kremlin guards gathered, watched and pointed. But nobody stopped us, asked

for a permit or credentials or even questioned us about what we were doing. In the new Russia, these comrades must have thought, *anything* is possible.

•

If you rile the party, you're sent to Siberia; but if you're a good little *apparatchik*, you end up in the balmy climes of Sochi, a spa town on the Black Sea. After a few days in gloomy Moscow, we rewarded ourselves with a trip south, just as party leaders had done before us.

Unfortunately, there was a catch. In order to get to Sochi, we had to fly Aeroflot, which is Russian for winged hell. You can forget curbside luggage check. In fact, you can forget luggage check altogether—this was strictly do it yourself. After we muscled all of our bags and suitcases up the stairs into the plane, we entered a large cargo hold where everybody placed his belongings. The seats and the appointments were run-down and dirty. No in-flight magazine, air-sickness bag, emergency information, headphones, air jet or reading light. Flight attendants? Halfway through the flight, huge Soviet matrons stomped down the aisles distributing awful fruit punch in paper cups. Throughout the ordeal, my fellow travelers sat in silence; this was the first example of Soviet oppression I saw.

The redeye back to Moscow was even worse. We left at 11 o'clock, which turned out to be the perfect hour to turn the cabin lights up bright and blare canned disco music over the speakers. The lights and music stayed on the entire time. When we touched down—after two A.M.—and the plane rolled to a stop, they finally turned out the lights and we were forced to grope our way from the plane in complete darkness. As soon as I got back to my hotel, I canceled my Aeroflot flight to Frankfurt and rebooked with Pan Am.

Sochi itself was a different story; our hotel resembled a resort more likely to be in Acapulco. It had a recreational complex with tennis, basketball and volleyball facilities, indoor and outdoor pools, bowling lanes and—I wasn't ready for this—18 holes of miniature golf.

•

With all the high rollers and the foreigners in Sochi, there were also plenty of prostitutes. It is not uncommon for an attractive Soviet woman who is tired of the drunken harassment by the men in her life to begin selling her charms to the wealthy and generally more genteel Westerner or high-ranking party member. She can expect gifts, jewelry, perfumes and furs, not to mention visits to restaurants and hotels limited to those carrying hard currency. Most important, she will have the opportunity to enter into relationships with educated men, which could lead into an entirely new world of opportunities.

•

In search of colorful backgrounds for our pictorials, we headed for the lush gardens in the middle of Sochi. We found the wonderful Pushkin fountain that had ornamental swans squirting water from their beaks and created a terrific watery environment for our model.

Dressed in a sheer skirt and a gauzy blouse, she stepped into the fountain, quickly got soaked and her charms were exposed for all to see. Mind you, we were in a well-trafficked area of Sochi's main park. Lovers strolled hand in hand, nannies with small children passed by and elderly couples sat on the benches and watched Sasha's circus. A park guide paraded a group of tourists past the fountain and explained something of historical significance. Amazingly, no one asked the obvious question: What the hell are you doing with a naked woman in the fountain?

We pulled a similar stunt at the hotel. For more than two hours, we photographed three seminude models in and out of the swimming pool, sliding down a water slide and lounging by the water. Bathers stared and some even pointed, but no pool guard or manager intervened, so we went ahead and took pictures. Try that at The Beverly Hills Hotel.

There can be only one explanation for this behavior. Soviet people must assume that if you're photographing models in Red Square or in a Sochi fountain, you have permission to do so or you're such a big deal that you have immunity from any local authority. Look straight ahead, go about your business, act cool and anything is possible. We did, and it was.

•

In the short span of ten days in the Soviet Union, I ran up against puzzling extremes. Nowhere have I found so many people so insistent on heavy tipping before they would budge an inch, nor have I ever encountered so many kind and generous people. Two stories illustrate.

Early in my stay, I found myself sitting in a restaurant waiting for Sasha and the rest of the entourage. I asked the waiter for a glass of water, and that's just what he brought—lukewarm water. "Any ice?" I inquired in my guidebook Russian. He told me that the ice machine was broken. Soon Sasha showed up and he, too, expressed a desire for some ice water. The waiter shrugged again and headed back toward the kitchen. Sasha, hand on his wallet, was up like a shot and followed him out of the room. Moments later, both returned. "The ice machine," announced the waiter with a smile, "is fixed!"

Also during our Moscow stay, I was approached by one of the members of our group who had a favor to ask. It seemed he had a friend who had been studying English for ten years. Would it be possible, he wondered, for her to come by sometime, so that she could practice speaking the language? I agreed, and the next night, a very sweet Soviet woman presented herself, apologizing profusely for her terrible English, which was about ten times better than a Chicago schoolteacher's. We had a pleasant hour of conversation, she thanked me profusely and left.

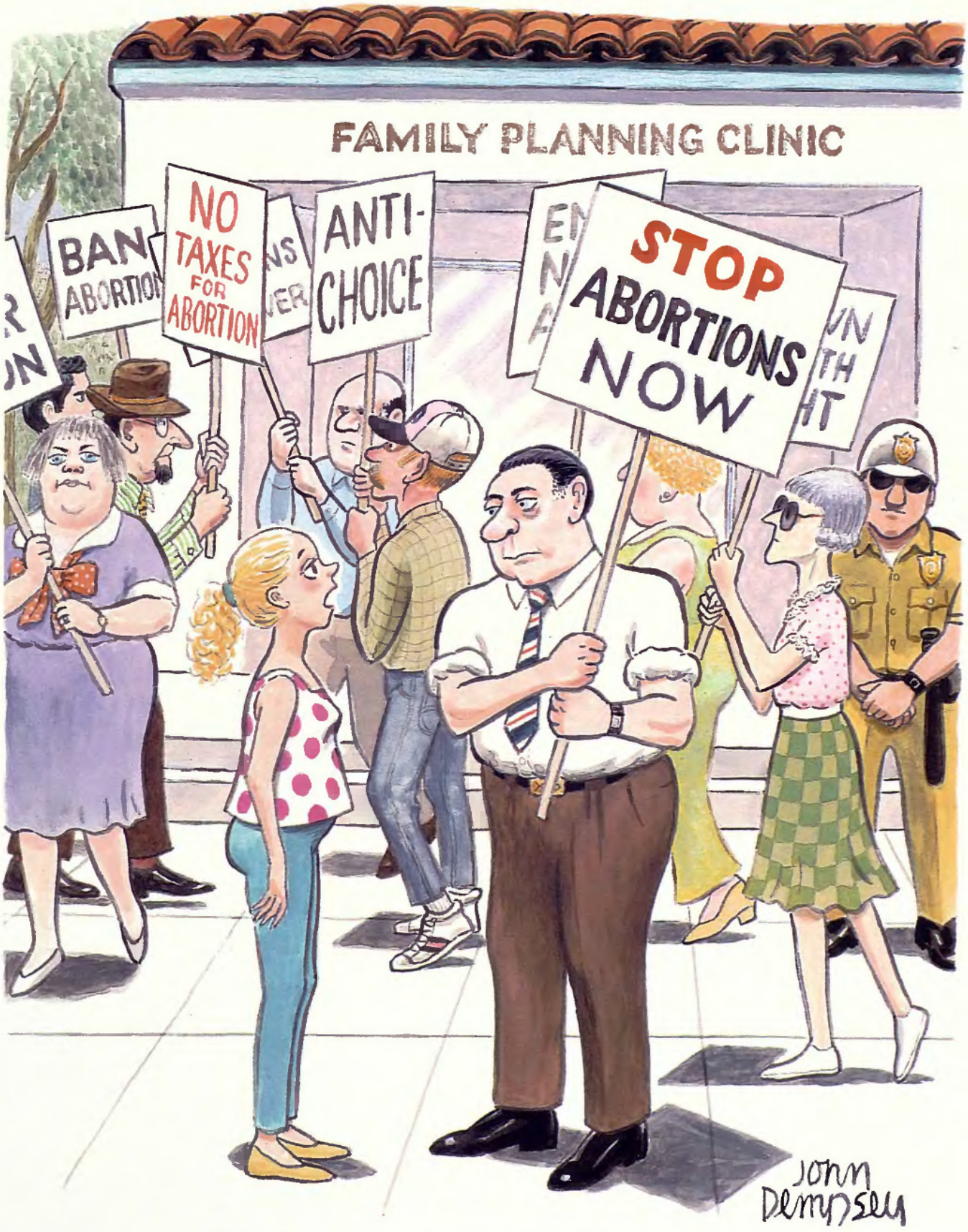
Later on in our stay, I was told that the woman needed to see me again to properly thank me. I insisted that no special thanks were necessary, that the talk had been enjoyable for me, too. But, no, she must come to see me one more time. I agreed. She arrived carrying a small parcel in her hand. She asked me to unwrap it, and inside I found a beautiful hand-painted box that she insisted I take home to my wife. I was astonished, and deeply touched, at the value this woman had placed on her time with me.

•

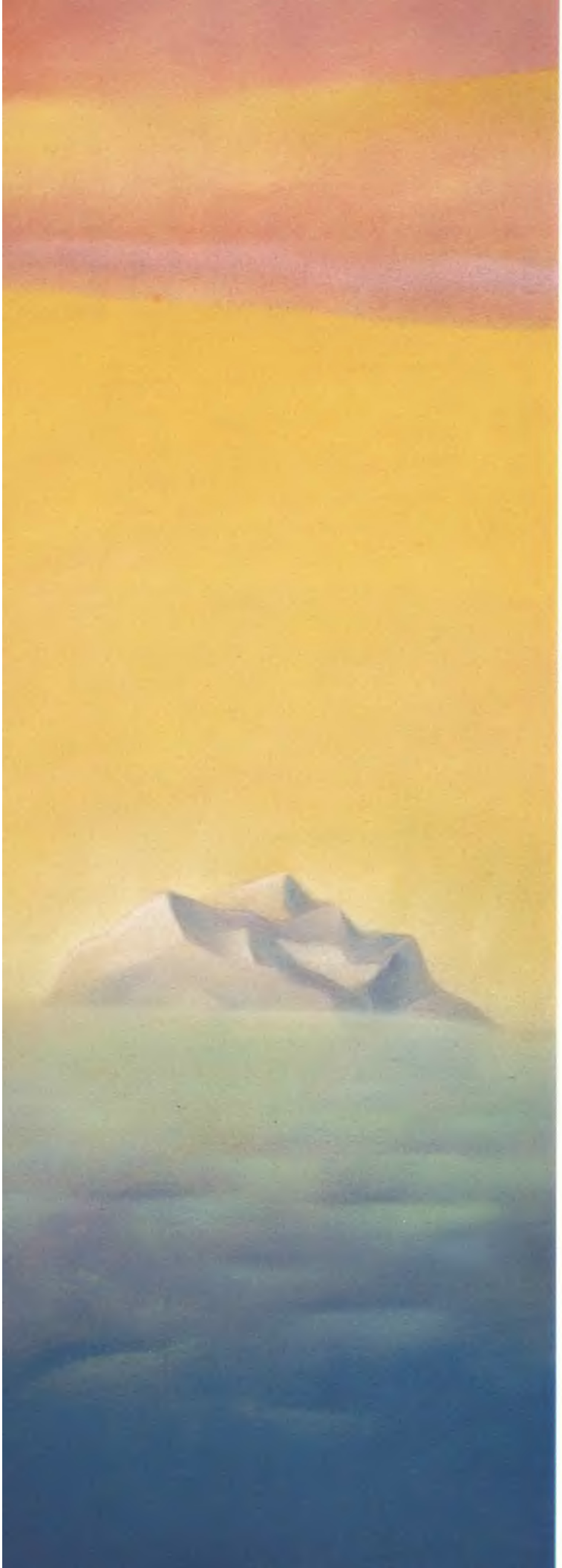
With the photo shoots successfully concluded, I began packing for the trip home. I was leaving behind most of the clothing and sundries I'd taken over, so I was looking forward to a light load on the return journey. But with Sasha doing things in his usual big way, out came bags and boxes of souvenirs, and in no time, my luggage was crammed with hand-painted dolls, Soviet propaganda posters, scarves, fur hats, Lenin medals and banners, T-shirts, old lithographs and vodka.

The most problematic item I had to carry home, however, was an envelope containing ten rolls of processed film with images of nude Soviet women. Talk about sensitive souvenirs. Even as we speak, the K.G.B. is probably chilling an ice block in Siberia for the next Westerner who tries to pull off this kind of photo assignment.

Where to stash the film? After much thought, I settled on the April 10, 1989, issue of *Time* magazine—a special edition on the new U.S.S.R. It seemed very suitable: the nude U.S.S.R. safely sandwiched by the new U.S.S.R. Call it a blow for improved Soviet–American understanding. *Glasnost* forever!



"Daddy, there's something I have to tell you."



HOT SKY

supplies were low and the sun was fierce. the one thing Carter didn't need was a mutiny

fiction

By ROBERT SILVERBERG

OUT THERE in the chilly zone of the Pacific, somewhere between San Francisco and Hawaii, the sea was a weird goulash of currents, streams of cold stuff coming up from the antarctic and coolish upwelling spirals out of the ocean floor and little hot rivers rolling off the sun-blasted continental shelf far to the east. Sometimes you could see steam rising in places where cold water met warm. It was a cockeyed place to be trawling for icebergs. But the albedo readings said there was a berg somewhere around there, and so the Tonopah Maru was there, too.

Carter sat in front of the scanner, massaging the numbers in the cramped cell that was the ship's command center. He was the trawler's captain, a lean, 30ish man, yellow hair, brown beard, skin deeply tanned and tinged with the iridescent greenish-purple of his armoring build-up, the protective layer that the infra-ultra drugs gave you. It was midmorning. The *(continued on page 94)*

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

EASILY SUEDE

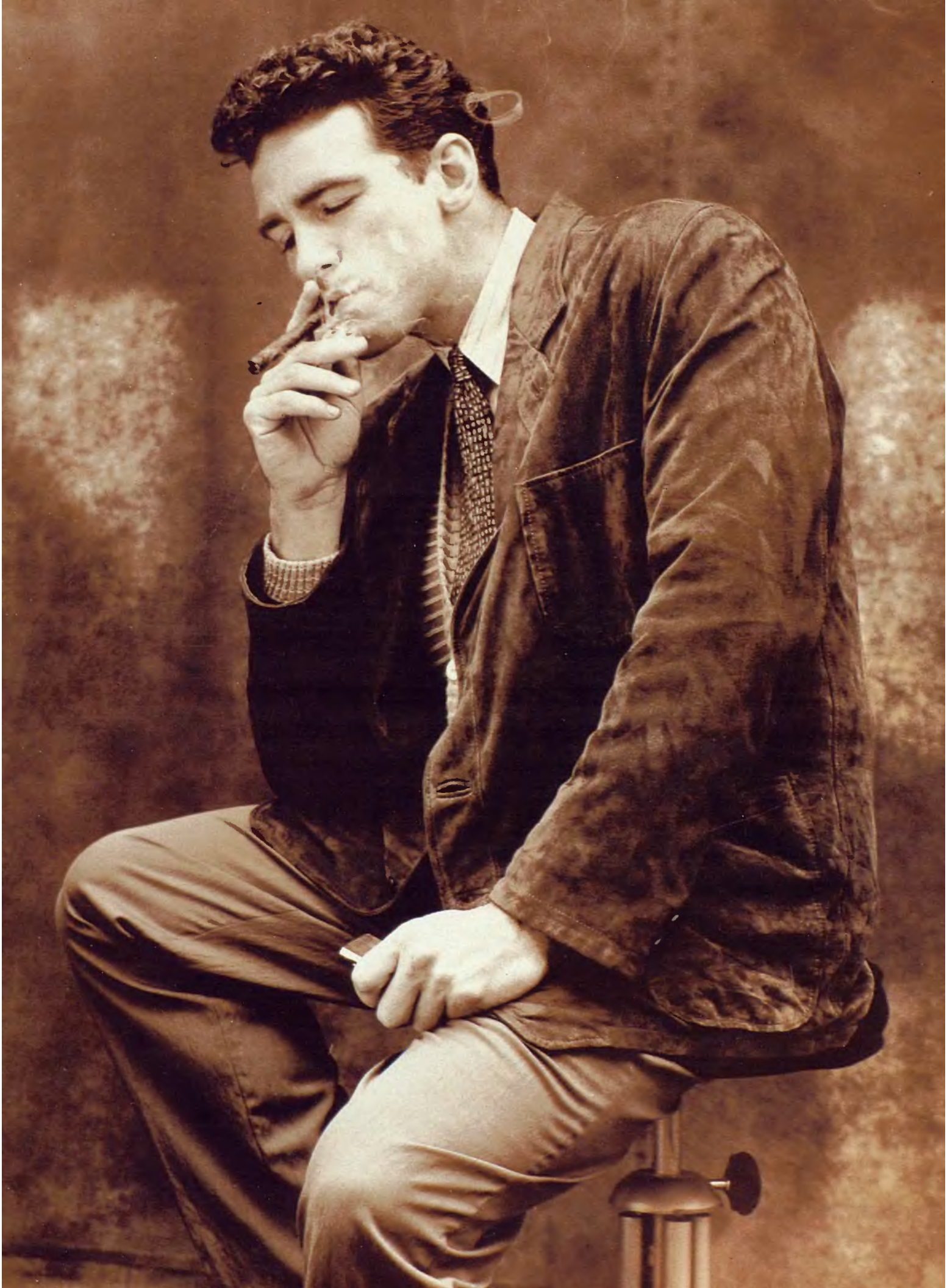
a roundup of the softest touches in town

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

FINDING A SKIN for all seasons is no easy task. Polished leather is too warm for those lazy, hazy days of late fall, and fur looks and feels best when there's a dusting of snow on the ground. That's why we opt for suede as our year-round cover-up of choice. Lightweight suede (goatskin is the softest) in a short bomber jacket, a shirt-style cut or even a three-button sports coat is the obvious choice for layering over a sweater and a long-sleeved shirt or a turtleneck. (The colors to look for should include the earthy spice tones—from curry brown to the hottest mustard hues.) If old man winter is really breathing down your neck, you can still top the ensemble with an overcoat. As the weather warms, you simply trade the shirt or sweater for a lighter-weight one while retaining the chill-cutting comfort of suede. Best of all, suede, like fine wine, ages beautifully. How suede it is!

Left: A soft goat-suede shirt-jacket with a drawstring back, by La Matta, about $1300; worn over a cotton/viscose mock-turtleneck sweater, from Mondo Di Marco by Mondo, Inc., $75; and triple-pleated wool-crepe trousers with windowpane overplaid, by Zanella, $260. Right: A goat-suede notched-lapel blazer with three-button front, $950, pleated crinkled rayon/nylon trousers, $80, a rayon/cotton–blend knit cardigan, $200, a ramie/cotton sport shirt, $90, and a silk-crepe stained-glass-print tie, $60, all by Ungaro Uomo Paris.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE PETRAKES



Below: A goat-suede zipper-front baseball jacket with slant side pockets, by Breco's, $595; a cashmere/silk knit zippered sweater, by Brunello Cucinelli, about $430; triple-pleated wool pants, by Zanella, $250; and a green linen/silk scarf with fringed ends, by Loro Piana, about $100. Right: A suede Adirondack jacket with leather collar top and button front, $1625, worn over a cashmere/silk cable-design crew-neck sweater, $795, a plaid linen buttondown sport shirt, $200, and a printed linen handkerchief, $50, all by Joseph Abboud.

A VALENTINE FROM TOM ROBBINS

THE KISS

LET'S TIPTOE THROUGH THE TWO LIPS

KISSING is our greatest invention. On the list of great inventions, it ranks higher than the Thermos bottle and the Airstream trailer; higher, even, than room service, probably because the main reason room service was created was so that people could stay in bed and kiss without starving.

Mirrors are a marvelous invention, as well, yet their genesis didn't require a truckload of imagination, the looking glass being merely an extension of pond surface, made portable and refined. Kissing, on the other hand, didn't imitate nature so much as it restructured it. Kissing molded the face into a new shape called the pucker, and then, like a renegade fruit welder soldering scoops of muskmelon to halves of cherries, it combined puckers. Made them compatible. Interchangeable. Malleable. And animated them. Thomas Edison, turn off your dim bulb and take a hike!

Tradition informs us that kissing, as we know it, was invented by medieval knights for the utilitarian purpose of determining whether their wives had been tapping the mead barrel while the knights were away on Crusades. If history is accurate (for once), the kiss began as an osculatory wire tap, or oral snoop, a kind of alcoholic chastity belt, after the fact. Form is not always faithful to function, however, and eventually, kissing for kissing's sake became popular in the courts, spreading to tradesmen, peasants and serfs. And why not? For kissing is fun and kissing is sweet. It was as if all the atavistic sweetness remaining in civilized, Christianized, Western man were funneled into kissing and kissing alone.

Kissing is the supreme achievement of the *Western* world. Orientals, including those who tended the North American continent before the land developers arrived from Europe in the 16th Century, rubbed noses, and millions still do. Yet, despite the golden cornucopia of their millennia—they gave us yoga and gunpowder, Buddha and pasta—they, their multitudes, their saints and sages never produced a kiss. (The *Rig Veda*, a 4000-year-old Hindu text, makes reference to kissing, but who knows the precise nature of the activity to which the Sanskrit word alludes? Modern Asians have taken up kissing much as they've taken up the fork, though so far, they haven't improved upon it as they usually do with the things that they adopt.)

Kissing is the flower of the *civilized* world. So-called primitives, savages, Pygmies and cannibals have shown tenderness to one another in many tactile ways, but pucker against pucker has not been their style. Tropical Africans touched lips, you say? Quite right, many of them did, as did aboriginal peoples in other parts of the world. Ah, but although their lips may have touched, they did not linger. And the peck is a square wheel, inchoate and slightly ominous. With what else did Judas betray our savior but a peck, terse, spit-free and tongueless?

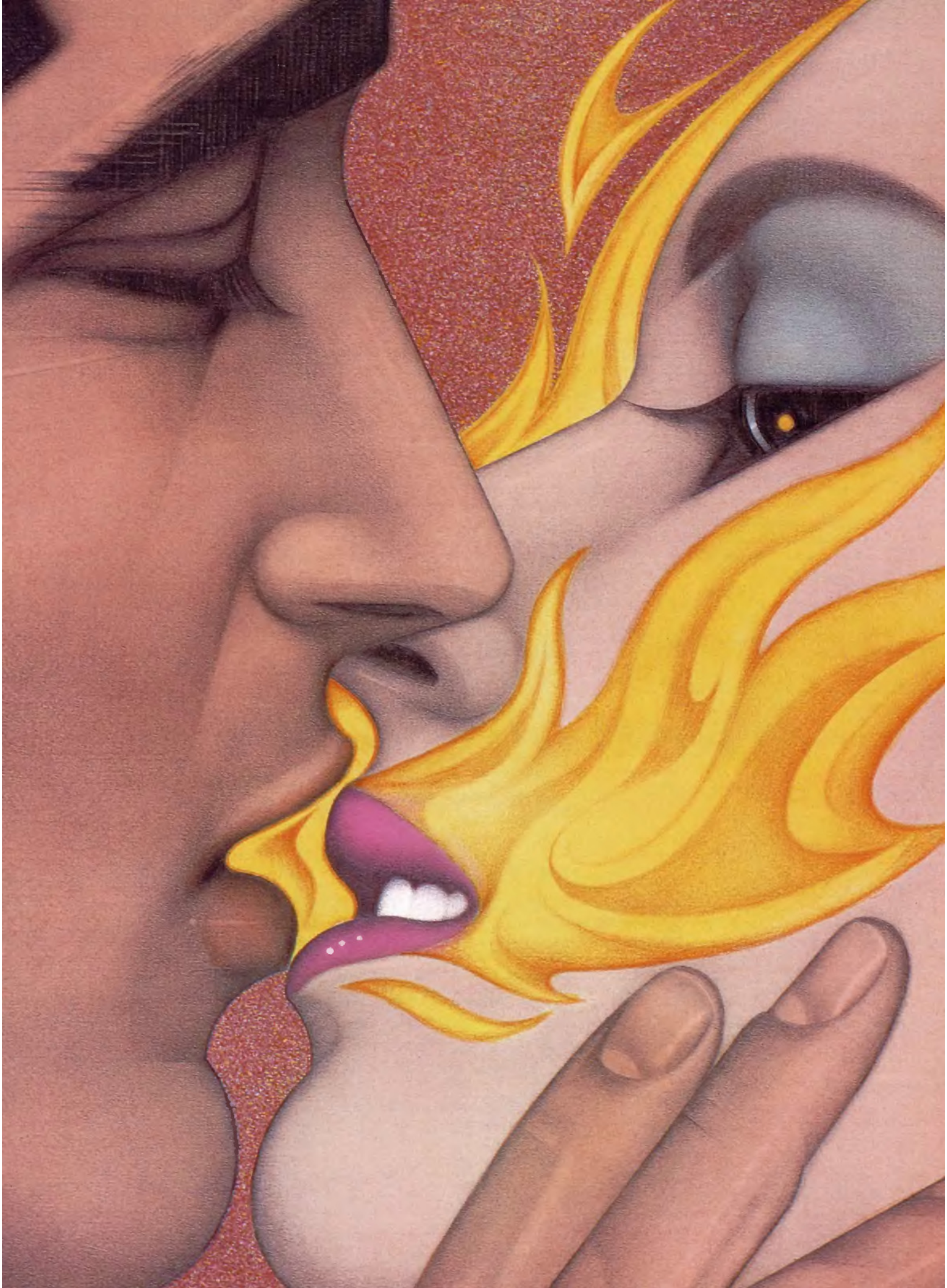
Kissing is the glory of the *human* species. All animals copulate, but only humans kiss. Parakeets rub beaks? Sure they do, but only little old ladies who murder schoolchildren with knitting needles to steal their lunch money so that they can buy fresh kidneys for kitty cats would place bird billing in the realm of the true kiss. There are primatologists who claim that apes exchange oral affection, but from here, the sloppy smacks of chimps look pretty rudimentary: They're probably just checking to see if their mates have been into the fermented bananas. No, random beast-to-beast snout friction may give narrators of wildlife films an opportunity to plumb new depths of anthropomorphic cuteness, but it doesn't cut the cherub-flavored mustard in the osculation department.

Psychologists claim that talking to pets is a socially acceptable excuse for talking to ourselves. That may say something interesting about those of you who kiss your pets, but you shouldn't let it stop you. Smooch your bulldog if you're so inclined. Buss your sister, your brother, your grandpa and anybody's bouncing baby. No kiss is ever wasted, not even on the lottery ticket kissed for luck. Kiss trees. Favorite books. Bowling balls. Old Jews sometimes kiss their bread before eating it, and those are good kisses, too. They resonate in the ether. The best kisses, though, are those between lovers, because those are the consequential ones, the risky ones, the transformative ones, the ones that call the nymphs and satyrs back to life, the many-layered kisses that we dive into as into a fairy-tale frog pond or the warm whirlpool of our origins.

The fact that we enjoy watching others kiss is probably some sort of homing instinct. In any case, it explains the popular appeal of Hollywood and Paris. Who can forget the elastic thread of saliva that for one brief but electrifying second connected Yvonne De Carlo to Dan Duryea in *Black Bart*? And Joni Mitchell's line "In France, they kiss on Main Street" set thousands of the romantically fascinated to packing their bags for Orly.

Where would lovers be without the kiss? No other flesh like lip flesh! No meat like mouth meat! The musical clink of tooth against tooth! The wonderful curiosity of tongues!

ILLUSTRATION BY MEL ODOM



HOT SKY *(continued from page 87)*

"This was open territory, a lawless zone where old-fashioned piracy was making a comeback."

shot of Screen he'd taken at dawn still simmered like liquid gold in his arteries. He could almost feel it as it made its slow journey outward to his capillaries and trickled into his skin, where it would carry out the daily refurbishing of the body armor that shielded him against ozone crackle and the demon eye of the sun.

This was only his second year at sea. The company liked to move people around. In the past few years, he'd been a desert jockey in bleak, forlorn Spokane, running odds reports for farmers betting on the month the next rainstorm would turn up, and before that a cargo dispatcher for one of the company's L-5 shuttles, and a chip runner before that. And one of these days, if he kept his nose clean, he'd be sitting in a corner office atop the Samurai pyramid in Kyoto. Carter hated a lot of the things he'd had to do in order to play the company game. But he knew that it was the only game there was.

"We got maybe a two-thousand-kiloton mass there," he said, looking into the readout wand's ceramic-fiber cone. "Not bad, eh?"

"Not for these days, no," Hitchcock said. He was the oceanographer/navigator, a grizzled, flat-nosed Afro-Hawaiian whose Screen-induced armor coloring gave his skin a startling midnight look. Hitchcock was old enough to remember when icebergs were never seen farther north than the latitude of southern Chile. "Man, these days, a berg that's still that big all the way up here must have been three counties long when it broke off the fucking polar shelf. But you sure you got your numbers right, man?"

The implied challenge brought a glare to Carter's eyes, and something went curling angrily through his interior, leaving a hot little trail. Hitchcock *never* thought Carter did anything right the first time. Although he often denied it—too loudly—it was pretty clear Hitchcock had never quite gotten over his resentment at being bypassed for captain in favor of an outsider. Probably he thought it was racism. But it wasn't. Carter was managerial track; Hitchcock wasn't. That was all there was to it.

Sourly he said, "You want to check the screen yourself? Here. Here, take a look." He offered Hitchcock the wand.

Hitchcock shook his head. "Easy, man. Whatever the screen says, that's OK for me." He grinned disarmingly, showing mahogany snags. On the screen, impenetrable whorls and jiggles were dancing, black on green, green on black, the occasional dazzling bloom of bright yellow. The Tonopah Maru's interrogatory beam was traveling 22,500 miles straight up to Nippon Telecom's big marine scansat, which had its glassy, unblinking gaze trained on the entire eastern Pacific, looking for albedo differentials. The reflectivity of an iceberg is different from the reflectivity of the ocean surface. You pick up the differential, you confirm it with temperature readout, you scan for mass to see if the trip's worth while. If it is, you bring your trawler in fast and make the grab before someone else does.

This berg was due to go to San Francisco, which was in a bad way for water just now. The entire West Coast was. There hadn't been any rain along the Pacific Seaboard in ten months. Most likely, the sea around here was full of trawlers—Seattle, San Diego, L.A. The Angelenos kept more ships out than anybody else. The Tonopah Maru had been chartered to them by Samurai Industries until last month. But the trawler was working for San Francisco this time. The lovely city by the bay, dusty now, sitting there under that hot, soupy sky full of interesting-colored greenhouse gases, waiting for the rain that almost never came anymore.

Carter said, "Start getting the word around. That berg's down here, south-southwest. We get it in the grapple tomorrow, we can be in San Francisco with it by a week from Tuesday."

"If it don't melt first. This fucking heat."

"It didn't melt between Antarctica and here, it's not gonna melt between here and Frisco. Get a move on, man. We don't want L.A. coming in and hitting it first."

•

By midafternoon, they were picking up an overhead view via the Weather Department spysat, then a sea-level image bounced to them by a Navy relay buoy. The berg was a thing like a castle afloat, maybe 200 meters long, stately and serene, all pink turrets and indigo battlements and blue-white pinnacles, rising high above the water. Steaming curtains of fog shrouded its edges. For the past couple of million years, it had been sitting on top of the South Pole, and it probably hadn't ever expected to go cruising off toward Hawaii like this. But the big climate shift had changed a lot of things for everybody, the antarctic ice pack included.

"Jesus," Hitchcock said. "Can we do it?"

"Easy," said Nakata. He was the grapple technician, a sleek, beady-eyed, catlike little guy. "It'll be a four-hook job, but so what? We got the hooks for it."

The Tonopah Maru had hooks to spare. Most of its long, cigar-shaped hull was taken up by the immense rack-and-pinion gear that powered the grappling hooks, a vast, silent mechanism capable of hurling the giant hooks far overhead and whipping them down deep into the flanks of even the biggest bergs. The deck space was given over almost entirely to the great spigots that were used to spray the bergs with a sintering of melt-retardant mirror dust. Down below was a powerful fusion-driven engine, strong enough to haul a fair-sized island halfway around the world.

Everything very elegant, except there was barely any room left over for the crew of five. Carter and the others were jammed into odd little corners here and there. For living quarters, they had cubicles not much bigger than the coffin-sized sleeping capsules you got at an airport hotel, and for recreation space, they all shared one little blister dome aft and a pacing area on the foredeck. A sardine-can kind of life, but the pay was good and at least you could breathe fresh air at sea, more or less, instead of the dense grayish-green murk that hovered over the habitable parts of the West Coast.

They were right at the mid-Pacific cold wall. The sea around them was blue, the sign of warm water. Just to the west, though, where the berg was, the water was a dark, rich olive green with all the microscopic marine life that cold water fosters. The line of demarcation was plainly visible.

Carter was running triangulations to see if they'd be able to slip the berg under the Golden Gate Bridge when Rennett appeared at his elbow and said, "There's a ship, Cap'n."

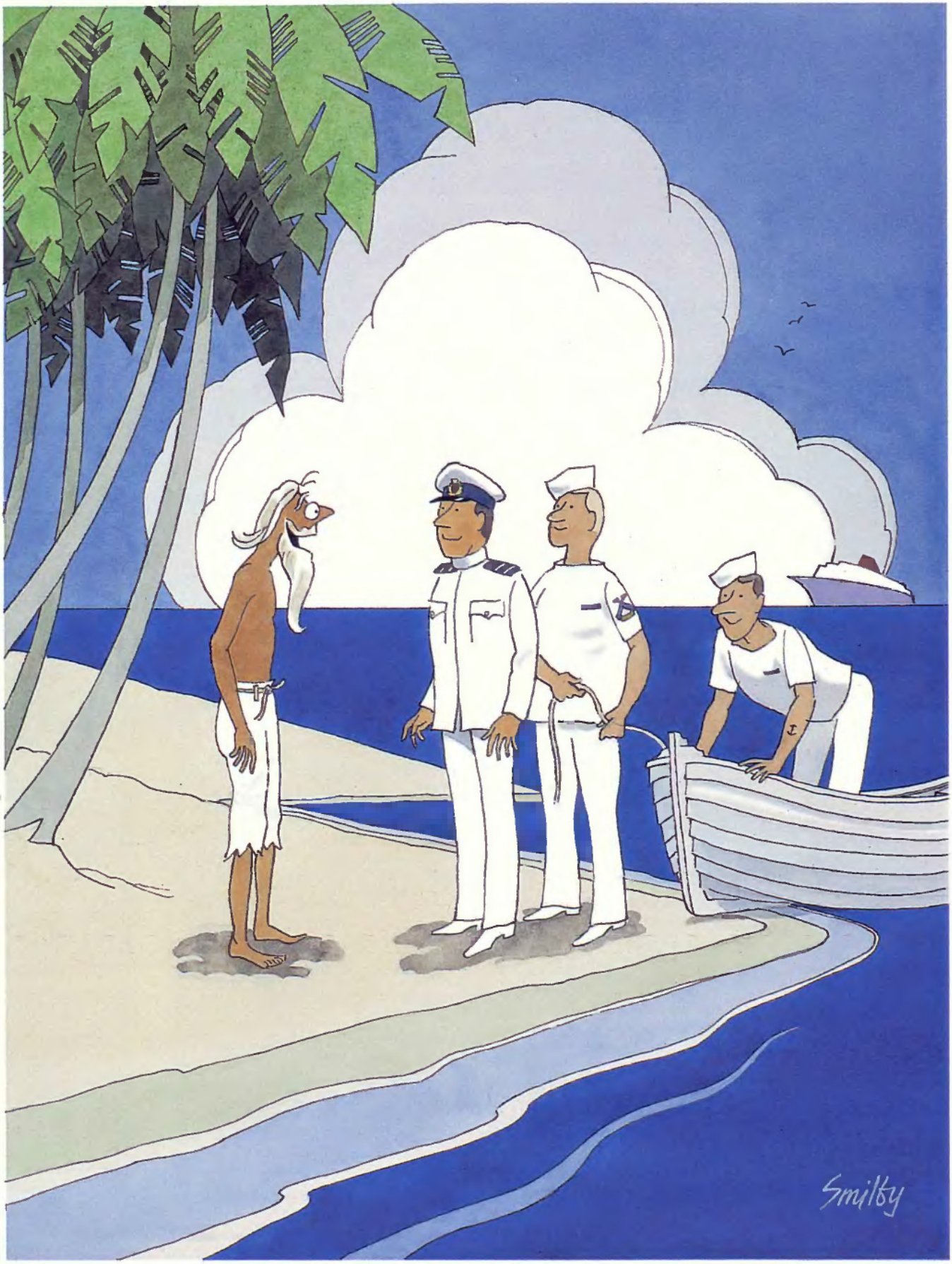
"What you say?"

He wondered if he were going to have to fight for his berg. That happened at times. This was open territory, pretty much a lawless zone where old-fashioned piracy was making a terrific comeback.

Rennett was maintenance/operations, a husky, broad-shouldered little kid out of the Midwest dust bowl, no more than chest-high to him, very cocky, very tough. She kept her scalp shaved, the way a lot of them did nowadays, and she was as brown as an acorn all over, with the purple glint of Screen shining brilliantly through, making her look almost fluorescent. Brown eyes as bright as marbles and twice as hard looked back at him.

"Ship," she said, clipping it out of the side of her mouth as if doing him a favor. "Right on the other side of the berg.

(continued on page 140)



"Hugh Hefner? . . . Married? . . ."

Mukai

PLAYBOY IS PROUD TO PRESENT A PORTFOLIO OF PAINTINGS BY ITS RENOWNED CONTRIBUTING ARTIST DENNIS MUKAI

DENNIS MUKAI plays with a traditional form, the human figure—the ultimate aesthetic challenge. While the contributing artists for *Vogue* use vibrant color and electric line to describe clothes, he uses the same tools to depict women. The resulting images have captivated both male and female viewers. "What takes it away from normal portraiture art," says the 32-year-old Japanese-born, California-raised artist, "is the gestural play. Pinups were realistic. You could reach out and touch the skin of a Vargas girl. Here you are playing with the illusion, the art of design. For some artists, line and flat color are inspired. For me, it's what is missing—sometimes there's nothing there and the eye has to fill in." Mukai acknowledges that comparisons between him and his late teacher and friend, Patrick Nagel, are inevitable, flattering and occasionally frustrating. When Dennis was a student at the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, he studied with Pat. Mukai was influenced by the subject matter. "Today, anyone who does a beautiful woman gets compared with Patrick," he says. Like his late colleague's, Mukai's popular images have found welcome homes at *Playboy* (his paintings illustrate *The Playboy Advisor* each month), Mirage Editions and galleries throughout the world. There are important differences between the two artists, however. Nagel

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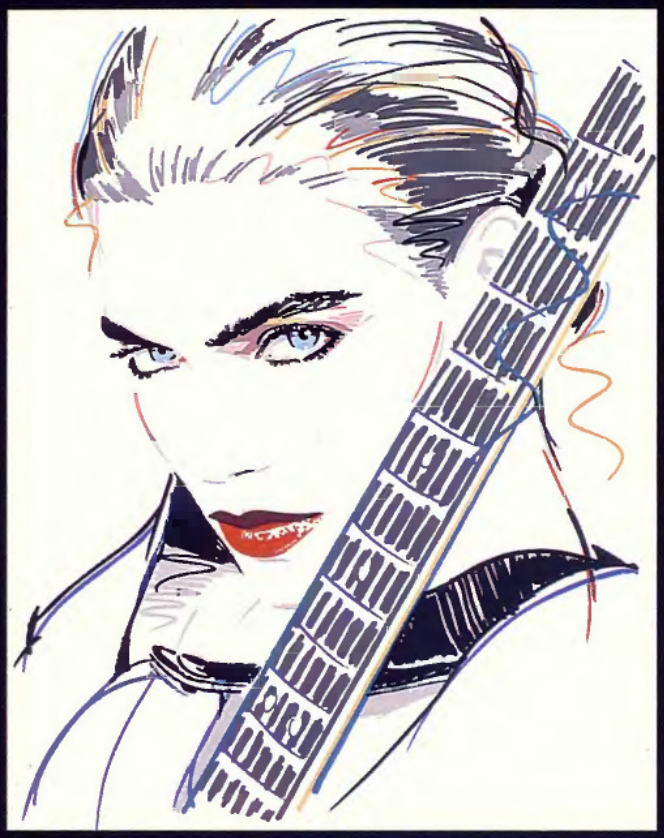
Tom Stoebler, Art Director of *Playboy* and Mukoi's longtime friend, says Mukoi's work is "magical and mystical. It's also spontaneous, full of life and verve. The beauty of these models is idealized without losing the individual characteristics. They are contemporary icons, coolly restrained yet human." Mukai works on a large scale: His canvases make an imposing display. Each patch of color becomes an impressionist painting.

idealized women, turning every one of them into a Nagel woman. "I don't want to just idealize them," says Mukai, "I want to keep the portraiture. A lot of it is what I am naturally attracted to—for the paintings to be compositionally strong, I need to use the power of full lips, intense eyes, a well-defined jaw line. These are the things I need to enhance." The rest is artistry. Both men and women buy his paintings. Men tend to buy the portraits that stare you down; women are attracted to the softer, more lyrical images with sidelong glances. When asked by one reporter why he drew women, Mukai replied, "I prefer drawing women as opposed to still lifes and landscapes because women are mysterious, sexy and interesting." His paintings are a tribute to the irrepressible sensuousness of women, neither sexist nor sexual, but animated and vibrant. *Arigato*, Dennis.



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Each painting has a name—*Nan, Diana, Ronnie, Kimberley* (yes, that's Mrs. Hefner at top right on the opposite page). Mukai not only paints but styles and photographs each model himself to capture her spirit and visual excitement. The result is art of a high order. Some of these paintings, incidentally, may well appear as graphics at your favorite gallery. On a smaller scale, you can see his work on the *Advisor* page each month.

TWO MINUTES

TO WITHDRAWAL

a hot-to-trot guide to gourmet microwave cooking

food By KAREN MACNEIL and CARL JEROME

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT to canines, a man's best friend is surely his microwave oven. It sits like a TV set on the counter or is built into the wall. You press a few buttons and, in the time it takes to make a couple of martinis, presto! Cuisine (not just food) happens. No small leap for mankind, this gizmo. The beauty of it all is that you don't need to know a damn thing about cooking to turn out dishes that make it seem as though you've been tinkering in *haute* technique your entire adult life. But it's not only the nuker's utter simplicity that makes it so appealing, it's the speed. With a microwave, *(continued on page 155)*

The Sharp R-9H91 micrawave, pictured here, offers convectian/micrawave capabilities, Sensor Temp (an automatic probe with seven preset oven and faad temperature settings), plus one-tauch sensar keys for reheating and coaking popcarn and mare, $629.95.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

miss february is a

canadian all-star with

an all-american dream

B.C. BEAUTY

THE GREATER VANCOUVER Water District denies it, but there must be something in the city's drinking water. Vancouver, Canada's third largest city and the jewel of British Columbia, used to be a rugged lumber-mill town. Now its principal export seems to be beautiful women. One of *Playboy*'s greatest beauties, 1980 Playmate of the Year Dorothy Stratten, was a Vancouver girl. Ditto the reigning Playmate of the Year, Kimberley Conrad, Mrs. Hugh Hefner, and seven other Playmates. Now comes Pamela Anderson, a native of nearby Ladysmith, who moved from tiny Comox, B.C., to Vancouver a couple of years ago and now steps onto our centerfold as British Columbia's newest jewel. As a towheaded teen in Comox (population 6000-plus),

Do you recognize the fountain? It's at the Pasodena mansion that was the scene of a *Dynasty* wrestling match between Joan Collins and Linda Evans. Its latest visitor is Miss February, Pamela Andersan, the pride af British Columbia.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND ARNY FREYTAG

Pamela first became famed as a volleyball player. She starred for the British Columbia Provincial Team, a squad of all-star spikers who took on the best prep volleyballers in the land. Shortly thereafter, the sports-minded Pamela took in a B.C. Lions football game in Vancouver and made a national spectacle of herself. Duded up in blue, the signature color of Labatt's Beer—she was then living in a house with a couple of Labatt's employees—she caught the eye of a national-TV cameraman. Football fans all over Canada called the network to inquire about the sideline stunner at the Lions game. Next thing she knew, Pamela was a Labatt's poster girl. "Things started happening fast," she says: other posters, print ads, TV commercials. To keep her wits about her, she kept a journal in which she recorded her experiences. "This is the beginning of a new life for me," she wrote. She moved from Comox to the big town across the Strait of Georgia. In Vancouver, she worked as a model and studied airline routes in her spare time. She got her certification as a travel agent, just in case her plans for an even bigger move didn't work out.

"Canada is more traditional than America," says Pamela. "Making love is more private—something you don't talk about. Down here, it's more . . . public. I'm not against that, but I am a Canadian. I don't just show it off all the time."

"Hollywood people are dreamers. Always grabbing for something big," says Miss February, newly settled in California. "I'm a dreamer, too, so I guess I belong here." Her patrons—one is the ex-mate of a pop diva—have arranged acting, voice and dance lessons for Pamela, who dreams of grabbing an Oscar. She now studies scripts the way she once pored over airline schedules, and more than one casting director has told her she is sure to go far. This, though, is her first big break. "I hope that when people see me in *Playboy*," she says, "they'll see more than the surface. I hope they'll see a Comox girl reaching for a dream."

"I may be a little old fashioned, but I like to have fun. One of my goals is to make love in every country in the world." Asked how close she is to her ambition, Pamela laughs. "I've got only two so far, but I told you—I'm a dreamer."

MISS FEBRUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Pamela Anderson

BUST: 36 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: July 1/67 BIRTHPLACE: Ladysmith, BC.

AMBITIONS: To be a wonderful wife and mother, and win an Oscar.

TURN-ONS: Sincerity, honesty, strong arms, waffles and fried chicken.

TURN-OFFS: Possessive men, jealous people, insensitive people & split ends.

VALENTINE'S DAY PLANS: Cooking a great dinner for a special man, wearing my sexy little French-maid outfit.

CANADIAN DATE: Taking the truck through the woods to the falls with a picnic basket full of beers.

AMERICAN DATE: Taking the limo to le Dome.

BEING A PLAYMATE MEANS: The start of something big!

Tom and Brother Gerry - #1 fan.

"Blue Zone Girl"

Fashion Statement

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man walked into a brothel and said he wanted a girl. "Harry, grease up Linda!" the madam yelled up the stairs. "That'll be a hundred bucks," she told the customer.

"That's a little too steep for me," he admitted.

"Harry, grease up Mary!" the madam shouted. "She's fifty bucks."

"Can't afford her, either," the man said sadly.

"Harry, grease up Sophie!" The madam turned hopefully to her customer. "Twenty-five dollars?"

"Sorry," he said, hanging his head.

"Well, how much *do* you have?"

"Two bucks."

"Harry," she ordered, "grease up!"

The teary-eyed widow asked the attorney about her late husband's will. "I'm sorry," he said, "but he left all he had to the Contented Home for Poor Widows."

"But what about me?" she asked.

"You were all he had."

What's the difference between a Seventh Avenue garment buyer and a pit bull? Jewelry.

As he conducted his investigation of a deadly five-car accident, Detective Cook spotted a monkey sitting on the hood of a wrecked car. When he was ready to leave, he put the animal in his car and drove toward the county zoo. "I wish you could tell me what happened back there," the cop mused. The monkey nodded its head. "OK, what happened?" Cook asked. The monkey raised its hands to its mouth in a drinking motion. "So they were drinking. Is that all?" The monkey shook its head and brought its hand to its mouth, pretending to smoke. "So they were drinking and smoking. Is that all?" The monkey shook its head and brought its hands together in a fucking motion. "Ah, they were drinking, smoking and fucking," Cook said. "And what the hell were *you* doing?" The monkey raised its hands in a driving motion and craned its neck over its right shoulder.

What's the most popular bra size in St. Petersburg? Thirty-eight long.

A guy went to his psychiatrist complaining that he woke up screaming every night from alternating dreams: First he would dream he was a tepee, then he would dream he was a wigwam.

"Doctor, what should I do?"

"Well, first of all," the doctor replied, "relax. You're two tents."

It was the year 2039 and medical miracles had become commonplace. Brian saw his friend Sam emerge from a doctor's office with a peculiar expression on his face.

"Is the news good or bad?" Brian asked.

"Both," Sam replied. "The good news is, I'm finally pregnant."

"That's wonderful. Congratulations!" Brian gushed. "What's the bad news?"

"My obstetrician doesn't do C sections."

Insiders report the real reason Exxon suspended its operation in Alaska was so that it could begin the cleanup of its service-station rest rooms.

One night, an angel walked into a bar and approached three men on barstools. To the first, the angel said, "If you believe in me enough to give me twenty dollars, I can promise you everlasting life."

"I'm an atheist and don't believe in angels," he said, getting up to leave.

The angel made the same offer to the second man. "Well," the fellow said, scratching his chin, "I'm an agnostic and I'm not sure if I believe in you or not, but here's twenty dollars."

The angel then walked up to the third man. "I'm Jim Bakker and I heard your offer," he said. "I don't care whether you're an angel or not—just show me the trick with the agnostic and I'll give you *fifty* bucks."

A woman with fertility problems was complaining to her husband of her hopeless desire to have children.

"Well, honey," he said consolingly, "we can always go for those frozen embryos."

"Frozen embryos!" she exclaimed. "I don't even like TV dinners."

Why don't masochists drink? It dulls the pain.

While sitting in the vet's waiting room with his cat, a man saw a woman walk in with a very handsome golden retriever.

"That's a beautiful animal, and so frisky," he said to her. "He can't be sick. What's he here for, a shot?"

"No, not a shot," she said.

"He's sick? What's wrong with him?"

"He has syphilis."

"Syphilis? How did he get syphilis?"

"Well, he *says* he got it off a tree."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"We're into foreplay. He's admiring himself."

JIM & HARRY'S

in the calmest country

TOTALLY OK

in central america,

ADVENTURE

life is but a breeze

IN BELIZE

travel By JAMES R. PETERSEN

"So what are you going to call this," asked Harry, "*Indiana Jones and the Limo of Doom*?"

Five minutes into the trip and my companion and I are arguing over movie rights. As the chauffeur pilots the stretch limo out toward O'Hare, I'm going through my pockets looking for drugs. At last I find them. We each take two tablets of chloroquine phosphate. . . .

The bitter-tasting antimalarial medication will be our only guard against the blood-sucking insect gods of the Mosquito Coast. That and the bandoleer of DeepWoods Off I wear over one shoulder.

This adventure began as an idea for a series of travel articles to be called *Necessary Skill*. I wanted to visit the ultimate arenas for various sports, to describe, for example, what it was like for a wave sailor to get upside down at Ho'okipa. My editor was reluctant. "The magazine can't send readers to a place where if they don't have the necessary skill, they have a bad time," he said.

"Well, sir," I replied, "at Ho'okipa, it's not a question of having a bad time. If you don't have the necessary skill, you die."

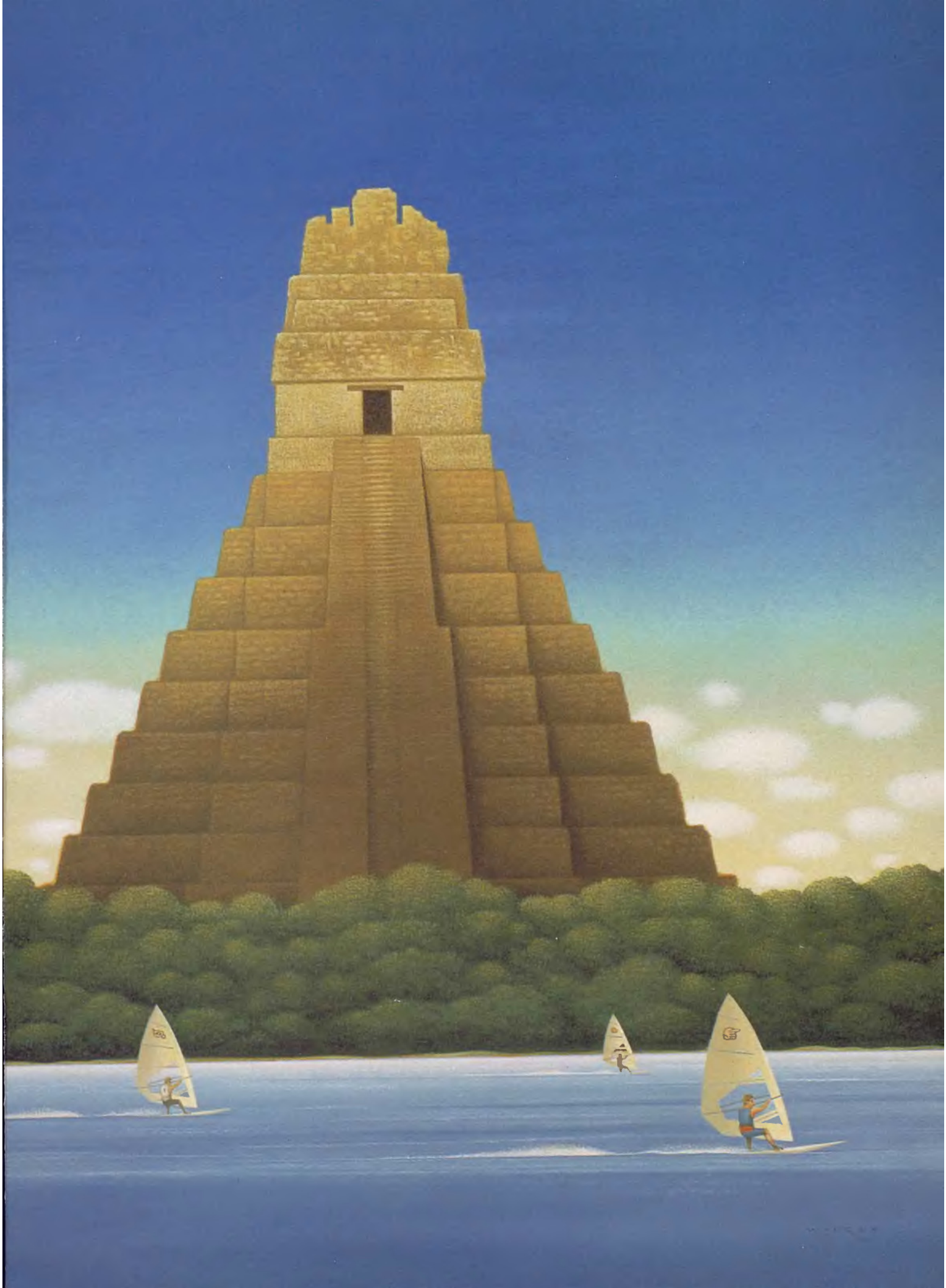
Find a place, he said, where everyone can have fun.

Oh, all right.

I contacted Harry Arader, unindicted coconspirator and board-sailing side-kick, and planned a little adventure. An occasional writer for *Wind Surf* magazine (as well as a director of marketing for a major pharmaceutical corporation), he suggested the destination. We contacted Tropical Travel in Houston and ended up with a not-uncomplicated itinerary.

It is a simple fact that you cannot have an adventure without changing planes at least once. There are no direct flights to the edge. Every connection is crucial. We stand with our faces pressed to the plate-glass window of the Houston airport, watching baggage handlers load our gear into the belly of a Continental jet. The long purple canvas bag, filled with flaming bundles—four fluorescent windsurfing sails—disappears from view. The couple next to us sighs as three large duffels containing a collapsible ocean kayak march up the conveyer. *(continued on page 128)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX



PLAYBOY COLLECTION

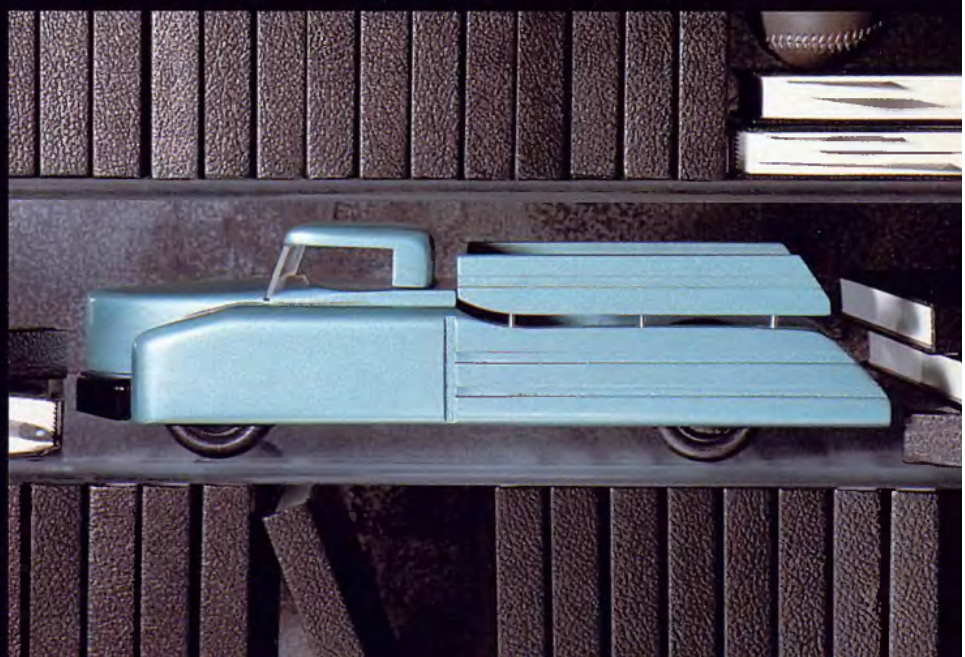
things you can live without, but who wants to?

Priced from $440 for the circa-1897 corved wooden Airedale to $1200 for the circa-1870 man's-head coin holder, these walking sticks ore just o sample of the mony unusual ontiquities in stock ot Julion Grahom-White Ltd. Eccentricities, 957 Madisan Avenue, New York. A serious *boulevardier* with bucks con purchase oll of the above for $9055.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Chromed steel and faux marble give the Manhattan Clack Radio by Wwtton a deco look. The AM/FM radio has music or alarm wake-up and sleep and snooze cantrals, distributed by Cicena, New Yark, $125.

Sony's spiffy-loaking SPP-S10 water-resistant two-channel cordless sports telephone has a 1000-foot range and features security cades and last-number redial. It also functions as a two-way intercam, $240.



Vilac's 15" stylized model af a vintage Dadge pickup truck is handmade in France from hardwoods, then hand dipped in a lacquer finish, fram Schylling Assaciates, Peabody, Massachusetts, $175.

This Porsche-designed silver-coated electric shaver fits securely in the palm of the hand and snugly into a travel bag, from T. Anthony, New York, $235, including a cleaning brush housed in the shaver.

Bang & Olufsen's Beovision MX 5000 26″ contrast-enhanced screen is an improved-definition (ID) television monitor 18″ deep, in red, blue, black, gray or white, $1995. Optional motorized stand, $200.

Talk about inexpensive fun! The Mt. Storm ATB/Mountain Bike, a 26-inch, 18-speed model with Duralite wishbone frame, alloy rims and all-terrain tires, from Huffy Bicycles, Dayton, Ohio, costs only $120. Cheap!

This limited-edition Monopoly set comes in a suedelike carrying case and features sterling-silver pieces, a Lucite game board and parchment money, from The Price of His Toys, Beverly Hills, California, $2500.

LVIS
R.I.P.

THE FACT IS, no one watches TV anymore; we *drive* the beast. Sitting there with our remote controls, we careen wildly from network to cable to VCR until, like a kid on a barstool, we're dizzy and sick from *too much fun*. But let's suppose that for just one night we were able to put it all to rest—stop changing channels, stop the manic hunt for more and better entertainment. Let's say that on this one perfect, dreamlike evening, we could erase *all* the boundaries of TV programing—put on as many shows as we wanted, introduce stars from one program into another, ignore all the usual constraints of time and break for commercials only when we felt like it.

Could any one line-up of prime-time fare actually hold our attention all the way through? Maybe, if we were viewing. . . .

THE NIGHT OF 1000 RATINGS POINTS

toss the remote and stow the vcr. this, dear viewer, is ultimate tv

humor by

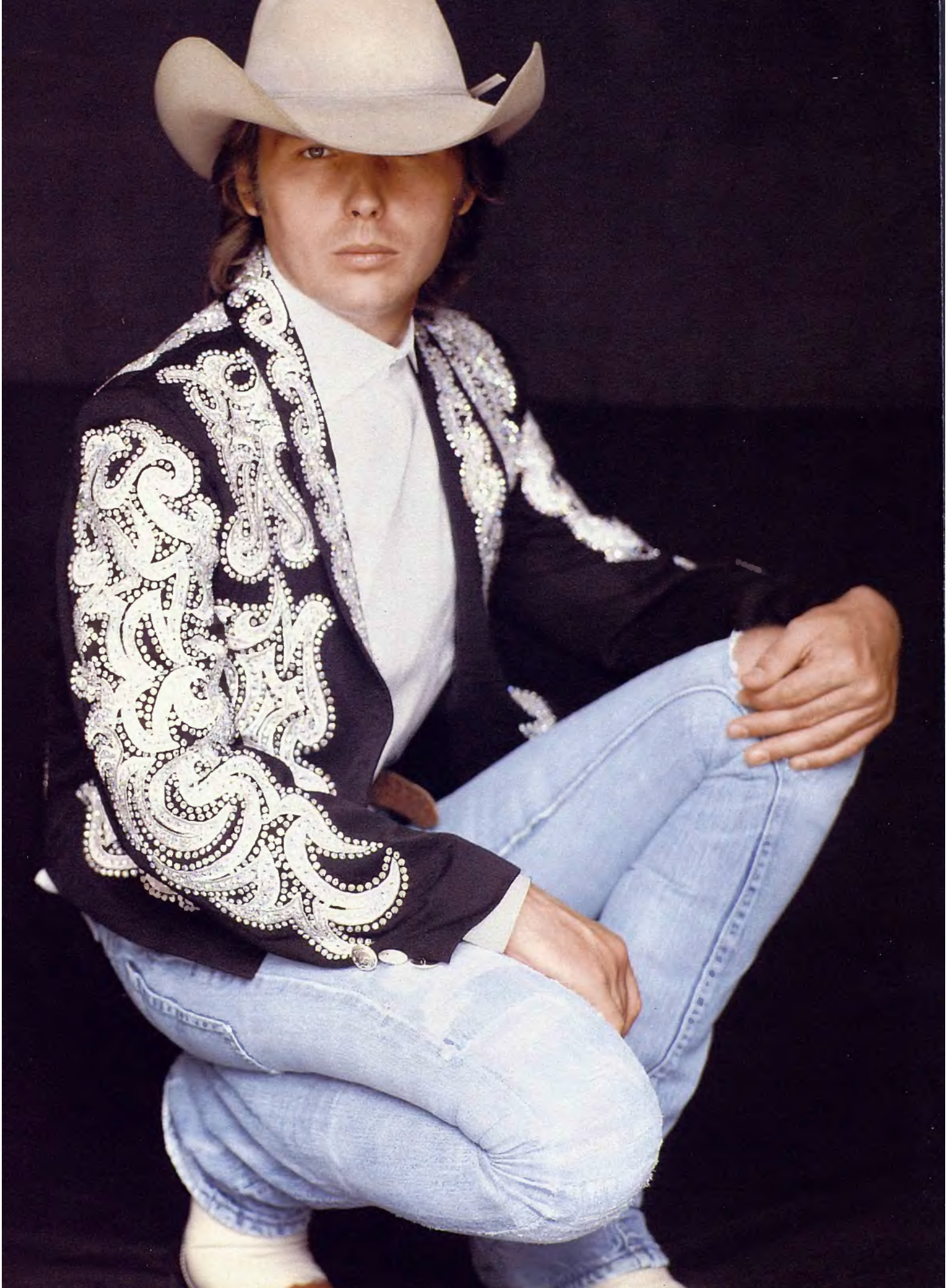
FRED GRAVER

7:30 PM.: Pull the family round the set, 'cause you're in for a twin treat on *Cosby*! Yes, it's America's two favorite sitcom comics in a double bill, as Roseanne (Roseanne Barr) drops by the office of Dr. Huxtable (Bill Cosby) for a routine sonogram. Because this is the first time the good doctor has actually been shown working, hilarious complications arise.

7:38 PM.: Dr. Huxtable begins to wire Roseanne to his ultrasound apparatus. What he doesn't know is that the irrepressible Theo (Malcolm-Jamal Warner) has mischievously connected Doc's equipment to the family cable-TV box. Boy, is Dr. Huxtable in for a *big* surprise: Roseanne is *not* playing host to an exotic virus—no, she's hosting the 1990 Super Bowl! Talk about a programing coup!

7:43 PM.: This episode of *Cosby* becomes a shocking condemnation of the male-oriented *(continued on page 158*

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BRODNER



20 QUESTIONS

DWIGHT YOAKAM

hollywood's teetotaling cowdude on tarts, cheatin' hearts and what to look for in a sensible pair of blue jeans

Dwight Yoakam was born 33 years ago in Floyd County, Kentucky. Although his family had to migrate north to Ohio in search of factory jobs, they returned home every weekend. Dwight was thus able to grow up in the local holler and absorb a way of life that is now almost extinct.

He headed for Nashville in his late teens, but he got no further than an audition at Opryland. His music, with its high, drawn-out notes, evokes a reedy sadness. He was told to change it to resemble the bubbly pop music heard everywhere on radios. Instead, he drove to L.A. and found work singing and playing guitar in honky-tonk and cowpunk bars. That was 12 years ago. Since then, his first album, "Guitars, Cadillacs, Etc., Etc.," has gone platinum; "Hillbilly Deluxe" and "Buenas Noches from a Lonely Room" have gone gold; and this past fall, he finished "Just Lookin' for a Hit."

Trish Wend met him at his manager's office in L.A. She tells us: "Dwight strode into the room out of breath and a little frayed around the edges. The workmen who were installing his swimming pool had locked him out of his house. He wore ripped jeans, an untucked white shirt and, in a major departure from his publicity pictures, no hat. He still looked great."

1.

PLAYBOY: Why are so many sad country songs sung so fast and cheerfully?

YOAKAM: There really is a dichotomy. It's the same way with bluegrass songs. The up-tempo ones are often about enormous tragedy, whether it's love, a death in the family or day-to-day struggles. It's a way to confront sorrow directly with such energy that you overcome your despair.

2.

PLAYBOY: What albums would you use to turn someone into a country-music fan?

YOAKAM: Listen to some early bluegrass—like Bill Monroe or the Stanley Brothers—and you'll start to have an understanding of where the music comes from in its raw state. It articulates the struggle of a specific subculture in rural Appalachia, the Ozarks and the dust-bowl and panhandle areas. Country music is a white ethnic art form. Its ethnicity is cultural, though, not racial. You should also listen to some early Carter family recordings. Hank Williams, Sr., will help you develop an affection for people like Stonewall Jackson, Johnny Cash and Johnny Horton. And George Jones's early work.

3.

PLAYBOY: You're on a one-man mission to disprove the notion that country singers are illiterate at worst or self-taught at best. Tell us about the education of Dwight Yoakam.

YOAKAM: My early schooling bored me. I became disillusioned with things very easily. I hated math, but geography and history came naturally. I even hid in the library and read encyclopedias. But I was always involved with my music, and that was a big distraction from class time and homework. I had a band in high school called the Greasers, and we did rock-a-billy and old Buddy Holly covers and early Elvis stuff. I played some football, too, but I was skinny and constantly being beaten to death on the field. I've always loved basketball. I was at least built for that.

Then I went to Ohio State. After I moved to L.A., I transferred to the city college here, but my musical career kept interrupting school. If I'd finished, I probably would have majored in history.

4.

PLAYBOY: When riding your horse, do you concentrate on your horsemanship or on where you're going?

YOAKAM: [*Smiles*] I think about staying on the horse, mainly. Quarter horses have stability and common sense. You need as much as you can get out here; it's very mountainous and hilly, and there's a lot of loose dirt. I didn't want to name him anything that was scattered or emotionally unstable, like Cloud Dancer. I figured that if I was gonna ride him on a trail, he'd better be real nice and level and balanced. So I named him Scout.

5.

PLAYBOY: There's always a relational problem in country songs; for example, she's cheating, she never loved him, she's being cruel. Take off your cowboy hat, as it were, and give us some real-life advice.

YOAKAM: You have to realize that not everybody is meant to be with you. In fact, it takes a while to find somebody with whom you're truly emotionally compatible. And I don't mean romantically compatible, because that's just infatuation. It's more important to be concerned about adjusting to and understanding each other, so that you don't wreck your life on a daily basis.

6.

PLAYBOY: You once tried to drive your truck through a former girlfriend's house. Was it something she said?

YOAKAM: No, it was something she did. She betrayed the relationship. All I could do was get into my truck and start driving up the lawn to her house. Fortunately, a wheel on the grass got caught on the pipe underneath my truck. [*Laughs*] I tore out the corner of my turn signal, and the shock ended my little reverie. I don't know that I necessarily would have stopped the truck myself. You just have to realize that, hey, if she can't be trusted, then you have to deny her that trust. Just take it back and never return it. No matter what.

7.

PLAYBOY: What are the three danger signs that a relationship's over?

YOAKAM: [*Grins*] Empty closets, all the furniture gone, phone ripped out of the wall. That might tell you the relationship's on its way out the window.

8.

PLAYBOY: People have written that your hat seems to be sewn to your forehead. And fans at your concerts hold up signs saying WHAT'S UNDER THE HAT, DWIGHT? Why do we never see you without one?

YOAKAM: I wear my hat because I started performing in it, and I feel comfortable that way. And now it's become part of the image. But you're seeing me without a hat. And a lot of people see me without one. It's just that once you put one on, you don't usually take it off, because it mashes your hair down. My hair's thin, so a hat doubly messes it up. I'd be less than honest if I said I didn't want to try to look good; so once I wear it, I don't want to take it off.

9.

PLAYBOY: Would we ever find you in a pair of Nikes?

YOAKAM: No, I'm a Converse man. But that's just for playing basketball. I've worn boots ever since I got out of high school. I just *(continued on page 148)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDEE ST. NICHOLAS

JISM

close encounters of the sticky kind

By PATRICIA VOLK

By the time you hit 15, you lost count of the boys who've come in your hand. There are plenty you've jerked off intentionally, too. But you lose count of the ones who grabbed your hand when they needed it. The one who did it Christmas Eve in St. Patrick's to *O Come All Ye Faithful*. When it happened in a Stingray Corvette, you thought he was downshifting. Once, you got it waiting in line at a funeral. Some you couldn't call hand jobs. Some were thigh jobs. Boys pressed into you by the lockers and in elevators—elevator jobs. There was a dance called the fish, where you held each other close and didn't move your feet—fish jobs. *Silhouettes* was a good song for that. On *Daddy Cool*, the flip side, you could dry off and get ready for the next one. There were forearm jobs. Dry humps, wet humps. Everybody's smelled different. It smelled like ammonia, Chinese food and blue stuff your dad poured into the car. Vic's was green, oozy green, thicker than rubber cement. Smelled like lima beans. Even when you loved him, there was nothing positive you could say about it. All those sweet boys shaving once a week, grabbing your limp, unwary hand, pressing their dicks into it. Somebody's, Harry's maybe, had sparkles in it. Somebody's glowed.

Those years, you were always looking for something to wipe your hand on. It happened mostly in the movies and in cars. In the movies, you'd be distracted, and suddenly, Eddie, Larry, Jeff or Steve would grab your hand and there it would be, the hardest, softest thing in the world. The most vulnerable, terrifying thing there was. Smooth, tingling, changing because of you and your power. Sometimes they'd slap your hand over it. Sometimes they'd squeeze your hand over it. Sometimes they'd use your hand to rub it. Your hand was neutral. The boy told it what to do. It wasn't part of you, just something he needed and used. Afterward, it felt edgeless, like a warm clam. You slipped your hand away. You both pretended not to notice. You never mentioned it. But what do you do with a handful of jism at Loew's 83rd on a Saturday night when the lights are going up? Some passed you a battered handkerchief without looking at you. Some didn't. Then the lights would be up and you'd be stuck there, blinking. There you'd be with a handful of pearly, acrid, tacky jism leaking through the fingers of your cupped hand, and suddenly, after your power had made this possible for him, it was your problem. Where should it go? Into the popcorn container? Under the velvet seat with hard jism and gum? After a while, you didn't think twice about rubbing it on their coats. You liked watching it sink into their sleeves.

Nobody cared if you got off or not. After, they'd walk you home and you'd talk about the movie. They'd keep their hands in their pockets. At the apartment door, they'd want to kiss you good night but not know how. So you'd say, "Thank you for a lovely evening," just the way your mother told you to, and extend your dry hand. Some would ask you out again. Some wouldn't. It was impossible to tell which ones would. After a while, you learned to be wary of boys who folded their coats in their laps.

But the ones you liked. What a strange thing to be able to touch it and make it grow. It was magic. Your finger was a magic wand. You could touch it to the soft, pink doughboy helmet, the blind baby rat. You could touch it with your magic wand and—presto!—it would change into something else. After a while, you learned you could talk it up. You didn't have to use your hand. You used words. "Hot," you would whisper to Harry. "Lips." "Thighs." Then you'd watch it get hard. It would suck up its wheels and take off. "Mouth," you'd say. "Warm," "tongue," "wet," and watch it inflate like a pool toy. You loved the boys who groaned but loved best the ones who groaned and touched you back. Touched you harder the longer it went on. Kissed you. Touched your hair.

Harry was first. He told you you could get out of his car and walk home if you didn't. You were dying to anyway. You couldn't wait. So you pretended to sacrifice yourself. What kind of culture makes it possible for a boy to legally drive before he knows how to unhook a bra? Behind water towers, on deserted winter docks, in parking lots at night, on the living-room couch, behind the washing machines, up in attics, in maids' rooms on Thursdays. At the drive-in.

"That's a really shitty thing to do, Harry," you said. "I can't walk home from here." Then you unhooked your bra for him and prepared yourself for surprise. Who would have known you could laugh? It wasn't anything like *79 Park Avenue* or *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Who would have known it was fun? Why had you held out so long? Harry's was thick, pearly, thicker than its metaphor cream. You stared at the glitter in your hand. Each dot a baby. Each dot a wasted human being. Ten million sperm, more than the population of New York City. What wastrels. What squanderers. Such decadence. You left it on tennis courts, lawns of strangers, park benches, drydocked boats, tool sheds. Your bed. Then his bed. Then his mother's bed. Then the ultimate—your mother's bed. You worked yourself into frenzies. You could have lit the world. But no matter how much you got, you always wanted more. Like all guys, Harry was happy once he shot his wad. A couple of years later, you found out, though. Somebody was happy to teach you. Somebody couldn't wait to show you what was in it for you.

ILLUSTRATION BY EVERETT PECK

BELIZE *(continued from page 116)*

"The Belizean government put a low priority on tourism: 'We are not a nation of waiters.'"

The scuba divers relax as the oversize backpacks containing tanks and regulators join the cargo. The only guys not worried are the fishermen, who carry their $1000 poles in custom cases that fit into the overhead compartments. The plane looks like a Patagonia catalog rolled into a tube, with wings.

We make the Belize connection.

There is a secret to passion: It unlocks the world. A windsurfer looks at a map of the Caribbean and three or four islands jump vividly into his imagination. A diver looks at the narrow chain of islands south of the Yucatán and dreams about the second largest barrier reef in the world. A sports fisherman thinks of secret spots, favorite guides, the quest for bonefish and tarpons. The sea kayakers think of running rivers beneath jungle canopies teeming with tropical birds, of sailing from cay to cay on the warm trades. Archaeologists reading Mayan creation myths dream of a world described as the blue-green plate, the blue-green bowl.

No matter what your passion, near the top of your wish list is the name Belize (or, if your world atlas is older, British Honduras). In the past few years, it has been renamed and rediscovered. Harrison Ford filmed *The Mosquito Coast* there. A *60 Minutes* crew went down to film the kind of hard-hitting puff piece they reserve for Yuppie culture gods such as the Baron de Rothschild. Belize is a Central American country that speaks English, that is free of *Contras* and camouflage, of postcolonial surliness. It is a country full of characters who make Andy Rooney seem like an uncooked curmudgeon. Belize is a suburb of Chicago; satellite dishes pirate the superstations, sucking WGN down from outer space and piping it into shacks, turning the natives into Cubs fans.

It is not a country free of danger. On the plane, I catch a glimpse over the shoulder of another passenger of a guidebook to Belize. One phrase jumps off the page: "It won't attack, unless. . . ." I am amused at the kind of soft adventurer who takes some writer's word for such things, trusting the cover blurb that claims the author has lived all his life with sharks or jaguars or surly French waiters and knows every single fucking thing about them.

I understand for the first time the concept of soft adventure. If this were *Guns & Ammo* or *Sudden Death Sushi* magazine, I would be expected to hand in some hyperventilating essay: *Teaching a Moray Eel to Floss*. The author's page would run a picture of me surrounded by 40 heaving breasts, with only a Randall knife clenched between my teeth. Something has changed in our definition of adventure.

Maybe it's our creation myth: The book of *Genesis* gave man dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air and over all the earth. So we are used to treating the world as a vicious, surly collection of pissed-off creatures and venture forth as manly men. That's the old notion of adventure: The new adventure sends men into nature armed with cameras or nonpredatory athletic skills. Leave only footprints, take only pictures, sweat a lot. Use sun block.

We land at a funky airport in Belize City: Tommy Thomson, the adventure guru at Tropical Travel, told us to expect a *Casablanca*-style terminal. He needs a new VCR. It is informal, filled with locals selling wood carvings and conch jewelry and outward-bound tourists converting their Belizean currency to alcohol at the bar. We shift our gear to a 16-seater Tropic Air prop plane and arc over turquoise water toward San Pedro, on Ambergris Cay. A manta ray moves through the shallow waters: The effect is of a giant eye following our progress across the sky.

We check into the SunBreeze Beach Resort and meet David Childs, the local master of windsurfing. He was a ski instructor at Vail from 1969 to 1985. He was there when there were only 65 instructors (there are now more than 700) and everything cost $1000 down—the VW, the trailer, the acre of land, the divorce. He went to Belize on retreat and spent the summer in a room at Rosie's that cost $125 a month (it now goes for that a night). Colorado is a cold memory. He hasn't driven a car or worn shoes in three years.

He takes us on a tour of the town, starting with dinner at Elvi's. There's a tree growing in the middle of the dining room. Appreciate your first impression of San Pedro; it's so small you won't have a second. There are three streets, actually sandy alleys, between tiny hotels, dive shops, bars and restaurants. Hand-painted wooden signs are everywhere: A fleet of smiling windsurfers is the first thing you see, then lurid tropical-aquarium scenes that advertise glass-bottom boat rides and coral-reef dives, along with pictures of parrots and macaws advertising river trips to Mayan ruins.

Quaintness has a spiritual value. San Pedro is protected from the grotesque by the size of the planes that can land there: No one will be able to go in and throw money into the ground to create a Miami Beach or St. Martin. The island is experiencing a building boom, teaspoon by teaspoon. Hundred-year-old working sailboats called sandlighters are tied up to docks; brown-bodied Belizeans unload sand, concrete blocks, lumber, fresh fruit, auto parts, furniture and the occasional satellite dish from the mainland. Workers with wheelbarrows haul the sand and the concrete blocks through the narrow streets to add gift shops or extra rooms to the tiny hotels.

The town is long and narrow. Front Street has the hotels, the dive shops, the bars and the ocean. Middle Street has two great eating establishments (Katangas and Elvi's), some grocery stores and travel agencies. Back Street has housing, the power station and the telephone exchange and fishing boats in dry dock running along the inland lagoon. The tallest building—The Barrier Reef Hotel—is three stories. A canal cuts the island in half just north of town: On the other side are some exclusive hotels (The Belizean and Journey's End), accessible only by boat. South of town, you have Ramone's Reef Resort, La Joya Caribe, the Victorian House Hotel and miles of mangrove-lined beaches. It's not undiscovered, just undeveloped. For years, the Belizean government put a low priority on tourism: "We are not a nation of waiters and waitresses." A change in the government shifted priorities: Now Belize is a nation of fishing guides, dive masters, riding instructors and windsurfing dudes.

We tour the bars, drinking the local beer, Belikin Premium. A Belikin won't attack unless accompanied by several rum punches. I remember the Tackle Box bar, at the end of a long pier, looking down into a pen holding sharks and sea turtles. Some fishermen sit at a small table playing serious dominoes. *Clack.* None of the bars are decorated with lobster pots and fishing nets. In San Pedro, the tools are still tools. There is an occasional chart of the waters off San Pedro and posters of Bob Marley. Someone has plastered an ESCAPE TO WISCONSIN bumper sticker over one bar.

I remember pushing through the swinging doors of Sandals, listening to a *reggae*/rap band with one member playing the only two notes he knew on the trombone. Their faces smile the way matches flare. David gets on stage and sings Jimmy Buffett's *Margaritaville*. (Buffett once played in the town square to an audience of 65 people, but that's probably true for every island in the Caribbean.) A girl radiating reckless

(continued on page 161)

"How would I love thee? Let me count the ways . . . faster, gentler, stronger, defter, cuddlier, snappier, sweeter, softer, spicier, stormier, quicker, quainter, quirkier, tastier, stouter, richer, firmer, cheerier, wilder, giddier, dizzier, funnier, racier, rowdier, smarter, sneakier, hotter, quieter, kinder. . . ."

PLAYBOY PROFILE

The ADULTHOOD of DUDDY KRAVITZ

richard dreyfuss hits on something better than a comeback. it's called growing up

By STEVE POND

"How many times have you rented a movie at one of those places?"

Richard Dreyfuss asks the question and sits back. The beginnings of a grin play at the edges of his mouth. "You know," he adds, "those video places. How many times have you done that?"

Well, I stammer—wondering if this is some kind of trick question—renting movies is something I do for fun sometimes, but also for research. If I'm about to interview, say, Richard Dreyfuss, I'll probably rent *American Graffiti* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*. . . .

"But you've done it."

Yeah, of course.

"How many times?"

Hundreds, probably.

This is the answer he has been waiting for. The fledgling grin turns into a big self-satisfied smile, and Dreyfuss makes an announcement:

"*Once*."

You've rented *one* movie?

"Yeah. That's how out of it I am. Every time I go into one of those stores, I look at the new releases. And I don't give a shit about any of them. Or I say to my wife, 'Honey, I promise, this week I'll take you to a movie.' And then I look at the ads and I don't wanna go to any of them."

He shrugs. "Movies today—including the ones *I* make—are made on small themes, about small people. I like great, sweeping sagas, cavalry charges, thousands of people storming the Bastille. You wanna make *Lawrence of Arabia* again, I'll go. Until then, you'll have to drag me kicking and screaming into a movie theater."

In other words, Richard Dreyfuss—who at one point had appeared in three of the top-ten-grossing films of all time, who won a best-actor Oscar and then weathered a mid-career crisis to star in a string of successful films over the past few years and who's now starring in *Always*, his third Steven Spielberg movie—is out of the pop-culture mainstream. Absolutely no videos. No movies. No pop music, either; in his car, he listens to taped history books. And on top of everything else, he swears that he can't remember the name of the one movie he rented.

Dreyfuss thinks about it all and laughs. "The phrase All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy comes springing to mind," he says. "I don't know why."

•

Richard Dreyfuss is on a roll.

He's in his office on the old MGM lot in Los Angeles. He has been talking about his life and his career, but now he's talking about history. This is something that interests—you might say fascinates, you might even say *obsesses*—him. There is nothing glamourous or flashy about his looks, his demeanor, his attitude—but watching him, even in this setting, you can almost see how Dreyfuss, as a young Jewish kid without a single conventional leading-man trait, transformed himself into a movie star. He didn't do it with suavity or charm or anything like that but with dogged tenacity, with a force of will that ultimately made him impossible to ignore.

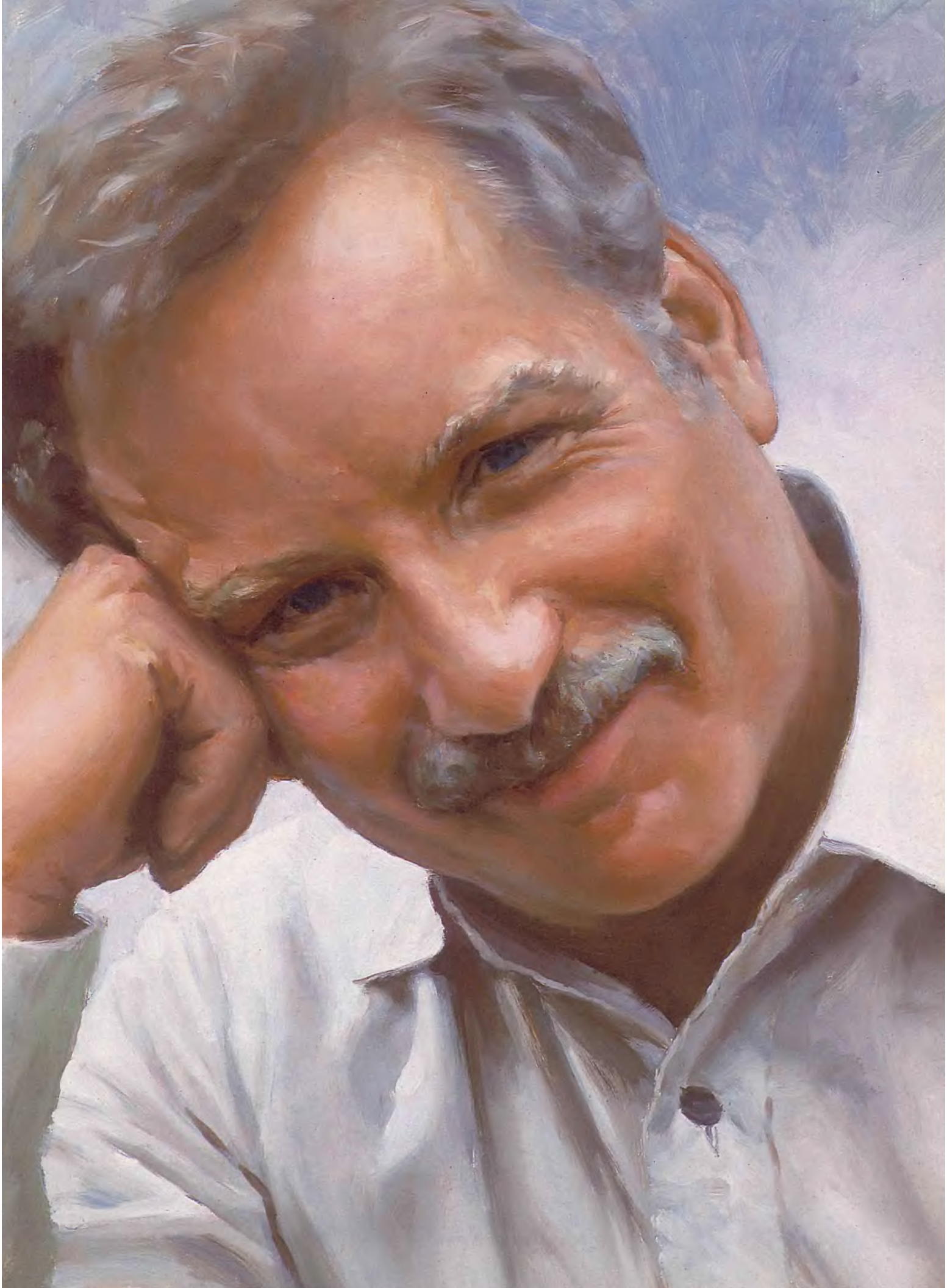
"His tendency is to do something to death or not at all," says his longtime friend Carrie Fisher. "To run pretty fast or stand perfectly still." And right now, he's running fast as he ticks off the famous people he wants to portray.

Teddy Roosevelt: "He epitomized his time more than anybody. He *was* America. There's this great line in a biography that says it was the only time in American history when the most interesting man in America was the President of the United States."

Adolf Hitler: "Everyone plays Hitler as a screaming madman—and by doing that, they contribute to the idea that he was not human, that he was evil incarnate, and therefore, we're not responsible for what happened."

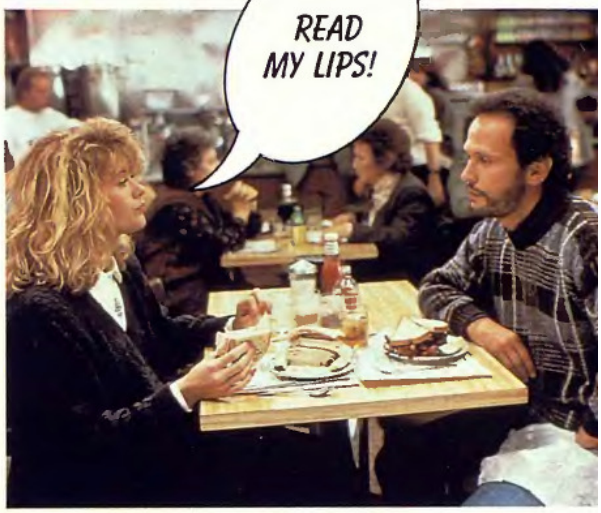
Ulysses S. Grant: This is the finale, the man who stokes the fires in Dreyfuss. Pacing in front of a bookcase—volumes on everything from history to Hollywood, politics to war strategy—he outlines Grant's remarkable life with equal parts of passion and precision, often interrupting himself with a volcanic laugh. It's the kind of hyperactive, irrepressible performance that ought to be familiar to anyone who *(continued on page 150)*

ILLUSTRATION BY MAX GINSBURG



FRANK INCENSED

Barney's Frank about being gay, but word that a male hooker the Congressman had befriended had run a bisexual prostitution ring from his digs (left) shook him.



HOLD THE MAYO

Everybody's favorite scene from *When Harry Met Sally . . .* has Meg Ryan expertly faking an orgasm for an incredulous Billy Crystal—and other patrons of a New York deli. One fascinated customer, who's played by director Rob Reiner's mom, tells her waitress: "I'll have what she's having."

INDIA INK

Pamella Bordes, ex–Miss India and an admitted callgirl, filled tabloids with tales of dalliance with high-placed Brits, Libyans and Saudi arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi.

LOWE PROFILE

First he partnered a Snow White clone at the Oscars; two months later, Rob Lowe was accused of seducing a teen—and taping the action. The video everybody *saw*, however (below left), recorded a different encounter. Rob's next film: *Bad Influence*.

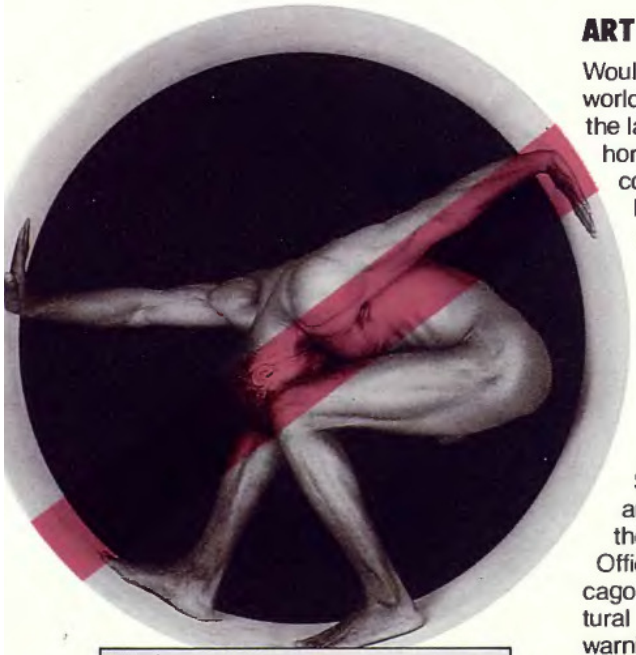
THE YEAR IN S·E·X

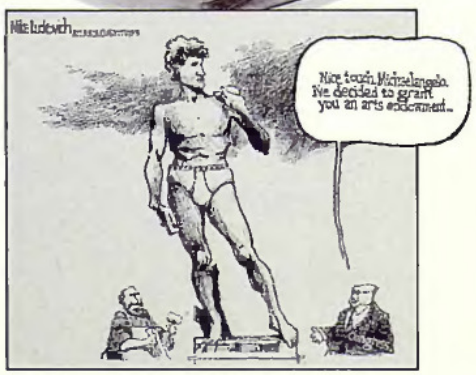
the splits, the scandals, the pratfalls of 1989

BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO

It was a big year for ruptured romances, including the 13-year liaison between Clint Eastwood and Sondra Locke, during all of which, court papers revealed, she was married to another man, who lived in the Hollywood Hills house Clint gave her.

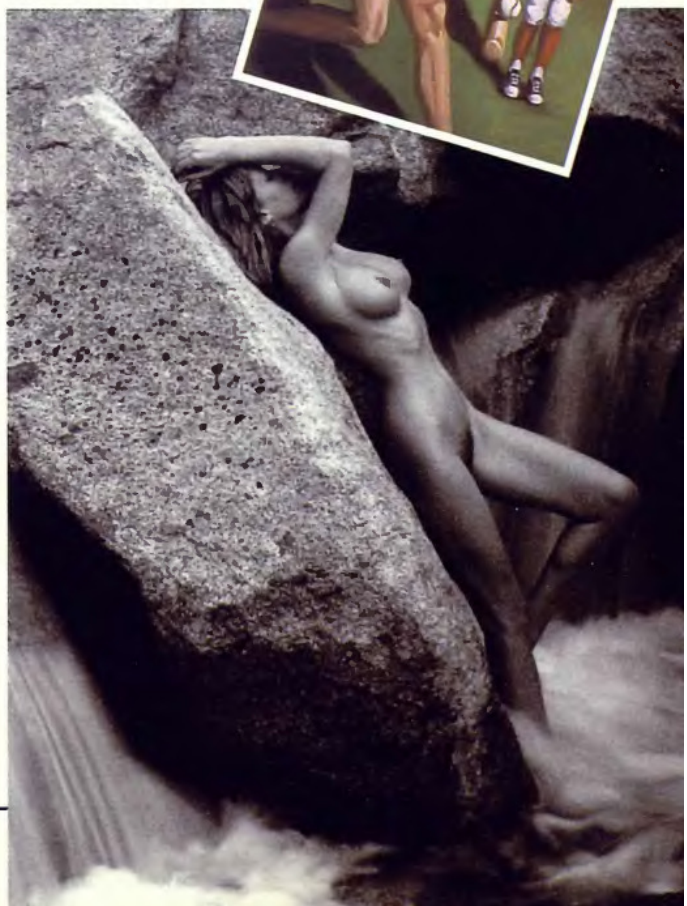
Clint vs. Sondra — Shocking Details of Bizarre Love Triangle





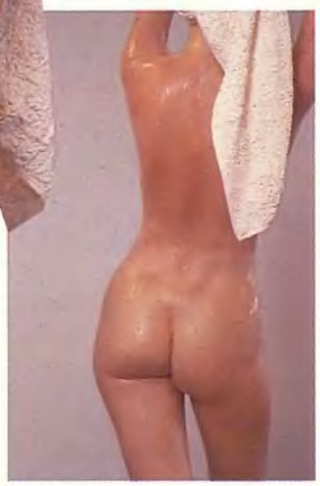
ART ATTACK

Would-be censors have been battering the art world—with mixed results. An exhibit of photos by the late Robert Mapplethorpe (left), some of them homoerotic, was dropped by Washington's Corcoran Gallery, which feared loss of National Endowment for the Arts funds. Senator Jesse Helms did try, with some success, to ban Federal funding for "obscene" art; already the NEA has withdrawn a previously approved $10,000 grant for an art show about the impact of AIDS. Officials at the Chicago Public Library Cultural Center posted a warning sign near Eric Fischl's *Boys at Bat* but left the painting of the nude ballplayer (inset, right) on the wall. Officials at Yosemite National Park removed photos by ex–*Playboy* photographer Ken Marcus from a park gallery on the ground that his portrayals of nature, such as the shot at right, were all too *naturel*.



SAVE WATER; SHOWER WITH A FRIEND

And this one is guaranteed never to sing off key! The lady is actually a sculpture in marble dust and epoxy, a 12-year labor of love by Carol Feuerman, who coated the statue with 100 layers of paint.



BREAKING UP IS A BIG ADJUSTMENT

The marriage of chiropractor Bruce Oppenheim and Cybill (*Moonlighting*) Shepherd went out of alignment (grounds: irreconcilable differences) after 22 months of wedlock and the birth of twins, Ariel and Zachary.

WHY WADE HIT ON MARGO

The New York Times reports that when Wade Boggs took Margo Adams along with him on road trips, he batted .341. When Mrs. Boggs accompanied him, his average was .221.

SHY TOWN

Illinois tourism officials tried to yank this advertisement lauding Chicago's role in publishing history from *Time*'s European edition. Happily for some 400,000 readers, the ad with its vintage Vargas girl ran anyway.

LOVE AT FIRST BYTE

M'Adam & Eve Erotica, an animated software program for Macintosh computers, comes complete with varied sound effects and sells for $59.95 in stores or from Magnetic Arts, 6363 Christie, #2106, Emeryville, California 94608.

ANDY'S GRECIAN FORMULA

After papers published nudes of girlfriend Dimitra Liani, Greek prime minister Andreas Papandreou divorced his American-born wife, lost an election and married the ex-stewardess.

AT LAST, THE PERFECT BLOW JOB

The ideal escort for the lonely lady? Gregory is an inflatable bust that was marketed early this year by San Francisco's The Sharper Image.

SHE'LL HAVE SEVEN EGGS, OVA EASY

Mary Sue and Junior Lewis Davis battled over custody of frozen embryos. She won.

Brackin
KING SOLOMON
CUSTODY SUIT
"THE CASE OF THE BABY AND THE TWO WOMEN WAS A PIECE OF CAKE... THIS NEXT ONE INVOLVES SEVEN FROZEN EMBRYOS!..."

MOON OVER MISSOURI

Cher's on a roll, even though the Navy did a double take after eying the tattoo-revealing outfit she wore in *If I Could Turn Back Time*, a video shot on the U.S.S. Missouri. Her six shows at the Sands Atlantic City sold out—at a record $200 per seat.

BREAKING UP IS A ROYAL PAIN

Britain's Princess Anne and Captain Mark Phillips made it official: After 15 years of marriage, they're separating. Earlier in the year, letters written to the princess by a royal equerry were stolen, to the titillation of tabloid readers.

BREAKING UP CAN BREAK THE BANK

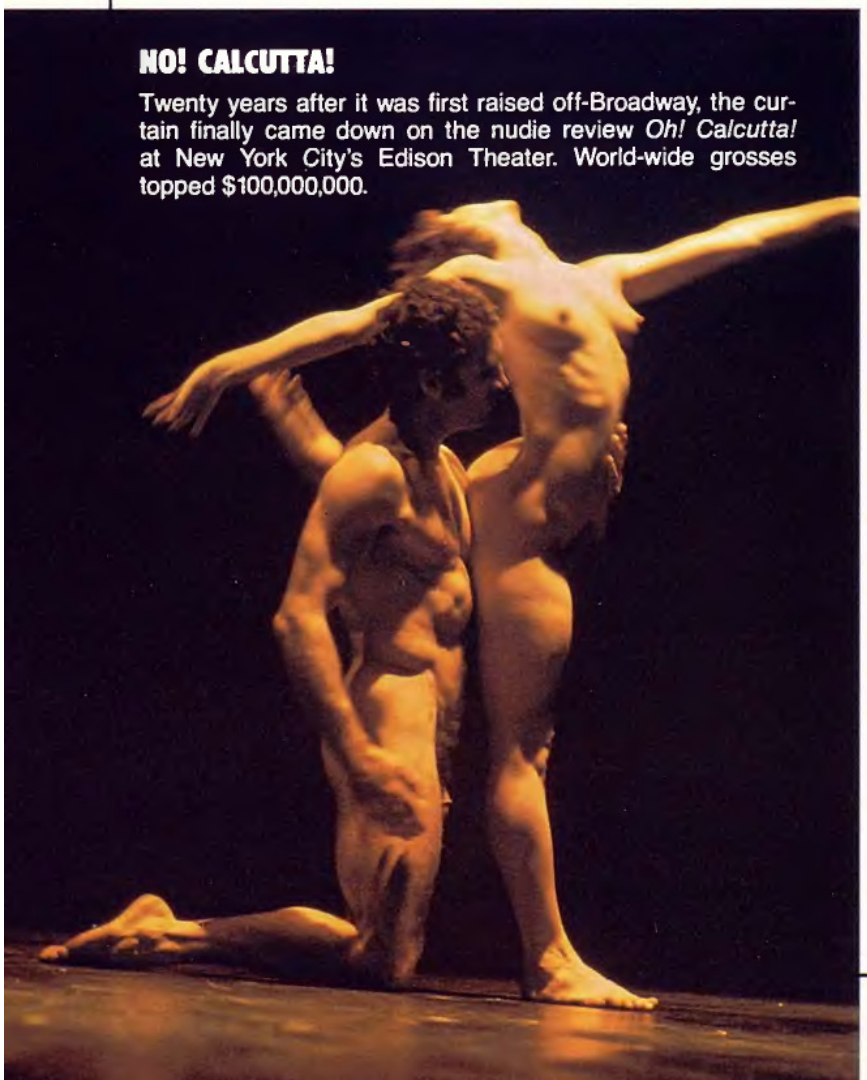
Movie magnate Steven Spielberg and actress Amy Irving ended their marriage with, reportedly, a multimillion-dollar settlement. Gossips immediately linked the hot-shot director with other stars, notably Kate Capshaw and Holly Hunter.

DIFFERENT SPOKES FOR DIFFERENT FOLKS

According to a *Bicycling* magazine survey, a majority of men think about sex while cycling. Most women, on the other hand, think about cycling during sex.

HEY, THERE, GORBY'S GIRLS

Giving new meaning to the phrase boob tube, a model exits Moscow's subway. The photo's in a calendar shot by Queen Elizabeth's lensman cousin, Lord Lichfield.



NO! CALCUTTA!

Twenty years after it was first raised off-Broadway, the curtain finally came down on the nudie review *Oh! Calcutta!* at New York City's Edison Theater. World-wide grosses topped $100,000,000.

BUBBLE TROUBLE

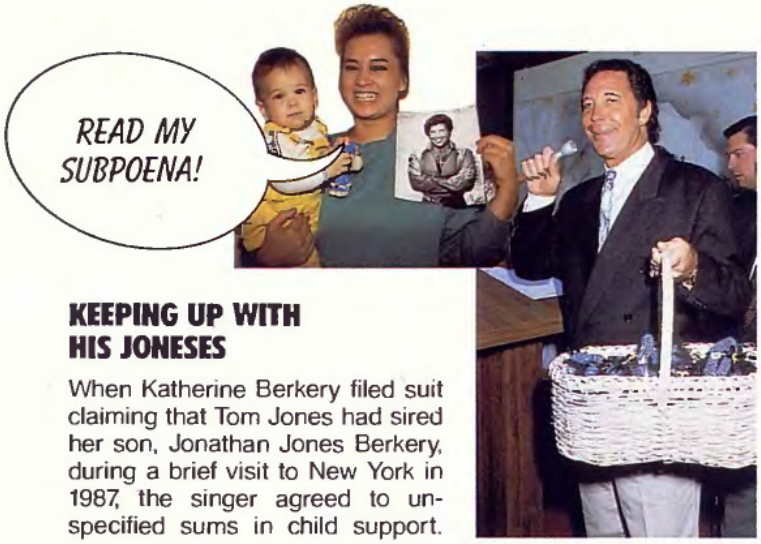
Red-faced Oriole infielder Bill Ripken blames prankster scribblers for turning his baseball card into a collector's item. Fleer's, the bubble-gum folks, may have released as many as 3000 before noticing the offending words.

CRACKER CRACKDOWN CRUNCHES HUNCH

Soul singer Bobby Brown speaks sizzling body language—but his "hunching" on stage with a woman recruited from the audience in Columbus, Georgia, got him arrested for lewdness.

RUB-A-DUB-DUB, TWO GIRLS IN A TUB

What's a fan in Cannes to do when he tires of movies? Check out the Sexiest Bath Contest.



KEEPING UP WITH HIS JONESES

When Katherine Berkery filed suit claiming that Tom Jones had sired her son, Jonathan Jones Berkery, during a brief visit to New York in 1987, the singer agreed to unspecified sums in child support.

BREAKING UP IS ANOTHER KIND OF CLEAVAGE

Screen goddess Raquel Welch told the *National Enquirer* that career pressures had forced her and her writer/producer husband, Andre Weinfeld, to separate. But they're still partners in Total Video, Inc., which is releasing her new diet-and-exercise tape.

JACK IN THE BOX

Karen Mayo-Chandler spilled the beans about her steamy affair with Jack Nicholson—and shed her clothes for a sizzling pictorial that took the chill off December for *Playboy* readers.

HOT SEAT

Push those pedals and the world turns; his $6000 Orbicycle, sculptor Ted Rosenthal says, "combines exercise and sexual stimulation" for those who are "busy, oversexed or on the run."

A WALKER ON THE WILD SIDE

An omitted area code (213) caused phone snafus, but callers who try to ring this billboard beauty get a provocative message about where and how she drinks Johnnie Walker. Similar ads featured men; the response doubled company expectations.

DRUG BUST

Acting on an anonymous tip, Greenwich, Connecticut, police stopped a car and arrested a male passenger after finding more than 125 vials of crack stuffed into the bra and panties that he was wearing.

MR. MOM

After his death at 74, jazz musician Billy Tipton (in center of his trio, above) was revealed to be female—to the surprise of his/her fellow musicians, not to mention his/her three adopted sons.

KISS 'N' SELL, OR OH, SHUT UP!

Confessional volumes litter bookstores as celebs churn out memoirs. Shelley Winters says Marilyn Monroe washed lettuce with Brillo. Klaus Kinski got V.D. more often than others get colds. Sammy Davis Jr. dug porn stars. Roseanne Barr recalls teen sex. Cyndy Garvey finds a sexy secretary and a sofa bed in hubby Steve's office. And Andy tattles on *everybody*, but you have to read the book to get the low-down on the dirt the late artist dishes out: *The Andy Warhol Diaries* were published minus index.

PEPSI DEGENERATION?

Right-wing cleric Donald Wildmon, threatening boycott, got Pepsi to pull its Madonna commercials because he found her *Like a Prayer* video "repugnant to all Christians."

SAYONARA, SOUSUKE-SAN

Japan's first political sex scandal helped topple Prime Minister Sousuke Uno from office when former geisha Mitsuko Nakanishi went public with her story of a five-month affair with the politico, during which he failed to show her proper respect as her patron.

VIC, DIDJA READ THE CARE LABEL?

Victor Skrebneski has shot so many Chicago International Film Festival posters that his prop T-shirt is reduced to a rag. For the fest's 25th, here's his nudest yet.

TORI! TORI! TORI!

We've lost count of porn superstar Tori Welles's credits, but they include such titles as *Night Trips*, *The Chameleon*, *The Outlaw*, *The Invisible Girl* and (inset, with Joey Silvera) *Coming of Age*.

BREAKING UP REQUIRES A YARDSTICK

Olympic diving champion Greg Louganis (above left) tried to evict housemate/manager Jim Babbitt, citing fear of possibly embarrassing revelations. The judge let Jim stay—at a 500-foot distance.

HOT SKY

(continued from page 94)

"He glanced at the print-out again. Urgent, it said. Matter of life and death. Shit."

Caskie's just picked up a message. Some sort of S O S." She handed Carter a narrow strip of yellow radio tape with a couple of lines of bright-red thermoprint typing on it. The words came up at him like a hand reaching out of the deck. He read them out loud.

"CAN YOU HELP US TROUBLE ON SHIP MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH URGENT YOU COME ABOARD SOONEST

"KOVALCIK, ACTING CAPTAIN, CALAMARI MARU"

"What the fuck?" Carter said. "Calamari Maru? Is it a ship or a squid?"

Rennett didn't crack a smile. "We ran a check on the registry. It's owned out of Vancouver by Kyocera-Merck. The listed captain is Amiel Kohlberg, a German. Nothing about any Kovalcik."

"Doesn't sound like a berg trawler."

"It's a squid ship, Cap'n," she said, voice flat with a sharp edge of contempt on it. As if he didn't know what a squid ship was. He let it pass. It always struck him as funny, the way anybody who had two days' more experience at sea than he did treated him like a greenhorn.

He glanced at the print-out again. *Urgent*, it said. *Matter of life and death*. Shit. Shit, shit, shit.

The idea of dropping everything to deal with the problems of some strange ship didn't sit well with him. He wasn't paid to help other captains out, especially Kyocera-Merck captains. Samurai Industries wasn't fond of K-M these days. Something about the Gobi reclamation contract, industrial espionage, some crap like that. Besides, he had a berg to deal with. He didn't need any other distractions just now.

And then, too, he felt an edgy little burst of suspicion drifting up from the basement of his soul, a tweak of wariness. Going aboard another ship out here, you were about as vulnerable as you could be. Ten years in corporate life had taught him caution.

But he also knew you could carry caution too far. It didn't feel good to him to turn his back on a ship that had said it was in trouble. Maybe the ancient laws of the sea, as well as every other vestige of what used to be common decency, were inoperative concepts here in this troubled, heat-plagued year of 2133, but he still wasn't completely beyond feeling things like guilt and shame. Besides, he thought, what goes around comes around. You ignore the other guy when he asks for help, you might just be setting yourself up for a little of the same later on.

They were all watching him—Rennett, Nakata, Hitchcock.

Hitchcock said, "What you gonna do, Cap'n? Gonna go across to 'em?" A gleam in his eye, a snaggly, mischievous grin on his face.

What a pain in the ass, Carter thought. He gave the older man a murderous look and said, "So you think it's legit?"

Hitchcock shrugged blandly. "Not for me to say. You the cap'n, man. All I know is, they say they in trouble, they say they need our help."

Hitchcock's gaze was steady, remote, noncommittal. His blocky shoulders seemed to reach from wall to wall. "They calling for help, Cap'n. Ship wants help, you give help, that's what I always believe, all my years at sea. Of course, maybe it different now."

Carter found himself wishing he'd never let Hitchcock come aboard. But screw it. He'd go over there and see what was what. He had no choice, never really had.

To Rennett he said, "Tell Caskie to let this Kovalcik know that we're heading for the berg to get claiming hooks into it. That'll take about an hour and a half. And after that, we have to get it mirrored and skirted. While that's going on, I'll go over and find out what his problem is."

"Got it," Rennett said and went below.

New berg visuals had come in while they were talking. For the first time now, Carter could see the erosion grooves at the water line on the berg's upwind side, the undercutting, the easily fractured overhangings that were starting to form. The undercutting didn't necessarily mean the berg was going to flip over—that rarely happened with big dry-dock bergs like this—but they'd be in for some lousy oscillations, a lot of rolling and heaving, choppy seas, a general pisser all around. The day was turning very ugly very fast.

"Jesus," Carter said, pushing the visuals across to Nakata. "Take a look at these."

"No problem. We got to put our hooks on the lee side, that's all."

"Yeah. Sounds good." He made it seem simple. Carter managed a grin.

•

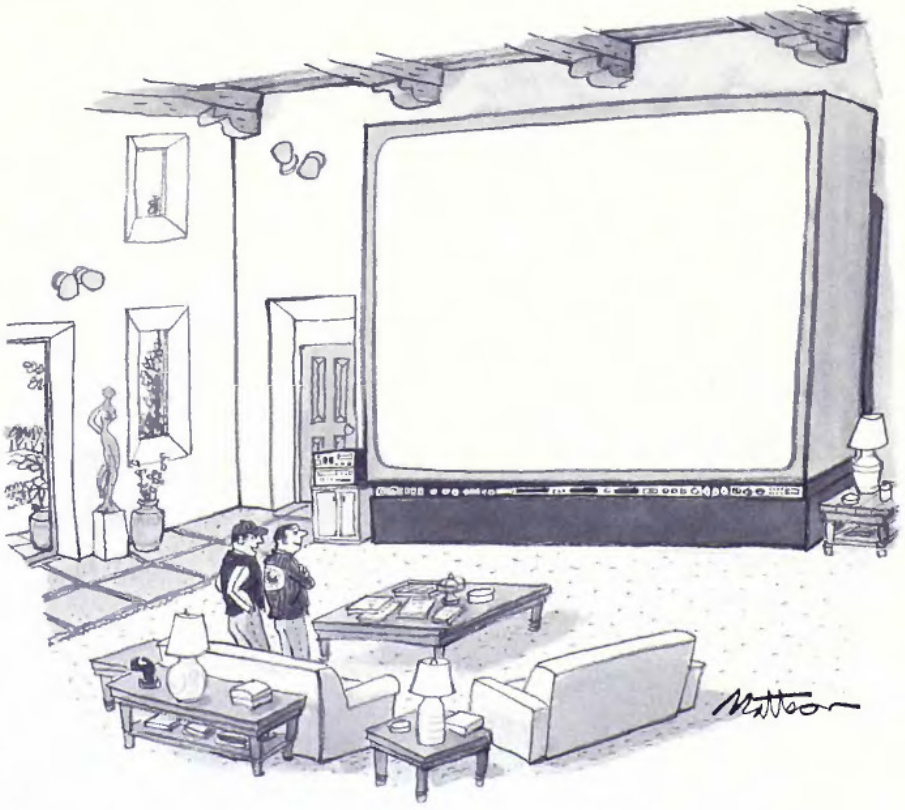
The far side of the berg was a straight high wall, a supreme white cliff as smooth as porcelain that was easily 100 meters high, with a wicked tongue of ice jutting out about 40 meters into the sea like a breakwater. That was what the Calamari Maru was using it for, too. The squid ship rode at anchor just inside that tongue.

Carter signaled to Nakata, who was standing way down fore by his control console.

"Hooks away!" Carter called. "Sharp! Sharp!"

There came the groaning sound of the grapple-hatch opening and the deep rumbling of the hook gimbals. Somewhere deep in the belly of the ship, immense mechanisms were swinging around, moving into position. The berg sat motionless in the calm sea.

Then the entire ship shivered as the first hook came shooting up into view. It hovered overhead, a tremendous taloned



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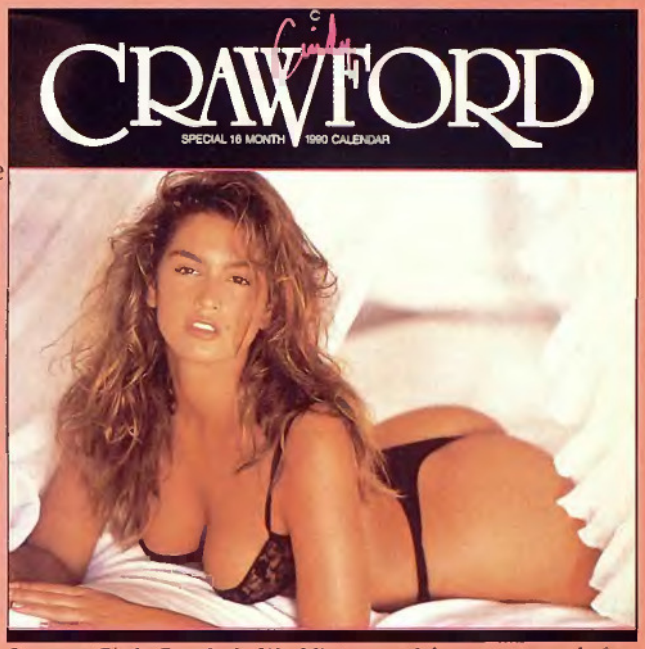

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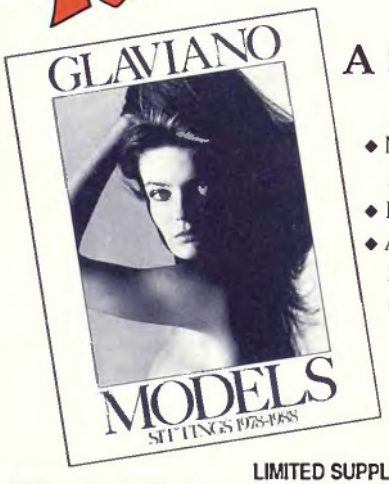

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thing filling half the sky, black against the shining brightness of the air. Nakata hit the keys again, and the hook, having reached the apex of its curve, spun downward with slashing force, heading for the breast of the berg.

It hit and dug and held. The berg recoiled, quivered, rocked. The shower of loose ice came tumbling off the upper ledges. As the impact of the hooking was transmitted to the vast hidden mass of the berg undersea, the entire thing bowed forward a little farther than Carter had been expecting, making a nasty sucking noise against the water, and when it pulled back again, a geyser came spuming up about 20 meters.

Down by the bow, Nakata was making his I-got-you gesture at the berg, the middle finger rising high.

A cold wind was blowing from the berg now. It was like the exhalation of some huge wounded beast, an aroma of ancient times, a fossil-breath wind.

They moved on a little farther along the berg's flank.

"Hook two," Carter told him.

The berg was almost stable again now. Carter, watching from his viewing tower by the aft rail, waited for the rush of pleasure and relief that came from a successful claiming, but this time it wasn't there. All he felt was impatience, an eagerness to get all four hooks in and start chugging on back to the Golden Gate.

The second hook flew aloft, hovered, plunged, struck, bit.

A second time, the berg slammed the water, and a second time, the sea jumped and shook. Carter had just a moment to catch a glimpse of the other ship popping around like a floating cork and wondered if that ice tongue they found so cozy were going to break off and sink them. It would have been smarter of the Calamari Maru to anchor somewhere else. But to hell with them. They'd been warned.

The third hook was easier.

"Four," Carter called. One last time, a grappling iron flew through the air, whipping off at a steep angle to catch the far side of the berg over the top, and then they had it, the entire monstrous floating island of ice snaffled and trussed.

•

Toward sunset, Carter left Hitchcock in charge of the trawler and went over to the Calamari Maru in the sleek little silvery kayak that they used as the ship's boat. He took Rennett with him.

The stink of the other ship reached his nostrils long before he went scrambling up the gleaming woven-monofilament ladder that they had thrown over the side for him: a bitter, acrid reek, a miasma so dense that it was almost visible. Breathing it was something like inhaling all of Cleveland in a single snort. Carter wished he'd worn a facelung. But who expected to need one out at sea, where you were supposed to be able to breathe reasonably decent air?

The Calamari Maru didn't look too good, either. At one quick glance, he picked up a sense of general neglect and slovenliness: black stains on the deck, swirls of dust everywhere, some nasty rust-colored patches of ozone attack that needed work. The reek, though, came from the squids themselves.

The heart of the ship was a vast tank, a huge squid-peeling factory occupying the entire mid-deck. Carter had been on one once before, long ago, when he was a trainee. Samurai Industries ran dozens of them. He looked down into the tank and saw battalions of hefty squids swimming in herds, big-eyed pearly phantoms, scores of them shifting direction suddenly and simultaneously in their squiddy way. Glittering mechanical flails moved among them, seizing and slicing, cutting out the nerve tissue, flushing the edible remainder toward the meat-packing facility. The stench was astonishing. The entire thing was a tremendous processing machine. With the one-time farming heartland of North America and temperate Europe now worthless desert, and the world dependent on the thin, rocky soil of northern Canada and Siberia for its crops, harvesting the sea was essential. But the smell was awful. He fought to keep from gagging.

"You get used to it," said the woman who greeted him when he clambered aboard. "Five minutes, you won't notice."

"Let's hope so," he said. "I'm Captain Carter, and this is Rennett, maintenance/ops. Where's Kovalcik?"

"I'm Kovalcik," the woman said.

His eyes widened. She seemed to be amused by his reaction.

Kovalcik was rugged and sturdy-looking, more than average height, strong cheekbones, eyes set very far apart, expression very cool and controlled, but strain evident behind the control. She was wearing a sacklike jump suit of some coarse gray fabric. About 30, Carter guessed. Her hair was black and close-cropped and her skin was fair, strangely fair, hardly any trace of Screen showing. He saw signs of sun damage, signs of ozone, crackly, red splotches of burn. Two members of her crew stood behind her, also women, also jump-suited, also oddly fair-skinned. Their skin didn't look so good, either.

Kovalcik said, "We are very grateful you came. There is bad trouble on this ship." Her voice was flat. She had just a trace of a European accent, hard to place.

"We'll help out if we can," Carter told her.

He became aware now that they had carved a chunk out of his berg and grappled it up onto the deck, where it was melting into three big aluminum runoff tanks. It couldn't have been a millionth of the total berg mass, not a ten millionth, but seeing it gave him a quick little stab of proprietary fury and he felt a muscle flicker in his cheek. That reaction didn't go unnoticed, either. Kovalcik said quickly, "Yes, water is one of our problems. We have had to replenish our supply this way. There have been some equipment failures lately. You will come to the captain's cabin now? We must talk of what has happened, what must now be done."

She led him down the deck, with Rennett and the two crew women following along behind.

The Calamari Maru was pretty impressive. It was big and long and sleek, built somewhat along the lines of a squid itself, a jet-propulsion job that gobbled water into colossal compressors and squirted it out behind. That was one of the many low-fuel solutions to maritime transport problems that had been worked out for the sake of keeping CO_2 output down in these difficult times. Immense things like flying buttresses ran down the deck on both sides. These, Kovalcik explained, were squid lures, covered with bioluminescent photophores: You lowered them into the water and they gave off light that mimicked the glow of the squids' own bodies, and the slithery tentacular buggers came jetting in from vast distances, expecting a great jamboree and getting a net instead.

"Some butchering operation you got here," Carter said.

Kovalcik said a little curtly, "Meat is not all we produce. The squids we catch here have value as food, of course, but also we strip the nerve fibers, we take them back to the mainland, they are used in all kinds of biosensor applications. They are very large, those fibers, a hundred times as thick as ours. They are like single-cell computers. You have a thousand processors aboard your ship that use squid fiber, do you know? Follow me, please. This way."

They went down a ramp, along a narrow companionway. Carter heard thumpings and pingings in the walls. A bulkhead was dented and badly scratched. The lights down here were dimmer than they ought to be and the fixtures hummed ominously. There was a new odor now, a tang of something chemical, sweet but not a pleasing kind of sweet, more a burnt kind of sweet than anything else, cutting sharply across the boom of drums. Rennett shot him a somber glance. This ship was a mess, all right.

"Captain's cabin is here," Kovalcik said, pushing back a door hanging askew on its hinges. "We have drink first, yes?"

The size of the cabin amazed Carter after all those weeks bottled up in his little hole on the Tonopah Maru. It looked as big as a gymnasium. There was a table, a desk, shelving, a comfortable bunk, a sanitary unit, even an entertainment screen, everything nicely spread out with actual floor space you could move around in. The screen had been kicked in. Kovalcik took a flask of Peruvian brandy from a cabinet. Carter nodded and she poured three stiff ones. They drank in silence. The squid odor wasn't so bad in here, or else he was getting used to it, just as she'd said. But the air was rank and close despite the spaciousness of the cabin, thick, soupy stuff that was a struggle to breathe. Something's

wrong with the ventilating system, too, Carter thought.

"You see the trouble we have," said Kovalcik.

"I see there's been trouble, yes."

"You don't see half. You should see command room, too. Here, have more brandy, then I take you there."

"Never mind the brandy," Carter said. "How about telling me what the hell's been going on aboard this ship?"

"First come see command room," Kovalcik said.

•

The command room was one level down from the captain's cabin. It was an absolute wreck.

The place was all but burned out. There were laser scars on every surface and gaping wounds in the structural fabric of the ceiling. Glittering strings of program cores were hanging out of data cabinets like broken necklaces, like spilled guts. Everywhere there were signs of some terrible struggle, some monstrous, insane civil war that had raged through the most delicate regions of the ship's mind centers.

"It is all ruined," Kovalcik said. "Nothing works anymore except the squid-processing programs, and as you see, those work magnificently, going on and on, the nets and flails and cutters and so forth. But everything else is damaged. Our water synthesizer, the ventilators, our navigational equipment, much more. We are making repairs, but it is very slow."

"I can imagine it would be. You had yourselves one hell of a party here, huh?"

"There was a great struggle. From deck to deck, from cabin to cabin. It became necessary to place Captain Kohlberg under restraint and he and some of the other officers resisted."

Carter blinked and caught his breath short at that. "What the fuck are you saying? That you had a *mutiny* aboard this ship?"

For a moment, the charged word hung between them like a whirling sword.

Then Kovalcik said, voice flat as ever, "When we had been at sea for a while, the captain became like a crazy man. It was the heat that got to him, the sun, maybe the air. He began to ask impossible things. He would not listen to reason. And so he had to be removed from command for the safety of all. There was a meeting and he was put under restraint. Some of his officers objected and they had to be put under restraint, too."

Son of a bitch, Carter thought, feeling a little sick. What have I walked into here?

"Sounds just like mutiny to me," Rennett said.

Carter shushed her. This had to be handled delicately. To Kovalcik he said, "They're still alive, the captain, the officers?"

"Yes. I can show them to you."

"That would be a good idea. But first maybe you ought to tell me some more

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about these grievances you had."

"That doesn't matter now, does it?"

"To me it does. I need to know what you think justifies removing a captain."

She began to look a little annoyed. "There were many things, some big, some small. Work schedules, crew pairings, the food allotment. Everything worse and worse for us each week. Like a tyrant, he was. A Caesar. Not at first, but gradually, the change in him. It was sun poisoning he had, the craziness that comes from too much heat on the brain. He was afraid to use very much Screen, you see, afraid that we would run out before the end of the voyage, so he rationed it very tightly, for himself, for us, too. That was one of our biggest troubles, the Screen." Kovalcik touched her cheeks, her forearms, her wrists, where the skin was pink and raw. "You see how I look? We are all like that. Kohlberg cut us to half ration, then half that. The sun began to eat us. The ozone. We had no protection, do you see? He was so frightened there would be no Screen later on that he let us use only a small amount every day, and we suffered, and so did he, and he got crazier as the sun worked on him, and there was less Screen all the time. He had it hidden, I think. We have not found it yet. We are still on quarter ration."

Carter tried to imagine what that was like, sailing around under the ferocious sky without body armor. The daily injections withheld, the unshielded skin of these people exposed to the full fury of the greenhouse climate. Could Kohlberg really have been so stupid, or so loony? But there was no getting around the raw pink patches on Kovalcik's skin.

"You'd like us to let you have a supply of Screen, is that it?" he asked uneasily.

"No. We would not expect that of you. Sooner or later, we will find where Kohlberg has hidden it."

"Then what is it you *do* want?"

"Come," Kovalcik said. "Now I show you the officers."

•

The mutineers had stashed their prisoners in the ship's infirmary, a stark, humid room far below deck with three double rows of bunks along the wall and some nonfunctioning medical mechs between them. Each of the bunks but one held a sweat-shiny man with a week's growth of beard. They were conscious, but not very. Their wrists were tied.

"It is very disagreeable for us, keeping them like this," Kolvacik said. "But what can we do? This is Captain Kohlberg." He was heavy-set, Teutonic-looking, groggy-eyed. "He is calm now, but only because we sedate him. We sedate all of them, fifty c.c.s of omnipax. But it is a threat to their health, the constant sedation. And in any case, the drugs, we are running short. Another few days and then we will have none, and it will be harder to keep them restrained, and if they break free, there will be war on this ship again."

"I'm not sure if we have any omnipax on board," Carter said. "Certainly not enough to do you much good for long."

"That is not what we are asking, either," said Kovalcik.

"What *are* you asking, then?"

"These five men, they threaten everybody's safety. They have forfeited the right to command. This I could show, with playbacks of the time of struggle on this ship. Take them."

"What?"

"Take them onto your ship. They must not stay here. These are crazy men. We must rid ourselves of them. We must be left to repair our ship in peace and do the work we are paid to do. It is a humanitarian thing, taking them. You are going back to San Francisco with the iceberg? Take them, these troublemakers. They will be no danger to you. They will be grateful for being rescued. But here they are like bombs that must sooner or later go off."

Carter looked at her as if she were a bomb that had already gone off. Rennett had simply turned away, covering what sounded like a burst of hysterical laughter by forcing a coughing fit.

That was all he needed, making himself an accomplice in this thing, obligingly picking up a bunch of officers pushed off their ship by mutineers. Kyocera-Merck men at that. Aid and succor to the great corporate enemy? The Samurai Industries agent in Frisco would really love it when he came steaming into port with five K-M men on board. He'd especially want to hear that Carter had done it for humanitarian reasons.

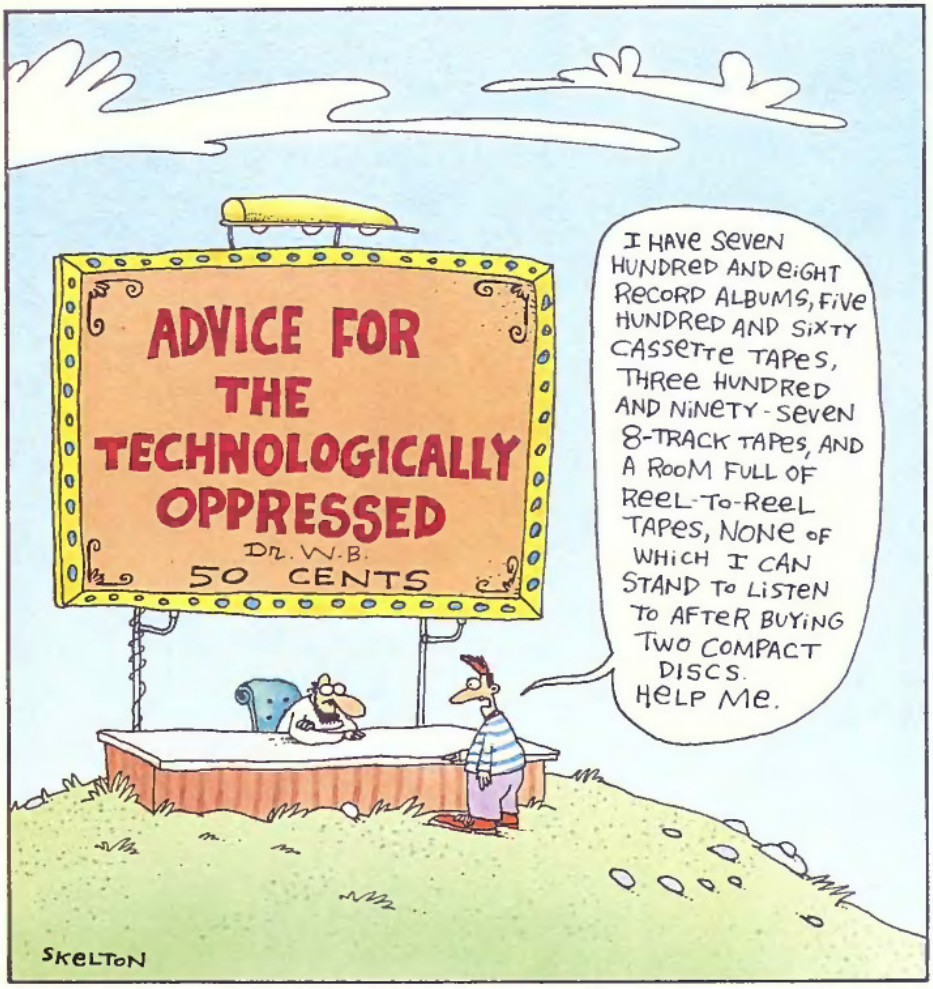
Besides, where the fuck were these men going to sleep? On deck between the spigots? Should he pitch a tent on the iceberg, maybe? What about feeding them, for Christ's sake? What about Screen? Everything was calibrated down to the last molecule.

"I don't think you understand our situation," Carter said carefully. "Aside from the legalities of the thing, we've got no space for extra personnel. We barely have enough for us."

"It would be just for a short while, no? A week or two?"

"I tell you we've got every millimeter allotted. If God Himself wanted to come on board as a passenger, we'd have a tough time figuring out where to put Him. You want technical help patching your ship back together, we can try to do that. We can even let you have some supplies. But taking five men aboard——"

Kovalcik's eyes began to look a little wild. She was breathing very hard now. "You must do this for us! You must! Otherwise——"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"Otherwise?" Carter prompted.

All he got from her was a bleak stare, no friendlier than the green-streaked ozone-crisp sky.

"*Hilfe*," Kohlberg muttered just then, stirring unexpectedly in his bunk.

"What was that?"

"It is delirium," said Kovalcik.

"*Hilfe. Hilfe. In Gottes Namen, hilfe!*" And then, in thickly accented English, the words painfully framed: "Help. She will kill us all."

"Delirium?" Carter said.

Kovalcik's eyes grew even chillier. Drawing an ultrasonic syringe from a cabinet in the wall, she slapped it against Kohlberg's arm. There was a small buzzing sound. Kohlberg subsided into sleep. Snuffling snores rose from his bunk. Kovalcik smiled. She seemed to be recovering her self-control. "He is a madman. You see what my skin is like. What his madness has done to me, has done to every one of us. If he got loose, if he put the voyage in jeopardy—yes, yes, we would kill him. We would kill them all. It would be only self-defense, you understand me? But it must not come to that." Her voice was icy. You could air-condition an entire city with that voice. "You were not here during the trouble. You do not know what we went through. We will not go through it again. Take these men from us, Captain."

She stepped back, folding her arms across her chest. The room was very quiet, suddenly, except for the pingings and thumpings from the ship's interior and an occasional snore out of Kohlberg. Kovalcik was completely calm again, the ferocity and iciness no longer visible. As though she were simply telling him, "This is the situation, the ball is now in your court, Captain Carter."

What a stinking, squalid mess, Carter thought.

But he was startled to find, when he looked behind the irritation he felt at having been dragged into this, a curious sadness where he would have expected anger to be. Despite everything, he found himself flooded with surprising compassion for Kovalcik, for Kohlberg, for all of them, for the whole fucking poisoned, heat-blighted world. Who had asked for any of this—the heavy green sky, the fiery air, the daily need for Screen, the million frantic improvisations that made continued life on earth possible? Not us. Our great-great-grandparents had, maybe, but not us. Only they're not here to know what it's like, and we are.

Then the moment passed. What the hell could he do? Did Kovalcik think he was Jesus Christ? He had no room for these people. He had no extra Screen or food. In any case, this was none of his business. And San Francisco was waiting for its iceberg. It was time to move along. Tell her anything, just get out of here.

"All right," he said. "I see your problem. I'm not entirely sure I can help out, but I'll do what I can. I'll check our supplies and let you know what we're able to do. OK?"

•

Hitchcock said, "What I think, Cap'n, we ought to just take hold of them. Nakata can put a couple of his spare hooks into them, and we'll tow them into Frisco along with the berg."

"Hold on," Carter said. "Are you out of your mind? I'm no fucking pirate."

"Who's talking about piracy? It's our obligation. We got to turn them in, man, is how I see it. They're mutineers."

"I'm not a policeman, either," Carter retorted. "They want to have a mutiny, let them goddamn go and mutiny. I have a job to do. I just want to get that berg moving east. Without hauling a shipload of crazies along. Don't even think I'm going to make some kind of civil arrest of them. Don't even consider it for an instant, Hitchcock."

Mildly, Hitchcock said, "You know, we used to take this sort of thing seriously, once upon a time. You know what I mean, man? We wouldn't just look the other way."

"You don't understand," Carter said. Hitchcock gave him a sharp, scornful look. "No. Listen to me," Carter snapped. "That ship's nothing but trouble. The woman who runs it, she's something you don't want to be very close to. We'd have to put her in chains if we tried to take her in, and taking her isn't as easy as you seem to think, either. There's five of us and I don't know how many of them. And that's a Kyocera-Merck ship there. Samurai isn't paying us to pull K-M's chestnuts out of the fire."

It was late morning now. The sun was getting close to noon height, and the sky was brighter than ever, fiercely hot, with some swirls of lavender and green far overhead, vagrant wisps of greenhouse garbage that must have drifted west from the noxious high-pressure air that sat perpetually over the mid-section of the United States. Carter imagined he could detect a whiff of methane in the breeze. Just across the way was the berg, shining like polished marble, shedding water hour by hour as the mounting heat worked it over. Back in San Francisco, they were brushing the dust out of the empty reservoirs. Time to be moving along, yes. Kovalcik and Kohlberg would have to work out their problems without him. He didn't feel good about that, but there were a lot of things he didn't feel good about, and he wasn't able to fix those, either.

"You said she's going to kill those five guys," Caskie said. The communications operator was small and slight, glossy black hair and lots of it, no bare scalp for her. "Does she mean it?"

Carter shrugged. "A bluff, most likely. She looks tough, but I'm not sure she's that tough."

"I don't agree," Rennett said. "She wants to get rid of those men in the worst way."

"You think?"

"I think that what they were doing anchored by the berg was getting ready to maroon them on it. Only we came along,

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and we're going to tow the berg away, and that screwed up the plan. So now she wants to give them to us instead. We don't take them, she'll just dump them over the side soon as we're gone."

"Even though we know the score?"

"She'll say they broke loose and jumped into the ship's boat and escaped, and she doesn't know where the hell they went. Who's to say otherwise?"

Carter stared gloomily. Yes, he thought, who's to say otherwise?

"The berg's melting while we screw around," Hitchcock said. "What'll it be, Cap'n? We sit here and discuss some more? Or we pull up and head for Frisco?"

"My vote's for taking them on board," said Nakata.

"I don't remember calling for a vote," Carter said. "We've got no room for five more hands. Not for anybody. We're packed as tight as we can possibly get. Living on this ship is like living in a rowboat, as it is." He was starting to feel rage rise in him. This business was getting too tangled: legal issues, humanitarian issues, a lot of messy stuff. The simple reality underneath it all was that he couldn't take on passengers, no matter what the reason.

And Hitchcock was right. The berg was losing water every minute. Even from here, bare eyes alone, he could see erosion going on, the dripping, the carving. The oscillations were picking up, the big icy thing rocking gently back and forth as its stability at water line got nibbled away. Later on, the oscillations wouldn't be so gentle. They had to get that berg sprayed with mirror dust and wrapped with a plastic skirt at the water line to slow down wave erosion and start moving. San Francisco was paying him to bring home an iceberg, not a handful of slush.

Rennett called. She had wandered up into the observation rack above them and was shading her eyes, looking across the water. "They've put out a boat, Cap'n."

"No," he said. "Son of a bitch!"

He grabbed for his 6 x 30 spyglass. A boat, sure enough, a hydrofoil dinghy. It looked full: three, four, five. He hit the switch for biosensor boost and the squid fiber in the spyglass went to work for him. The image blossomed, high resolution. Five men. He recognized Kohlberg sitting slumped in front.

"Shit," he said. "She's sending them over to us. Just dumping them on us."

"If we doubled up somehow——" Nakata began, smiling hopefully.

"One more word out of you and I'll double *you* up," said Carter. He turned to Hitchcock, who had one hand clamped meditatively over the lower half of his face, pushing his nose back and forth and scratching around in his thick white stubble. "Break out some lasers," Carter said. "Defensive use only. Just in case. Hitchcock, you and Rennett get out there in the kayak and escort those men back to the squid ship. If they aren't conscious, tow them over to it. If they are, and they don't want to go back, invite them very firmly to go back, and if they don't like the invitation, put a couple of holes through the side of their boat and get the hell back here fast. You understand me?"

Hitchcock nodded stonily. "Sure, man. Sure."

•

Carter watched the entire thing from the blister dome at the stern, wondering whether he were going to have a mutiny of his own on his hands now, too. But no. No. Hitchcock and Rennett kayaked out along the edge of the berg until they came up beside the dinghy from the Calamari Maru, and there was a brief discussion, very brief, Hitchcock doing the talking and Rennett holding a laser rifle in a casual but businesslike way. The five castoffs from the squid ship seemed more or less awake. They pointed and gestured and threw up their arms in despair. But Hitchcock kept talking and Rennett kept stroking the laser and the men in the dinghy looked more and more dejected by the moment. Then the discussion broke up and the kayak headed back toward the Tonopah Maru, and the men in the dinghy sat where they were, no doubt trying to figure out their next move.

Hitchcock said, coming on board, "This is bad business, man. That captain, he say the woman just took the ship away from him, on account of she wanted him to let them all have extra shots of Screen and he didn't give it. There wasn't enough to let her have so much, is what he said. I feel real bad, man."

"So do I," said Carter. "Believe me."

"I learn a long time ago," Hitchcock said, "when a man say, 'Believe me,' that's the one thing I shouldn't do."

"Fuck you," Carter said. "You think I *wanted* to strand them? But we have no choice. Let them go back to their own ship. She won't kill them. All they have to do is let her do what she wants to do and they'll come out of it OK. She can put them off on some island somewhere, Hawaii, maybe. But if they come with us, we'll be in deep shit all the way back to Frisco."

Hitchcock nodded. "Yeah. We may be in deep shit already."

"What you say?"

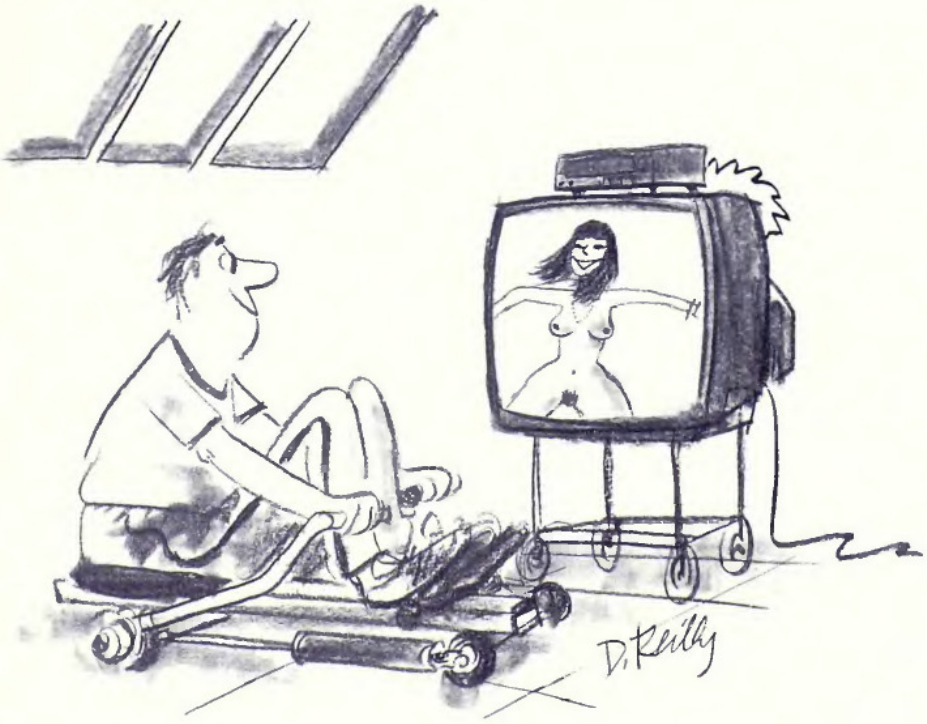
"Look at the berg," Hitchcock said. "At water line. It's getting real carved up."

Carter scooped up his glass and kicked in the biosensor boost. He scanned the berg. It didn't look good. The heat was working it over very diligently.

This was the hottest day since they'd entered these waters. The sun seemed to be getting bigger every minute. There was a nasty magnetic crackling coming out of the sky, as if the atmosphere itself were getting ionized as it baked. And the berg was starting to wobble. Carter saw the oscillations plainly, those horizontal grooves filling with water, the sea not so calm now as sky/ocean heat differentials began to build up and conflicting currents came slicing in.

"Son of a bitch," Carter said. "That settles it. We got to get moving right now."

There was still plenty to do. Carter gave



"OK, big guy—let's see how high we can get that heart rate. . . ."

the word and the mirror-dust spigots went into operation, cannoning shining clouds of powdered metal over the exposed surface of the berg, and probably all over the squid ship and the dinghy, too. It took half an hour to do the job. The squid ship was still roughening, the belly was lolloping around in a mean way. But Carter knew there was a gigantic base down there out of sight, enough to hold it steady until they could get under way, he hoped.

"Let's get the skirt on it now," he said.

A tricky procedure, nozzles at the ship's water line extruding a thermoplastic spray that would coat the berg just where it was most vulnerable to wave erosion. The hard part came in managing the extensions of the cables linking the hooks to the ship so they could maneuver around the berg. But Nakata was an ace at that. They pulled up anchor and started around the far side. The mirror-dusted berg was dazzling, a tremendous mountain of white light.

"I don't like that wobble," Hitchcock said.

"Won't matter a damn once we're under way," said Carter.

The heat was like a hammer now, pounding the dark, cool surface of the water, mixing up the thermal layers, stirring up the currents, getting everything churned around. They had waited just a little too long to get started. The berg, badly undercut, was doing a big sway to windward, bowing like one of those round-bottomed Japanese dolls, then swaying back again. God only knew what kind of sea action the squid ship was getting, but Carter couldn't see it from this side of the berg. He kept on moving, circling the berg to the full extension of the hook cables, then circling back the way he'd come.

When they got around to leeward again, he saw what kind of sea action the squid ship had been getting. It was swamped. The ice tongue it had been anchored next to had come rising up out of the sea and kicked it like a giant foot.

"Jesus Christ," Hitchcock murmured, standing beside him. "Will you look at that. The damn fools just sat there all the time."

The Calamari Maru was shipping water like crazy and starting to go down. The sea was boiling with an armada of newly liberated squid, swiftly propelling themselves in all directions, heading anywhere else at top speed. Three dinghies were bobbing around in the water in the shadow of the berg.

"Will you look at that," Hitchcock said again.

"Start the engines," Carter told him. "Let's get the fuck out of here."

Hitchcock stared at him, disbelievingly.

"You mean that, Cap'n? You really mean that?"

"I goddamn well do."

"Shit," said Hitchcock. "This fucking lousy world."

"Go on. Get 'em started."

"You actually going to leave three boats full of people from a sinking ship sitting out there in the water?"

"Yeah. You got it. Now start the engines, will you?"

"That's too much," Hitchcock said softly, shaking his head in a big slow swing. "Too goddamn much."

He made a sound like a wounded buffalo and took two or three shambling steps toward Carter, his arms dangling loosely, his hand half cupped. Hitchcock's eyes were slitted and his face looked oddly puffy. He loomed above Carter, wheezing and muttering, a dark, massive slab of a man. Half as big as the iceberg out there was how he looked just then.

Oh, shit, Carter thought. Here it comes. My very own mutiny, right now.

Hitchcock rumbled and muttered and closed his hands into fists. Exasperation tinged with fear swept through Carter and he brought his arm up without even stopping to think, hitting Hitchcock hard, a short fast jab in the mouth that rocked the older man's head back sharply and sent him reeling against the rail. Hitchcock slammed into it and bounced. For a moment, it looked as if he'd fall, but he managed to steady himself. A kind of sobbing sound, but not quite a sob, more of a grunt, came from him. A bright dribble of blood sprouted on his white-stubbled chin.

For a moment, Hitchcock seemed dazed. Then his eyes came back into focus and he looked at Carter in amazement.

"I wasn't going to hit you, Cap'n," he said, blinking hard. There was a soft, stunned quality to his voice. "Nobody ever hits a cap'n, not ever. Not *ever*. You know that, Cap'n."

"I told you to start the engines."

"You hit me, Cap'n. What the hell you hit me for?"

"You started to come at me, didn't you?" Carter said.

Hitchcock's shining bloodshot eyes were immense in his Screen-blackened face. "You think I was *coming* at you? Oh, Cap'n! Oh, Jesus, Cap'n. Jesus!" He shook his head and wiped at the blood. Carter saw that he was bleeding, too, at the knuckle, where he'd hit a tooth. Hitchcock continued to stare at him, the way you might stare at a dinosaur that had just stepped out of the forest. Then his look of astonishment softened into something else—sadness, maybe. Or was it pity? Pity would be even worse, Carter thought. A whole lot worse.

"Cap'n——" Hitchcock began, his voice hoarse and thick.

"Don't say it. Just go and get the engines started."

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah, man."

He went slouching off, rubbing at his lip.

"Caskie's picking up an autobuoy S O S," Rennett called from somewhere updeck.

"Nix," Carter yelled back furiously. "We

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can't do it."

"What?"

"There's no fucking room for them," Carter said. His voice was as sharp as an icicle. "Nix. Nix."

He lifted his spyglass again and took another look toward the oncoming dinghies. Chugging along hard, they were, but having heavy weather of it in the turbulent water. He looked quickly away before he could make out faces. The berg, shining like fire, was still oscillating. He thought of the hot winds sweeping across the continent to the east, sweeping all around the belly of the world, the dry, rainless winds that forever sucked up what little moisture could still be found. It was almost a shame to have to go back there. Like returning to hell after a little holiday at sea, is how it felt. It was worst in the middle latitudes, the temperate zone, once so fertile. Rain almost never fell at all there now. The dying forests, the new grasslands taking over, deserts where even the grass couldn't make it, the polar ice packs crumbling, the lowlands drowning everywhere, dead buildings sticking up out of the sea, vines sprouting on freeways, the alligators moving northward. This fucking lousy world, Hitchcock had said. Yeah. This berg here, this oversized ice cube, how many days' water supply would that be for San Francisco? Ten? Fifteen?

He turned. They were staring at him—Nakata, Rennett, Caskie, everybody but Hitchcock, who was on the bridge setting up the engine combination.

"This never happened," Carter told them. "None of this. We never saw anybody else out here. Not anybody. You got that? *This never happened.*"

They nodded, one by one.

There was a quick shiver down below as the tiny sun in the engine room, the little fusion sphere, came to full power. With a groan, the engine kicked in at high. The ship started to move away, out of the zone of dark water, toward the bluer sea just ahead. Off they went, pulling eastward as fast as they could, trying to make time ahead of the melt rate. It was afternoon now. Behind them, the other sun, the real one, lighted up the sky with screaming fury as it headed off into the west. That was good, to have the sun going one way as you were going the other.

Carter didn't look back. What for? So you can beat yourself up about something you couldn't help?

His knuckle was stinging where he had split it punching Hitchcock. He rubbed it in a distant, detached way, as if it were someone else's hand. Think east, he told himself. You're towing 2000 kilotons of million-year-old frozen water to thirsty San Francisco. Think good thoughts. Think about your bonus. Think about your next promotion. No sense looking back. You look back, all you do is hurt your eyes.

"I hope we can keep this our little secret, Herb. I really need the second income."

DWIGHT YOAKAM

(continued from page 125)

got real comfortable in them. God, I guess I must have seventeen or twenty pairs by now. I don't really have any favorites. I like these ostrich boots I'm wearing right now, and I really like my calfskins. They're all custom-made by Austin Hall in El Paso, Texas, and by Paul Bond in Nogales, Arizona. The ones I wear on stage are made from kangarooskin, and they have sterling-silver tips on 'em.

10.

PLAYBOY: Give us a tour of one of your outfits.

YOAKAM: My clothes are made by a fella named Manuel. He's Nudie's son-in-law. Nudie was a big cowboy tailor out here for probably forty years, and Manuel worked with him. Manuel has been on his own since the Seventies and continues to make clothes for every country superstar, including Hank, Jr. I've been very fortunate in dealing with him, because he sets aside his own ego and indulges mine. He sketches things I describe—the embroidery and the patterns—and by the time I'm done, we've created a jacket.

11.

PLAYBOY: What will Ralph Lauren never know about the country look?

YOAKAM: First of all, he's an astute designer. But he gets carried away with all that merchandising. I've got to commend the guy for at least picking up those elements of American style that have been abandoned by other companies. He used to make some real nice one-hundred-percent-cotton, pearl-buttoned Western shirts, but you can't buy them anymore. Unfortunately, the Western look's been cheapened by companies like H Bar C, which used to make great wool-gabardine jackets, and by Panhandle Slim. They make everything in polyester now.

There's always been a market for well-made jackets that genuinely reflect the Southwestern culture. That's why Manuel and I are going to make a line of them together. They're more traditional than the ones I wear on stage. This is the stuff cowboys might put on to go out on a Saturday night. You know, a dark-blue or khaki jacket that's piped on top in an arrowhead motif. We're calling it DY Ranch Wear.

12.

PLAYBOY: Your jeans are bleached and torn and seem to accommodate standing room only. Where do you get them?

YOAKAM: I get 'em off the rack. They're Levi's 517, size twenty-eight, thirty-six, with nothing done to them. It's the saddle-and-boot jean, what they call a slim cut. Except they don't make them long enough—I like 'em way down over the heel—so I let them out and put a false end on them. Then I just wash them over and over, hot water and hot dry. No other brand looks the

same—Levi's has a secret formula for its indigo-blue dye. Other jeans don't fade the same and their denim weight's lighter. Now, Levi's orange label and red label are different, too. The red-label jeans fit better in the yoke of the pants, in the seat and the pockets. I'm neurotic about this, if you can't tell.

Now, about those rips: The best jeans are old jeans, but they start to give out in the seat, by the pockets or in the knee. [*Puts leg on desk and examines rip in knee*] I tried *five* times to stitch over this knee. See, this is actually a patch underneath the fabric. But I don't like the look of patches. So I finally decided I wasn't going to worry about sewing up my knees anymore. It became a nuisance. Maybe it's also because the look became acceptable. Whew! If that's all you want to know about my jeans, I don't blame you!

13.

PLAYBOY: One last jeans item: We overheard one of your roadies say that they'd all be out of a job if you couldn't fit into your jeans. Is he still with you?

YOAKAM: [*Grins*] He's probably my manager.

14.

PLAYBOY: In your *Little Sister* music video, we see women in cages snarl, pace and paw at the bars. What did they do to deserve that?

YOAKAM: Well, I'll tell ya, that was a communication failure between the director, me and the people who built the props. That song has a real Sixties rhythm, and so they thought of go-go cages, the old ones that sit on pedestals. It ended up with the dancers looking more like something out of *Women in Chains*. Very odd. When we got to the set that day, I kind of raised the eyebrow and thought, We'll see how *this* ends up looking on film. Because of budget and time constraints, we couldn't just tear down the set and start all over. At least the gals who were dancing didn't object!

15.

PLAYBOY: Girls always do you wrong in your songs. Have you ever been wronged and later realized that she was right?

YOAKAM: There have been times when I've wanted to have a relationship with a woman and she hasn't, and later I realize that she was absolutely correct. We just weren't right for each other. And I guess I've been callous about my girlfriends' feelings a couple of times. One of them gave me an emotional slap in the face that I justly deserved.

16.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any favorite guitars that you play at home but never record with or take on the road?

YOAKAM: The best-sounding guitar is an early Seventies Herringbone Martin D28 that I've used the past three years of road work. It's suffered a bit, but it's still a glorious-sounding guitar. I wouldn't want to use a guitar on the road that didn't sound as good as the ones that I have at home. I've worn a hole in the finish of my Herringbone Martin by slapping rhythms on it—sometimes very hard—but I cherish it.

A good guitar that resonates properly is the most beautiful thing in the world. I have two electric and six acoustic guitars. They all have different personalities, even genders—no two sound alike—but I've never gotten to the point where I've given them names or anything.

17.

PLAYBOY: What other kinds of music do you like?

YOAKAM: Among the current groups, I've got INXS, Smithereens and a lot of Aretha Franklin tapes. I love all the Atlantic Records hits. And I love James Brown. I like the Staple Singers a lot, their early stuff, and Jimi Hendrix. I listen to Stevie Ray Vaughn. The Thunderbirds and the Georgia Satellites are favorite bands of mine. I've played with them. They're good guys and their music's real simple and straight-ahead. I like Steve Winwood's current music. And Los Lobos always makes me smile. They're very uplifting. I like early Led Zeppelin and Marvin Gaye. I've always been a Rolling Stones fan, because

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they are basically doing a raw interpretation of the blues.

18.

PLAYBOY: In Nashville, country singer Steve Earle once scrawled DWIGHT YOAKAM EATS SUSHI on an elevator door, in reaction to what he saw as a contrived country pose. What *are* your thoughts on *sushi* versus *sashimi*?

YOAKAM: *Sushi* I *hate*. I've had it *two* times in my life—the first time was just to try it and the second time was to prove that it was just as repulsive as I'd remembered. And I don't even know what *sashimi is*. . . . It's cold, dead fish, without even rice? Ugh! If somebody can't afford a stove, they ought not to be in the restaurant business.

19.

PLAYBOY: You say you've never had a drink. Have Jerry Jeff Walker, George Jones and Hank Williams, Jr., drunk your share?

YOAKAM: I'm sure they've had barrels and barrels of liquor, but I don't think that drinking heavily is a prerequisite to becoming a country singer and songwriter. It would be the same thing as expecting a blues singer to be a junkie. I'm always shocked that people take note of my abstinence. There's no moral issue involved. I don't think I'm any better for not drinking and I've never wanted to make an issue out of it. I was raised in an abstinent household and it's just carried into my adult life.

20.

PLAYBOY: In your photographs, you look a tad petulant. Tell us the secret of a good pout.

YOAKAM: That's not a conscious thing I do. In one of my first reviews, in 'Eighty-three or so, the word stoic came up all the time. And that trait had never even crossed my mind. I didn't realize I looked like that. Perhaps it's just my unconscious attempt to maintain composure. I'm not an animated person. I'm also kind of reclusive, in terms of intimacy and feelings. It's not important that everybody like me.

I've let photographers know up front that I'm not gonna be this smiling face, you know? It's just annoying to have someone you don't know tell you to smile. "I'm happy. I'm ecstatic. [*Deliberate monotone*] Right this moment, I'm delirious. I mean, if I get much happier than *this*, you'll need to put me on medication."

"That's life. You stand straight and tall and proud for a thousand years and the next thing you know, you're junk mail."

DREYFUSS

(continued from page 130)

has seen his movies; at the same time, the deeper he gets into the story, the more he seems to be a character he has yet to portray: a giddy, impassioned college professor.

"Grant, twice in his life, went from the bottom of the pit to the top of the heap," he says, fascinated by the story he's relating of a man whose father browbeat him; who was a reluctant soldier but a natural horseman; who was drummed out of the Army after the Mexican War and wound up almost destitute; who volunteered for the provisional Army when the Civil War broke out and became the most important and successful general in the Union Army; whose postwar popularity won him the Presidency twice but whose political career was tainted by scandal; who contracted throat cancer and ran a desperate race against death, working to complete his memoirs before he died so that his wife and kids wouldn't end up in the poorhouse. "He finished the book on July fourteenth, died nine days later."

The tale finished, Dreyfuss slumps back in his chair and shakes his head. "I wanna tell that story," he says quietly. "Scott Fitzgerald has this great line: 'There are no second acts in American lives.' Grant *had* a second act."

Does this sound vaguely familiar? It should. We're talking about Richard Dreyfuss, the popular personification of the second act. Aspiring actor at the age of nine, when he went to his first audition at Los Angeles' Westside Jewish Community Center. Working actor at the age of 15: plays, TV series and stuff like that sandwiched between classes at Beverly Hills High School, where his classmates included Rob Reiner and Albert Brooks. Movie star at 25: *American Graffiti*, *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, *Jaws*. Academy Award winner at 30: *The Goodbye Girl*, the same year he also starred in *Close Encounters*. Box-office flop and heavily into drugs at 35: On screen, he had *The Big Fix*, *The Competition*, *The Buddy System* and a few others; off screen, he did things such as running his Mercedes into a palm tree, flipping it over and winding up in the hospital and under arrest for cocaine possession. Cleaned-up comeback kid at 40: *Down and Out*, *Tin Men*, *Stakeout*, *Moon over Parador*, *Nuts*.

He listens to this line of reasoning. Then he firmly, politely, takes issue. "In the long run, really, I think I had a dip," he says. "I certainly was resurrected—I mean, there *was* a second act in my career, I won't deny it. But in the long run, I hope it will be perceived as a dip."

He leans forward. "But that *isn't* what drew me to Grant. My interest in Grant preceded my death and resurrection."

He stops for a minute. "What I find interesting," he says finally, "is that I have a whole shitload of projects that, when you

scrape all the specifics away, are really one story of what happens when a man realizes he's something else, or wants to be something else, or has to be something else. I'm always drawn to stories that have to do with the mid-life crisis, though it isn't the mid-life crisis that I'm interested in. It is that process of becoming someone else that, over the past few years, I find central.

"It's clearly part of my life. The past couple of years, I've been aware of a sense of change. There are things in my life that I concentrate on much more seriously than I used to and some things that I don't concentrate on as seriously as I used to. And it all has to do with that mid-life time. I mean, everybody jokes about it, but it's true: When you get into your late thirties and early forties, whatever it is you've been doing isn't enough."

•

Here are a few things that Richard Dreyfuss is concentrating on more than he used to:

Family.

"The classic cliché," he admits, pointing to an oil painting of his two children, six-year-old Emily and three-year-old Ben. "I didn't get married until I was thirty-six, after years of a confirmed belief that I'd never get married. And I'm a different person."

Directing.

Another cliché, of course. "Everyone says, 'You should be directing,'" he admits. "And half of my impulse is yes, I should be directing. But then I stop and say, 'Yeah, but I should be directing something I *want* to direct.' So I'm constantly looking."

Adds Judith James, his partner in his production company, "I know he's going to direct before long. A year, tops."

Producing.

Dreyfuss and James met eight years ago when he was reading unpublished plays for a playwrights' workshop program she was directing at L.A.'s Mark Taper Forum. "He was trying to get his feet under him after the drug period, trying to find the ground," she remembers. "I knew he was a star who had fallen, but he was also this articulate, interested person who was fighting to get himself back together. And he was so talented it took your breath away." When they discovered they had a favorite book in common, a biography of Richard III, they bought the rights and tried to turn it into a BBC television program; that never happened, but later they formed a production company.

The company has two goals, Dreyfuss says. "One is to be a commercially successful small production company that actually does film and television projects. And the other is to see if I can get my own eccentric private loves"—you know, those historical projects—"into the culture."

And politics.

This one he has been involved with for years: He was a conscientious objector during the Vietnam war, an active crusader for various causes in the Seventies and, for years, "one of the usual group of suspects they ask to work for liberal causes." In the mid-Seventies, he even told interviewers he wanted to run for a Congressional seat someday. "Only recently," he says now, "have I come to the realization that I don't have to run for political office. I *am* political. I live in a political community, and I work within it, and that's as satisfying to me as any fantasy of being a Senator from California."

Today, his political involvement takes a different form. He and James produced an ABC television special on the anniversary of the U.S. Constitution and are at work on another dealing with peace in the Middle East. That show, which they're producing for PBS, approaches academics and think tanks from all of the area's warring factions and poses a simple scenario: It's 2020, or 2030, and your side has won. Of what does that victory consist? The answers—which, among other things, ought to reveal how much compromise is possible—will form the basis for a book and a television program due to air within a year.

"It's a lot of fun," he says, "because I've been an actor for so long, and I've been a *smart* actor for a long time, but I've never given my brain to anything other than my work. And this is very intense and very satisfying in a way that acting isn't, really."

And this leads to the one thing that Dreyfuss is concentrating on *less* than he used to:

Acting.

"I was in love with my work," he says. "I *like* my work now, but I'm not in love with it. I have an addictive personality, and I had an addiction to acting. It was an affair, it was lust, it was hot. I don't have such an affair anymore. In a sense, that's freeing."

The affair ended, he says, "when I was resurrected. I think it could be said that I loved being on the make. I loved being a hustler and proving things to people. And then I won the Academy Award when I was twenty-nine. Although it had never been a goal of mine per se, I won it too soon. And it took the fire out of me. I had nothing to prove anymore, and I was too young and immature not to have something to prove. And somehow, that's when things got to taste bad."

He frowns and his words become quieter. "I wanna have a love affair," he says, "and if it's not with acting, it should be with something. Then again, maybe I'll find that I don't *need* to have a love affair. I'm forty-two, and I believe that forty-two is the absolute peak, somehow, of your life. And you've gotta make the rest of your life up, or else it's just downhill from here."

Carrie Fisher recently interviewed her old pal to help flesh out "an intense, powerful guy" who's a character in her next book. "I don't necessarily notice that Richard's different, except that I don't have

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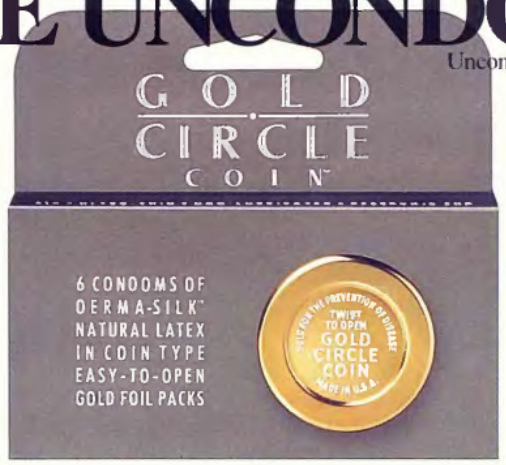

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to worry about him anymore," she says. "He's still up to his elbows in intensity. But I guess we're both bad kids who grew up. I mean, we hear the same song, singing to us from somewhere deep in the forest, but now we don't necessarily respond to it."

Fisher's first book, incidentally, was a somewhat autobiographical comedy that began with the line "Maybe I shouldn't have given the guy who pumped my stomach my phone number, but who cares?" In the upcoming film version of *Postcards from the Edge*, Meryl Streep stars as the character loosely based on Fisher—and in a cameo, playing the doctor who pumps her stomach, is Richard Dreyfuss.

•

It's a photograph of children, and the faces are what grab you. A few youngsters stare toward the camera with outright wonder, another looks frightened and one little girl is thrusting her arm in the air and opening her mouth in what seems to be sheer delight. Crouched behind the curtain at a puppet show in Europe in the Forties, photojournalist Alfred Eisenstaedt captured the gamut of childhood emotions, and the photo now hangs on a wall in Richard Dreyfuss' study.

But at the moment, dozens of variations on that photo are spread out on a desk in Dreyfuss' office. A local design company was given the Eisenstaedt photo and asked to use it to design a logo for Dreyfuss and James' production company; now two of the designers are back with some samples, and a number of staffers are gathered around the table, admiring the stylish, striking work.

And then Dreyfuss walks in and, with one sentence, blows the designers out of the water. Maybe this is to be expected: After all, Dreyfuss is a guy who has long had a reputation for being hard to please, demanding of himself and his co-workers and dissatisfied with some of his best-received films. "He has *extraordinarily* high standards," says Judith James. "He knows when he can play a part truly, if we're talking about him as an actor. And if we're talking about him as a producer, he wants the I's dotted.

"I can't tell you," she continues, "how many people have said, 'I didn't know he was that smart!' He's extraordinarily articulate, extremely well read, he can look at something from fifteen ways, and his style is to examine things inside out. If you want to work with him, you'd better be ready to sit back and listen. There are people who find this exciting and people who find it a pain in the ass."

Dreyfuss knows that his methods have alienated people and his reputation hasn't always been the best. "Don't you read?" he asked one reporter in 1979. "I'm an arrogant asshole. I'm a loudmouth s.o.b."

But Dreyfuss' fabled arrogance—variously attributed to his insecurity, his drive to succeed when nobody else believed in him and his frustration in dealing with people who expect actors to shut up and do what they're told—is nowhere to be found as he looks at the sample designs for his logo. Instead, he's soft-spoken, genial and charming. He rejects the designers' work, to be sure, but he makes them feel good about themselves as he does so.

"I didn't mean for us to just duplicate the picture," he begins apologetically. "I want you to use the *idea* of children listening to a storyteller. And it really shouldn't be—I guess I wasn't clear about this—it shouldn't be the figures of this picture."

The designers exchange anxious glances; this is news to them. But, as Dreyfuss points out, a logo featuring European children in dated clothing could raise more questions than answers. "This picture, unless you really know the whole proscenium, is going to look like Little Berta on the battlements," he says, and then grins and points at the child with her arm raised. "This looks like the *Bugsy Malone* version of *Les Misérables*." He switches to a high squeaky voice and shouts, "To the barricades, Pee-wee!"

The room explodes in laughter, everybody loosens up and Dreyfuss alternately praises the work that has been done and enthusiastically outlines the kind of thing he really wants. Finally, as the meeting winds down, his publicist clears his throat. "Let me just ask one really kind of stupid question," he says. "Since we're doing it realistically, what kind of an ethnic mix do you want in those faces? Do you want a black kid? Do you want an Oriental kid? Do you want a Mexican-American kid? It should be discussed."

Dreyfuss puts his head in his hands. "Don't ask me," he groans, "if I'm politically correct at this moment."

"I didn't mean it as a political question," says the publicist, "but I think it's something that we have to consider."

"Well, I'll leave it up to you," says Dreyfuss, turning back to the designers. "See how it feels in terms of design. If you want to use a black face or a *chicano* face, or. . . ."

"Oh," says one designer with a grin. "Throwing *us* the ball?"

There's a familiar eruption of laughter. "Got that pretty good, eh?" Dreyfuss says. "The buck stops . . . over *there*." He flashes a triumphant problem solver's grin. "And thank you *very* much for coming in."

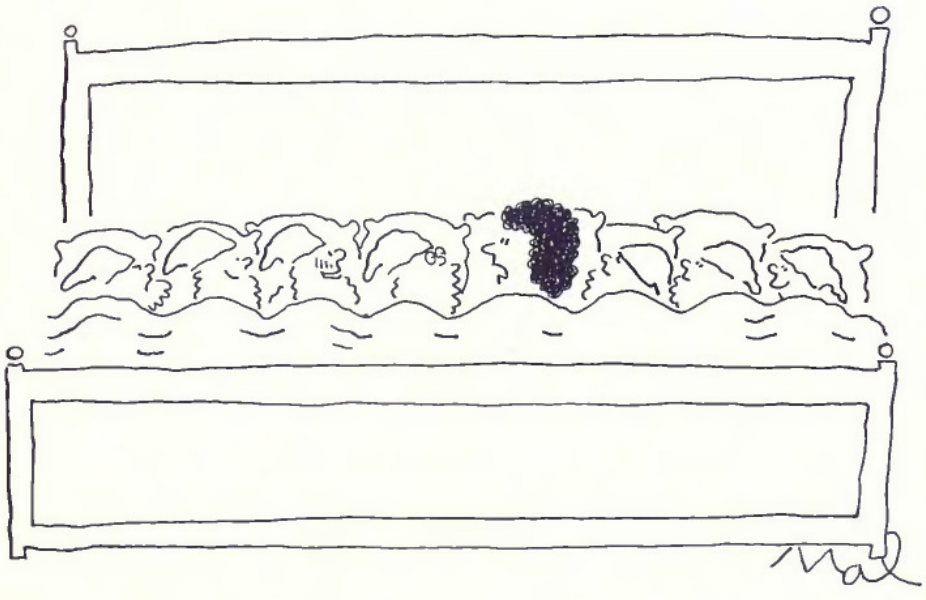
•

Another day, another meeting. This one's with the UCLA professor who designed Dreyfuss' Middle Eastern book/TV project and the leader of an Israeli-based centrist think tank. And this time, the meeting's being held not in Dreyfuss' office but in the home he's renting in Hancock Park while his own Hollywood Hills home is being renovated.

Located in Los Angeles' classy, old-money enclave, the house is spacious, comfortable and clearly decorated with a knowing eye. The living room is a skillful but seemingly casual mixture: two large flower-print couches dead center, a baby grand piano in the corner, a few antique bookcases and desks around the perimeter and lots of artfully arranged bric-a-brac.

He's quick to credit his wife's interior-decorating skills. "My wife has many wonderful qualities," he says, "and one of the incredible things—you won't believe me when I tell you—is that Jeramie made this house look like this in one day. She was able to put up every fucking thing in this house and make it look as if all the chotchkies had always been here, in one day. And the only thing I corrected in the entire house was that in the kitchen, she put the silverware farther away from the center of action than it should have been."

Dreyfuss met Jeramie Rain in January 1983, married her two months later and



"Seven dwarfs and only <u>one</u> condom!"

was a father by the end of the year. Jeramie's not home today—she's in Northern California with her family, because her father died earlier in the week—and their first child, Emily, is nowhere in sight; three-year-old Ben, though, has just come home from preschool, and when his meeting ends, Dreyfuss grabs him and carries him over to a huge canvas that dominates one wall of the living room. The oil painting was done on the set of *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*, and it shows the actor on Venice Beach, signing an autograph for a comely bikini-clad woman while the film crew and a phalanx of bystanders watch.

"Where's your dad?" Dreyfuss yells, dangling Ben in front of the picture. Ben points to a corner, singling out one of the film set's crowd-control cops.

"No, that's not your dad," groans Dreyfuss with feigned exasperation. "That's just some *shmoo*."

Ben runs away, and his dad watches him go. "The two of them are astonishing," he says softly. "You know, I've loved women, I've loved my parents, I've loved my work . . . but I've never had an experience that's so *stark*. The contrast is like going from black and white to color, from something that is muddy to something vivid. I'm not a great dad and I'm not a great husband—I'm just a good guy, and that makes up a lot for my not being a great dad or a great husband. But inside, I found this *astonishment* of love." He's almost whispering. "I *stare* at my kids and I try to remember: Did my mother stare at me?"

Ben returns with two glasses of water and a couple of spoons, sticks a spoon into his dad's water glass and announces, "Let's pretend this is tea."

Dreyfuss groans; if he agrees, he knows Ben will be stirring his water for the foreseeable future. "No," he says evenly, "let's *not* pretend this is tea. Let's pretend this is water. You can futz with your own water here, you can do all kinds of things to your own but not to mine."

"No," says Ben, adamant. "Pretend you have something else to drink."

His dad relents. "OK," he says, "I'm drinking . . . Coca-Cola."

"And *I*'m drinking Coca-Cola," says Ben immediately.

Dreyfuss grins and between interruptions tells of the time when Emily, then 18 months old, suddenly became very sick. Ignoring all the logical responses, he says, he threw her into the car and drove through the Hollywood hills at breakneck speed, desperate to get her to the nearest hospital; when he got there, the doctors took one look at Emily and treated *him* instead. Then, four days later—he'd been working on *Down and Out* and hadn't seen her awake since that night—he arrived home and Emily ran into his arms and hugged him. "I burst into a flood of tears like I hadn't cried since I don't know when," he says, adding that that's when he knew that fatherhood had taken him over completely. "I highly recommend it," he concludes. "It's a tidal wave that hits your house, and you go with it."

And now part of that tidal wave is back, in the person of a spoon-wielding Ben Dreyfuss. "Stir some of your Coca-Cola up," Ben says, proffering the utensil.

"No," insists Dreyfuss, "I don't need any stirring. I want my Coca-Cola left exactly the way I like it: dark brown, with ice cubes." He takes a sip of water. "Mmm, pretty good Coca-Cola."

Ben reclaims the spoon. "I'll stir mine," he says. "Mine is great." Excited, he can't help but tangle his syntax. "Am I great?" he asks. "Do I have great with cola?"

His dad grins from ear to ear. "You," he announces proudly, "are *great* with cola."

•

Richard Dreyfuss is *not* on a roll.

In fact, he has reached something of a conversational impasse, sitting on his couch for the second day of discussions. The talk has turned to his movies, particularly *Always* and whatever else he has planned for the future—and for a guy who says he doesn't even believe in the Universal Studios Tour "because I don't think anybody should know how movies are made," discussing unmade or unreleased projects doesn't come easily.

"I don't like to talk about things that haven't happened yet," he says, frowning. "It's bad luck. I mean, I didn't even want to talk to you about this peace project. And when I found myself telling you about it yesterday, half of me was going, 'Richard, what are you doing?' It's so out of character for me to do that. No, I don't like to talk about a project before it has happened—and as you know, I don't like to talk about a project after it has happened." He grins. "So that kinda leaves us in a quandary."

Still, he manages to take a quick trip through his recent movies, from the ones he liked (*Down and Out in Beverly Hills*, *Tin Men*, *Stakeout*) to the ones he didn't. In this latter group he puts *Moon over Parador* ("It should have been a lot funnier; everyone looks a little tight-assed in that film") and especially last summer's box-office flop *Let It Ride*. ("I thought we were making a rude, funny, edgy, impolite, make-you-nervous kind of comedy—which we weren't successful in achieving when we shot it. The studio wasn't happy with that ambition, either.")

His complaints aside, though, it's not a bad line-up for an actor who has gone from casualty to bankable star in a few years. His recent crop of movies hasn't included anything as flamboyant or star-making as some of his earliest films, but it's the work of a man who has become what Dreyfuss seemed unlikely to become: a steady, dependable working actor whom the studios can rely on without worrying about that once-troublesome reputation.

"I have a good, solid career as an actor," he says of his current status. "I'm not in a position, like a few people might be, where I can scribble something on a cocktail napkin and get it done—nor am I in a position

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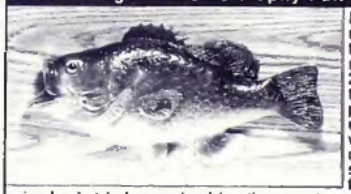

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of not being able to get an appointment. I'm a member of the community."

He stops and considers how mundane this all sounds. "So far," he says, "it sounds to me like we're doing an article about the normal, business-as-usual life of Richard Dreyfuss: kind of a movie star and kind of, you know, a middle-class guy."

Well? Is that what his life's like?

He nods. "It seems like a normal life, you know what I mean? I have my family, my kids, and I go to work, and once in a while, I'll do a movie or a play, and then I come home and go swimming. Kinda middle class, suburban. I think I always wanted to be provocative, and now I've lost my desire to be a *provocateur*. But there's a part of me that still says"—here he drops his voice to a whisper—"'*You're boring.*'"

So boring, it seems, that his ambitions for the future as often as not have nothing to do with show business. His greatest wish is that his children have healthy, happy lives; after that, he says, he'd like to make his mark in another field, maybe directing or producing and maybe teaching.

"Had I not wanted to pursue a career as an actor," he says, "I might very well have been teaching in a high school all this time and been very happy." He shifts into a booming voice. "*I wouldn't have been driving a 560 Mercedes two-seater, pal.* . . . But what the hell?"

In the meantime, there are always movies. Currently, for instance, there's *Always*. Dreyfuss has a particular fondness for this movie, partly because he's again working with the friend who directed him in *Jaws* and *Close Encounters*, partly because it's based on one of his favorite old movies, *A Guy Named Joe*.

The original was directed by Victor Fleming in 1943, four years after he'd made *The Wizard of Oz* and (with a little help) *Gone with the Wind*; it starred Spencer Tracy as a reckless World War Two flier who's killed in action but returns to earth to watch over fellow pilot Van Johnson and one-time girlfriend Irene Dunne. In the new version, the action has been changed to a national park, where Dreyfuss' character flies fire-fighting planes.

"It was a lot of fun, and I would have done it for free," Dreyfuss says, and grins wickedly. "I want Steven to read this, because he paid me a *lot* of money, and I want him to think, That son of a bitch. . . ."

Again, the sharp laugh. "I have a conceit," he adds. "My story is, I told Steven to make the movie. I have a memory that I told him about *A Guy Named Joe* when I did *Jaws*. He thinks that either he had the idea already or he got it from someone else. But I know the original script line by line, and I've known it since I was ten. It's a favorite movie of mine."

But, of course, he can't say much about it. Ask if it's safe to assume that Spielberg will bring his characteristic sense of wonder to the film and he grins, says, "One could assume that," and clams up. Ask why he likes the original so much and he's no more forthcoming.

"I feel awkward talking about it," he says. "Although I know that Steven breaks this rule all the time, he's always asking people not to talk about the old movie, because he says people will make comparisons. So let's not talk about it. Suffice it to say that Tracy is an idol of mine, and that he taught me a great deal about acting, about women, about walking and talking and breathing. And lots of times on this movie, I just blatantly imitated him, but no one's gonna know it."

Certainly, no one's going to *expect* it. Richard Dreyfuss, who made his reputation playing brash, fast-talking schemers with something to prove—and who might have been a little like those guys in real life—is taking his cues from an actor known for being solid, low-key and reliable, a man who liked to claim that acting wasn't a profession that required much brain power. Twenty years ago, or 15 years ago, or maybe even ten years ago, you wouldn't have watched Tracy and thought of Dreyfuss; but now that Dreyfuss is not so driven, not so frantic, the comparison might make sense.

"He has found a calm life to be intense in" is the way Carrie Fisher puts it.

"He has made choices" is the way Judith James puts it.

James elaborates: "When I met him, he was looking for a way to heal. I mean, he was seeing the world through unhazy eyes for the first time, and I could see a man who was saying, 'Now, wait one second. How the hell did I get here, and what do I really want in life?' And the healing process had to do with getting married, it had to do with getting up on stage again, it had to do with going to work on *Down and Out*, it had to do with getting good scripts again, it had to do with the Constitution project, it had to do with finding a way to use his mind. . . . I guess that I saw a man, and up until then, people had been looking at a boy."

And now the man sits back in his living room and considers his maturation, his life juggling movie stardom and suburban fatherhood and the mid-life crisis he's eager to explore in his work. He doesn't seem hyperactive today; he just seems grown up.

"You know," he muses, "the perfect aspect of when you get into your forties is when you start to say things like, 'I used to know things, now I don't know things.'"

Richard Dreyfuss, youthful *provocateur* turned suburban dad, aging and happy, thinks of the cliché and laughs. "Well," he says, "I used to know things about acting and about my work. Now I *don't* know things. And maybe that's better."

"I split with Sharon. I heard her biological clock ticking and my alarm went off."

WITHDRAWAL

(continued from page 101)

you don't have to stand in the kitchen wolfing down cold pizza because you're too starved to spend an hour cooking. And you can invite a friend for dinner without spending the day up to your elbows in preparations. Suddenly, a dinner party for six is no big deal to pull off.

Having said all this, we know you're wondering—*what's the catch?*

There isn't one. If you can arrange food on a plate and slice a zucchini, you can execute all the recipes here in a snap.

And we're not talking about heating up some Dinty Moore, either. These dishes are definitely respectable—marinated strip steak, spicy fillet of salmon, and so on. Still, as you'll see, they're effortless.

Hungry? You can skip ahead to the recipes right now. But since you're here, we thought you might want this crash course in microwaving:

1. Did you ever stop to think about how a traditional electric oven works? For the record, it converts electricity into heat through the use of a resistance coil, and then the dry heat cooks the food by direct or indirect molecular conduction. But you don't need to know or think about any of that to use an electric oven. A microwave oven converts electricity into short radio waves through the use of a magnetron tube, and the waves then heat the food by rapidly moving the liquid molecules in it.

2. Microwaved food is not second best. Most of us got the idea that it was from having one too many experiences with gutless, reheated-in-a-microwave restaurant food. In truth, a microwave oven is simply an appliance like any other. Great things can come out of it and bad things can come out of it. It depends on how you use it.

3. There are three sizes of microwave ovens: small (400 watts), which is meant mostly for reheating and for cooking frozen TV dinners; and medium (500 watts) to large (600 to 750 watts), meant for regular cooking. All of our recipes are intended for large ovens.

4. To cook food in a microwave, you can use any type of container *except* metal. Glass, pottery, ceramic and some plastics are all fine. (You don't need a special set of microwave containers.) Metal isn't recommended, because it prevents the microwaves from reaching the food directly. Food in metal can be cooked indirectly by reflected waves, but the calculations and restrictions required make it impractical.

5. Microwaves cook by setting liquid molecules in a food in rapid motion. This, in turn, creates friction, heat and steam. Covering a food with any type of nonmetal cover or plastic wrap helps hold the steam and the heat in, so the food cooks better.

6. There can be a lot of probes and sensors on a microwave oven. But all you need to use for these recipes is the COOK HIGH (sometimes labeled COOK or HIGH or 100%) button.

7. Like anything else, the more you use a microwave oven, the more comfortable you'll be with it. We suggest sticking to the recipes, however, until you're a microwave master. Using arithmetic in microwaving doesn't always work. Doubling the amount of food, for example, doesn't mean doubling the cooking time.

8. In terms of cleaning up, you'll be happy to learn that microwaved food almost never crusts onto the container it's cooked in—so not only is the cooking fast, the clean-up is a snap.

9. Like every other appliance, the microwave cooks certain foods extremely well and others not so hot. The following are great in the nuker: fresh fish, fresh vegetables, hot cereals, rice and *risotto*, beans and legumes, cooked fruit, broth and stock. Soups (especially vegetable), chicken, turkey and game, as well as sauces and toasted nuts, aren't bad, either. What you really want to avoid are breads and soufflés.

Our first dinner gets cooked all at once on one plate. Since you even eat on this plate, there's virtually no clean-up, either. Ultimate no-fuss stuff.

DINNER FOR ONE, PLEASE, JAMES

Spicy Fillet of Salmon

•

Broccoli with Mushrooms and Cashews

•

Sour-Dough Rolls

•

Chardonnay

•

Ice Cream with Hot Fudge

You make: spicy fillet of salmon and broccoli with mushrooms and cashews.

You buy: sour-dough rolls, a good Chardonnay, ice cream and hot fudge.

SPICY FILLET OF SALMON AND BROCCOLI WITH MUSHROOMS AND CASHEWS

Rinse an 8-oz. salmon fillet under tap water. Pat dry. Sprinkle lightly all over with chili powder. Place on microwave-safe dinner plate and complete following directions: Mix together ¼ lb. ready-cut (from salad bar) broccoli florets, about 8 slices fresh mushrooms and about 6 cashews and place on other side of plate. Cover plate with plastic wrap. Set microwave on high for 4 minutes. Prick plastic wrap to let out steam, then remove. Toss vegetables with pat of butter; enjoy with wine and sourdough rolls. When it's time for dessert, you may want to warm hot fudge in small bowl in microwave for 1 minute before spooning it over ice cream.

Next, we do an easy dinner for two. The idea here is to make an elegant meal in minutes. With a bottle of wine, some cloth

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napkins, a candle or two and some good music, you should be all set.

SNAP DINNER FOR TWO

Ramekins of Fresh Crab Meat

•

Marinated Strip Steak

•

Baked Potatoes with Crisp Bacon and Herbed Sour-Cream Sauce

•

Mixed Greens with Warm Pecan Dressing

•

Crusty French Bread

•

Cabernet Sauvignon

•

Poached Pears in Raspberry Sauce

•

Sauterne

You make: ramekins of fresh crab meat, marinated strip steak, baked potatoes with crisp bacon and herbed sour-cream sauce, mixed greens with warm pecan dressing and poached pears in raspberry sauce.

You buy: crusty French bread, an elegant, ready-to-drink cabernet such as the 1985 Flora Springs Cabernet Sauvignon and a delicious sauterne in as old a vintage as you can afford. Châteaux Lafaurie-Peyraguey, Rieussec and Suduiraut are all possibilities.

The following is the order of preparation: Marinate the steak, prepare and chill the pear dessert, make the salad and the dressing, ready the sour-cream sauce, cook the potatoes, ready and heat the crab meat and serve and eat. Next, cook the steak (10 to 12 minutes) and remember to reheat the salad dressing just before serving.

RAMEKINS OF FRESH CRAB MEAT

With fork, gently mix together ½ lb. finest-quality cooked crab meat, juice of ½ lemon, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon finely chopped fresh dill, 1 tablespoon finely chopped fresh chives and 2 teaspoons finely chopped fresh parsley. Season lightly with a little salt and a little white pepper. Divide into two ½-cup decorative microwave-safe ramekins or *gratin* dishes and microwave, uncovered, on high for 1½ minutes. Serve.

MARINATED STRIP STEAK

To prepare marinade, combine in blender or food processor 3 tablespoons soy sauce, 1 tablespoon *hoisin* sauce, 2 tablespoons bourbon, 2 cloves garlic and 1-in. piece peeled fresh gingerroot. Place 1-lb. strip steak in microwave-safe shallow dish. Pour marinade over steak and turn so that it's coated on all sides. Cover with plastic wrap and let marinate as long as you can—preferably a few hours.

Without uncovering, microwave steak on high for 10 minutes for rare or 12 minutes for medium rare, turning steak over once midway through cooking. Prick plastic wrap to let steam escape. Allow steak to cool for a minute or two. Transfer to cutting board. Slice on diagonal into ¼-in.-thick strips and arrange on two plates. Spoon juices in dish over steak on each plate and serve.

BAKED POTATOES WITH CRISP BACON AND HERBED SOUR-CREAM SAUCE

Place 2 large (8-oz.) baking potatoes on floor of microwave oven. Microwave on high for 11 minutes. Wrap in foil to keep warm and set aside.

To make sauce, place three sheets paper toweling on dinner plate. Place 2 strips bacon on paper towels and cover with another sheet. Microwave on high for 3 minutes. Cool bacon, crumble and add to ⅓ cup sour cream, along with 1 tablespoon finely chopped scallions, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 finely chopped sun-dried tomato, salt and pepper.

To serve, unwrap potatoes, cut deep gash in each and press sides so they fluff up. Spoon large dollop of sauce onto each.

MIXED GREENS WITH WARM PECAN DRESSING

Toss together combination of Boston and romaine lettuces (enough for 2 individual salads). Break about 8 pecans into 4 or 5 pieces each. Put on plate and microwave on high for 2½ minutes. Meanwhile, in glass measuring cup, combine 2 tablespoons olive oil with 2 tablespoons balsamic vinegar, a pinch of salt and a grinding of fresh pepper. Add toasted pecans to dressing. Just before serving, microwave dressing on high for 30 seconds to warm, then toss with greens.

POACHED PEARS IN RASPBERRY SAUCE

Peel 2 large, firm ripe pears, leaving stems in place. Cut thin slice off bottom of each so that pears will stand up straight on plate when served. Rub each pear with a little lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Place them in microwave-safe dish and cover with plastic wrap. Microwave on high for 5 minutes. Prick wrap to let out steam, then remove. Refrigerate several hours to cool.

To make sauce, put 1 package frozen unsweetened raspberries, juice of ½ lemon and 2 teaspoons sugar in blender or food processor. Purée until smooth. Refrigerate.

To serve, place pear in center of dessert plate. Spoon raspberry sauce around it.

Finally, we've put together a slick party menu for six that you can serve buffet or sit-down style. Start off with cocktails and then, if you're doing sit-down, move to a white wine with the shrimp (we like the 1986 Matanzas Creek Sauvignon Blanc) and a delicious red (such as the 1988 Georges Duboeuf Saint-Amour or the 1983 Ruffino Chianti Classico Riserva Ducale) for the rest of the meal. If you're

"Not much of a crowd yet, but let's screw anyway."

buffeting it, simply put both of the wines out and let guests help themselves.

THE PRESTO PARTY MENU

Shrimps with Mediterranean Tuna Sauce

•

Deep-dish Chicken with Mushrooms

•

Herbed Rice

•

Garlicky Green and Yellow Squash

•

Warm Rolls

•

Sauvignon Blanc
Beaujolais
Chianti Classico Riserva Ducale

•

Chocolate-Truffle Cake with White-Chocolate Whipped Cream

•

Cognac

You make: Mediterranean tuna sauce, deep-dish chicken with mushrooms, herbed rice, garlicky green and yellow squash and white-chocolate whipped cream.

You buy: 1½ lbs. shrimps, assorted dinner rolls, chocolate-truffle cake or another very chocolatey cake, white and red wine and cognac.

The following is the order of preparation: Make tuna sauce and chill. Cook chicken, rice and zucchini in turn, covering each with lid or foil wrap and keeping all warm in 125°-Fahrenheit conventional oven. Eat shrimps; serve main course.

SHRIMPS WITH MEDITERRANEAN TUNA SAUCE

This easy dish does not require any cooking at all. You can assemble it while your microwave is working full tilt on something else.

To make sauce, put 1 cup mayonnaise, 6½-oz. can tuna, drained, 2 tablespoons capers, ¼ cup tightly packed parsley leaves, juice of 1 lemon and 2 cloves garlic in food processor. Purée until smooth, then season with salt and freshly ground pepper. Serve as dipping sauce with 1½ lbs. cooked, peeled shrimps.

DEEP-DISH CHICKEN WITH MUSHROOMS

In medium-sized bowl, combine 1 finely chopped large onion, 1 finely chopped large green pepper and 2 finely chopped cloves garlic. Cover with plastic wrap and microwave on high for 5 minutes.

Ask butcher to cut up 3½-lb. chicken into small pieces. Remove skin from each piece. Put chicken in large microwave-safe dish with thicker, meatier pieces toward corners and edges of dish and wings and bony ends near center.

Stir ¾ lb. thickly sliced mushrooms and 2 cups thick tomato sauce into cooked onion mixture and spread evenly over chicken. Cover and microwave on high for 16 minutes.

To serve, uncover carefully and arrange chicken on platter. Stir sauce and ladle over chicken.

HERBED RICE

In large bowl, combine 1½ cups white rice (we like *basmati*) with 3 cups chicken broth. Cover and microwave on high for 24 minutes. Uncover carefully and stir in 2 tablespoons each of any 2 of the following chopped fresh herbs: parsley, cilantro, tarragon, savory or basil. Stir in 2 tablespoons butter, a few pinches of salt and freshly ground pepper.

GARLICKY GREEN AND YELLOW SQUASH

In large bowl, mix together 1 tablespoon olive oil and 3 finely chopped cloves garlic. Microwave on high, uncovered, for 1 minute, 15 seconds. To this, add 1 lb. (about 3 to 4 medium-sized) sliced crookneck yellow squashes and 1 lb. (3 to 4 medium-sized) sliced zucchini. Mix well. Cover. Microwave on high for 8 minutes. Uncover and drain. Mix squashes with juice of ½ lime, 1 tablespoon butter, ¼ cup finely chopped parsley, salt and freshly ground pepper. Transfer to decorative bowl or platter to serve.

WHITE-CHOCOLATE WHIPPED CREAM

With an electric mixer, beat 1 cup heavy cream with 1 tablespoon sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla extract until cream is whipped to stiff peaks. Add 2 ozs. grated white chocolate and beat 2 to 3 seconds more. Transfer whipped cream to decorative bowl, cover and refrigerate until ready to dollop onto chocolate cake.

As a parting thought, we want you to know that we understand how disconcerting all this effortlessness can be. After all, most good things in life do require some smarts and sweat. You'll just have to blissfully accept the nuker into your life. But don't worry, you'll get used to it.

"Actually, it was an industrial accident, but it's the kind of injury that belongs at a ski resort."

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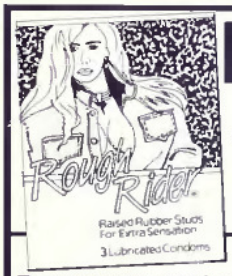

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1000 RATINGS POINTS

(continued from page 123)

gynecological establishment, as Dr. Huxtable invites Mr. Roseanne (John Goodman) in to watch the game over beer and cigars. Roseanne remains on the table, flailing her arms wildly.

7:52 P.M.: Just to make sure we don't lose any audience with this *macho* spectacle, we frequently interrupt the Super Bowl with a variety of original programs. First on the menu: the terrific made-for-TV movie *Pigskin Cowboy: The Tom Landry Story*, starring Jane Seymour (in the acting challenge of a lifetime) as former Dallas Cowboys coach Tom Landry and Richard Chamberlain (in a pretty easy part for him) as Landry's prodigal son, Lance Rentzel. In a landmark gamble by the miniseries' costume designer, Seymour *still* manages to look hot in Landry's customary attire: unruffled suit and trademark hat.

8:01 P.M.: Tonight, Landry faces his toughest coaching challenge ever: the Green Bay Packers. Meanwhile, on the side lines, the crucial contest provides the backdrop for an all-new episode of *The Wonder Years*, as Kevin (Fred Savage) attends his first-ever pro football game.

8:07 P.M.: At first, Kevin sits alone in the stands, feeling miserable as cheering adults mindlessly spill soda, beer and cigar ashes all over him. But not to worry. It's a *very special* episode of *The Wonder Years*, as Kevin soon learns about the rare, beautiful kind of love only a pro footballer and his young "protégé" can share. In a memorable and stirring final shot, Lance and Kevin skip—almost mince—arm in arm, down the ramp into the locker room. . . .

8:12 P.M.: While the Golden Girls watch the big game from their Florida home. Actually, it's a nursing home they've moved into. Seems a few real-estate investments have gone sour, and Medicaid didn't cover Ma's (Estelle Getty) kidney operation.

8:19 P.M.: The girls gather round the TV in wheelchairs and hospital gowns, actually enjoying the game. But soon their fun is ruined, as they are joined by their new roommate, Joan Collins. It's a stretch for the veteran actress but also a milestone performance, as she sits before the TV—every facial muscle that was ever tucked now fallen, a cigarette clenched between her teeth—muttering, "Had 'im!" each time another player comes onto the screen.

8:26 P.M.: Half time at the Super Bowl! But why spoil the evening's fun with some cheesy marching-band extravaganza when America's number-one tabloid journalist stands by to unravel one of the great mysteries of our time? Yes, it's *Geraldo Rivera Opens Elvis' Grave*!

8:34 P.M.: But before Geraldo—smartly decked out in glitter and Elvoid sideburns—can exhume the King (hell, he's not going anywhere, unless he has gone already), he reminds us that had Elvis lived longer, he no doubt would have developed a great love for *M*A*S*H* reruns, and definitely would have wanted to see. . . .

8:40 P.M.: *The Son of M*A*S*H*! In this special, a young Korean girl, Ding (Phoebe Cates), comes to the U.S. to find the answer to the one question that has burned in her mind for years: "Which one of you bastards is my father?"

8:56 P.M.: Phoebe moves from scene to scene, attired in your basic Seoul B-girl dress and carrying a stack of photos of the *M*A*S*H* regulars. Before long, she finds her culprit: Oddly enough, her father turns out to be Corporal Klinger (Jamie Farr—not because it makes any sense but because he's the only actor from the original cast desperate enough to take this gig).

9:03 P.M.: Any time you have these kinds of ratings, you can bet they'll be accompanied by expensive, painstakingly produced commercials. In this first spot, Pepsi struts its stuff by offering Mother Teresa the chance to take the Pepsi Challenge. (No fair telling which she prefers!)

9:04 P.M.: Wanting a new life for himself and his daughter, Klinger takes Ding to live on a farm owned by Sam Shepard and Jessica Lange. There's only one problem: The Commies have just dropped the bomb—again—and now it's *The Day After the Day After*!

9:09 P.M.: Sorrow turns to joy when Sam and Jessica discover, two days after the nuclear holocaust, that they're growing *huge* fruit. The action takes a delightful turn as Sam and Jessica dance in circles around a huge guava, screaming, "We're rich. . . ."

9:17 P.M.: Or at least rich enough to "load up the truck and move to Beverly. . . Hills, that is. Swimming pools, horribly mutated, postnuclear movie stars. . . ." Yes, it's *Back with the Beverly Hillbillies*, featuring a special cameo appearance by Buddy Ebsen as the now-toothless, now-hairless, cadaverlike, *ce*ment pond–dwelling former owner of the mansion.

9:25 P.M.: Unfortunately, the new-found wealth becomes a little too much for the otherwise earthy Sam. He goes nuts, tears off on a shooting spree through a few chic Beverly Hills boutiques and finds himself charged with murder. At his trial, 11 jurors decide he's guilty, but one juror holds out, in this daring remake of a TV classic starring a dozen of the world's top supermodels: *Twelve Angry Babes*. (Special guest star: Jerry Hall as the odd model out.)

9:33 P.M.: Like most beautiful women, the supermodels want nothing more than to toss Sam into jail (and eventually have their way with him), yet once he *is* behind bars, Mr. *True West* discovers a shocker: His cellmate, Vinnie Terranova (Ken Wahl), is actually an undercover cop investigating corruption in the prison choir system. That's right, it's a star-studded episode of *Wiseguy*, featuring James Brown (James Brown) as the good-footin' choirmaster.

9:42 P.M. to 9:50 P.M.: Television history is made when *Wiseguy* suddenly grinds to a screeching halt for an eight-minute Shepard-Wahl pouting showdown. Both men sit

"I am a very happily married man. So, please, Angela, do not cut the thread with your teeth."

sullenly in their cell. For dramatic tension, one looks out from behind the bars, the other stares into the distance from his bunk. *Now* you're kicking yourself for not turning on your VCR!

9:51 PM.: Another commercial. This time, to demonstrate just how incredibly safe its cars are, Volvo lets Mike Tyson pull one out of his driveway.

9:52 PM.: Back outside the Super Bowl, the cast of *thirtysomething* goes through a good 20-something minutes of angst trying to decide whether or not to buy tickets from a scalper. Why the big fuss? Well, there's that whole *macho* football thing, and that whole stadium thing, and that whole seat-cushion/environmental-impact thing. . . .

10:13 PM.: Eventually, the *thirtysomething* gang decides to make the purchase, only to discover that the tickets are not for the Super Bowl at all but for *Bob Hope's Super-Duper Super Bowl Special*. In the opening "Swingin' Sixties" skit, the *thirtysomething* kids play the board of directors at a major N.C.A.A. college, and Ann Jillian and Bob play the hippies occupying their offices. You've gotta laugh as Bob and Ann stand before the *thirtysomething* gang, flashin' those peace signs and wearin' those headbands, bell-bottoms and fringe vests. What a hoot!

10:31 PM.: Suddenly, all hell breaks loose when guest star Brooke Shields (playing Angela Davis) and *thirtysomething*'s sexy, husky-voiced Polly Draper get into a cat fight over who has bushier eyebrows. But in a rare burst of thought (albeit dictated by a script), Brooke remembers that there are more important issues in the world than eyebrows (unless you count tweezing). So she joins rocker Rod Stewart, wrestler Hulk Hogan, crooner Julio Iglesias, Paul *"Crocodile" Dundee* Hogan and Pope John Paul II as they host an international satellite telecast called *Save the Algae*!

10:49 PM.: Watching the big benefit from the window of an appliance store in Malibu, J. R. Ewing (Larry Hagman) struggles to remember who he is, after having been hit in the head by a Super Bowl field-goal attempt. Not only is he stricken with amnesia but he's also homeless and black and living like a king in Malibu.

11:04 PM.: Another commercial, another big-money celebrity endorsement: Rob Lowe for the Sony Handycam. (Do the little black bars come with the camera, Rob?)

11:05 PM.: Back at the big satellite-telecast benefit, the Pope succeeds in uniting Hulk Hogan and Paul Hogan. "My work is done," the Pope calls out. "I'm retiring!"

11:14 PM.: Suddenly, our programing cuts to a very familiar setting—a *couple* of familiar settings, in fact. It's a reunion show! No, it's a time-travel special! Hey, it's *both*! Archie Bunker (Carroll O'Connor) finds himself hurled into pioneer days and living with Laura Ingalls Wilder, in *All in the Prairie*. (Best one-liner: Archie asking Laura, "Am I far enough back in time to own slaves?")

11:23 PM.: We dissolve from the *All in the Prairie* front porch (where Charles Ingalls and Archie hammer it out—Charles in a wooden rocker, Archie in his easy chair) to, of all things, an episode of *L.A. Law*. Tonight's segment investigates an often overlooked facet in the lives of "special people," as Benny leaves McKenzie, Brackman for a more lucrative position as the token mentally disabled person at another law firm. (Most touching scene: Benny driving out of the parking lot in a Porsche, leaving behind several of the *L.A. Law* characters. The Porsche's vanity plate reads HUH?)

11:30 PM.: We return to *Cosby* and find Dr. Huxtable and Mr. Roseanne passed out in front of the ultrasound monitor—which now features Ted Koppel hosting the perfect wrap-up to the eveninglong nightmare: a special *Nightline Coast-to-Coast Town Meeting*! The guests: a dozen transsexual, drug-addicted, bisexual, orphaned satanic teen killers and their victims—all of whom love too much.

The topic: "Who do you do first: Phil or Oprah?"

"Floyd will be with us as soon as his basketball game is over."

BELIZE *(continued from page 128)*

"'It's like having forty minutes of sex without climax,' he says. 'You have to go down again.'"

abandon dances with a possible accountant, while another guy takes pictures with an auto-everything camera. Then she dances with two or more men at a time. Then she falls onto the stage, knocking over the trombone player and several amps. As she staggers out, she addresses the entire bar: "If you're ever in San Diego. . . ." She is replaced by the most beautiful body in the Caribbean, in a green sheath dress, surrounded by scuba divers. Lonely guys at the bar plot ways to eliminate the divers, hoping that the woman will turn to them in her grief.

At some point in the night, we stop in a tiny store for a *torta*—a chicken-and-chili-pepper sandwich guaranteed to ignite and burn off the blood-alcohol concentration. Whatever, it works. We awake without an overhang (the local word for the morning after). We are ready for the serious business of having fun.

In the morning, the town is deserted: Everyone is out on the water or under it. David points to a row of brand-new Mistral boards tied to a floating hitching post. "Take one," he says. "The keys are in the ignition. The motor's running." In this case, the motor is a 15-to-20-mile-per-hour trade wind blowing directly on shore. He explains the playground: The reef creates a channel of flat water, perfect for screaming reaches or cruise-till-you-snooze daylong voyages. You can sail eight miles north to the Mexican border or about 30 miles south to Belize City (a yearly race covers the distance in less than three hours). Harry and I choose boards and launch. We spend the morning cruising past anchored catamarans, past fishing docks with grass huts (called *palapas*), over water so clear your mind defies gravity. Looking down, we see fish, rays. Dolphins arc out of the sea beside our boards. Squids take flight suddenly. (David once had a squid get caught in the flow of air around his sail—it floated there for about five startled seconds.) Frigate birds hang in the sky like kites, waiting, connected to the sea by long threads of anticipation and hunger. Beauty never attacks unless you are open to it.

Here and there, suspended between white sand bottom and the actual surface of the water, are humans. I wonder about the divers. Where's the adrenaline? It seems to me that if boardsailors are the barnstormers of water sports, then divers are the airline pilots. They strike me as control freaks, changing their buoyancy with weights or inflatable vests, calculating their blood/nitrogen content as though it were soil.

Back at our hotel, I stop one of them on the balcony. He is a small-parts manufacturer from Ohio. He was certified the week before in a swimming pool; his first open-water dive happened to be in one of the natural wonders of the world. He petted a nurse shark, touched a parrot fish the size of a beer keg, followed grouper and went down at night to discover legions of fish. He flew, did barrel rolls and faced climbs up coral cliffs. "It's like having forty minutes of sex without climax," he says. "You have to go down again."

Later in the week, I meet Becky and K.C., two white-water rafters from Idaho who have come to Belize for some blue-water adventure. Over drinks one night, K.C. discusses the similarity of diving to flying: "You're twenty feet down and suddenly a crevasse opens up that's sixty feet deep. You go, 'Whoa'—that old fear of falling kicks in—but then you just let it happen. You let your hands drift back, you dive. You do a barrel roll and watch your friends fly in slow motion."

Becky discusses the calm: "It's a given. You want to conserve air. You don't even use your hands to swim. You try to make a tank last forever. But then you see something exquisite and start talking with your hands like an Italian. Next thing you know, it's time to surface."

"Yeah," says K.C., "that's why we have diver chalk boards."

Restraint. Speechlessness. Winding up the spring until it's ready to burst.

Both speak of the sense of contact; diver as E.T. "How do you describe what it's like to enter a world of marvelous creatures who don't realize what assholes we really are?"

On a windless day, I decide to give it a try. I sign on for a glass-bottom-boat cruise, the ultimate coffee-table book. It isn't enough. I sign on for snorkeling and follow schools of indigo- and neon-blue tans, chase long silver gars and delight in angelfish while a guide leads me through canyons of staghorn coral. I look at a fat brown oval known as brain coral and think, So that's where I left it. In the silence imposed by my equipment, cliché echoes like a sound check before a rock concert in an empty hall. "Teeming with life" seems to apply. I become aware of the time that this reef represents. I've stared at the aquamarine face of glaciers and seen time as compressed layers of snow. On the reef, life, freed of gravity, teased by sunlight, has etched wild patterns, razor sharp.

I develop respect for the divers. They go out before seven, again at two, again at seven for night dives. Some are gone all day, on trips to the Blue Hole, a hole 1000 feet

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in diameter that goes straight down. The earth's last step. They achieve the same peaceful exhaustion I feel after a day of boardsailing, an honest man's play.

Over drinks one night, I try to explain the appeal of windsurfing: It offers exhilaration and adrenaline, but calm is the ultimate goal. The secret to most sports is keeping your head. Windsurfing is a simple sport, it's just not easy. The basic moves—weight transfer, flipping the sail, trimming—are transformed by shifting conditions. The matador jibe I practice in light air is the *kata* for the combat of wave sailing. Years ago, I read an interview with a basketball player (Kareem?) who had made this incredible shot, almost upside down, behind the basket—a shot that was replayed on television for weeks, a shot that became known as The Shot. He explained the secret: practice. For 20 years, you teach your body to do a simple lay-up so that when you are upside down and see the backboard and net, your hand performs the familiar, simple, basic everyday shot. It's called being in the zone, when you fasten your feeling to technique, your technique to feeling and let muscle memory do its stuff. I practice the simple moves of windsurfing so that when I am screaming in the liquid smoke of water blown sideways by the wind, my hands will remember to spin my partner, the sail. What I seek is not adrenaline but something called noradrenaline—the calm in the eye of the storm. It's clear that the local sailors are in it for the adrenaline.

Tacio—the best of the locals—was given a board by a tourist; he fashioned his own sail, made a harness out of duct tape and taught himself the sport. Taking Tacio under his wing, David formed a sailing club for the sons of fishermen: They traveled to Guatemala and beat every sailor in sight. They are training for the Olympics. The local kids love speed: They race jet skis under the docks, ride dirt bikes through the jungle. Tacio is amazing. After watching him get air off chop the size of raised eyebrows, I stop trying to keep up. Harry suggests a handicap: Tacio should sail with a keg of beer strapped to his board. I am here to work on muscle memory, to lay down layers of technique. When I watch Tacio sail, I see genetic memory, generations of men who work the sea in wooden boats, at play with the fiberglass and fluorescent toys of my sport.

The week is a series of pictures waiting to attack. Every night at sunset, I watch the sandlighters set off for Belize City or return. These gaff-rigged boats, with sails the color of parchment, assume a timeless, coinlike quality. I want to get a picture of a windsurfer in front of the boats. On our last day in San Pedro, Harry and I are practicing light air jibes when one of these ancient rigs sets out. We race it, the three natives laughing at the competition. For three miles, we keep up as the water turns purple. In the dying wind, the huge sail gives the sandlighter an advantage. We sail until it is clear to all the exact dimension of that advantage.

We are like the squid caught in David's foil, only we are trapped by the beauty of the past. I wanted this picture, now I am the picture.

We are not content to stop at sunset. Tacio goes into the dive shop and comes out with Glow Sticks. We crack the tubes and watch the eerie phosphorescence pulse. Tying the sticks to our masts, we go out under a full moon. The sea bed is visible beneath our boards. We sail for hours, surprised when the huge shapes of anchored boats loom up out of the dark, startled when a manta ray sweeps under us. The colors of the sail are different in moonlight, more celestial. We are ghost sailors.

Harry and I have long conversations about culture, about what will remain of San Pedro after a few decades of tourism. We bitch about the electric lights. We get precious, then we get drunk. The next morning, we decide to head upcountry to bash around the bush in search of Mayan culture. The good old days.

We rent a Suzuki Samurai in Belize City and drive inland to the Mountain Pine Ridge reserve area. The Chaa Creek cottages are accessible by four-wheel-drive vehicle or by canoe (a two-hour trip down the river from San Ignacio). They are run by Mick and Lucy Fleming, two characters who look like they belong in a PBS series. They met in Kenya, where they befriended a chap who had caught polio when he performed an autopsy on what he thought was a rabid monkey. It had bitten two guests. Handling its brain had crippled him within 48 hours. The friend talked the Flemings into following his wheelchair to Belize. They ended up buying a piece of mountain bush from an R.A.F. group squadron leader they met in a bar. They started building thatch-roofed cottages surrounded by vivid purple bougainvillaeas. There's no electricity there, just good conversation. I love being in a world that's still inhabited by people like this.

We hook up with Becky and K.C.—the two river runners from Idaho. We decide to hire a guide and tour Tikal—the most impressive Mayan ruins in Central America—just over the border in Guatemala.

Two hours later, we arrive at a city that once housed 50,000 Mayans, who disappeared without explanation 1000 years ago. In the late 1800s, archaeologists discovered a site that had been lost in the jungle for centuries. They saw a valley filled with hills. Under the tallest hill was a 200-foot-high pyramid and beneath the other hills were more than 150 temples, palaces, steles and altars.

We walk among the gray stone mysteries, listening to birds and monkeys cavort in the canopy overhead. The Mayan creation myth says that the gods attempted to create man four times: They wanted a creature that would speak their language, sing their songs, revere and pay homage—any parent's dream. The monkeys were the next-to-last try—godlike in form but capable only of gibberish. The fourth attempt was the Mayan, a man who could see all of time in the moment, who offered to his god the still-beating heart of enemies.

We stop at the museum to look at carved stone, the skeleton of a Mayan ruler unearthed, at shards of pottery carefully pieced together to reveal the faces of God. There is a mystery here. We are seized with the frustration of knowing that it will not be solved in our lifetime.

I spent a week creating muscle memory; I look at stonework that is the muscle memory of an entire culture. Five hundred years of pumping stone, and then *nada*.

Climbing the stepped faces of these pyramid-temples is an offering of heart. I stand at the top listening to my blood throb, wondering if what I feel is fear, awe or aerobic collapse. For these people, physiology was religion.

I walk around a ledge on top of one of the temples, 150 feet above the jungle floor. As I go around a corner, a cloud of hornets (they seem to guard the tops of ruins) gather round my head. If they sting, if I flinch, I will fall off the ledge, as simple as that. I look at a hornet as large as my life, try to sense the pain and put it behind me. "Nice hornet. You know, we have a car named after you back in the States."

I make it around, down and on to the major plaza. The climb up temple two is just this side of technical. At the top, a woman from San Francisco is panicking. I relieve her of her camera and say, "This is not the time to be preoccupied with material possessions; not when one misstep could cost you your life."

Distraction is better than a slap in the face, so I continue: "Is this thing auto-focus? Do you think it's fast enough to catch a falling body? If you plummet, remember to look up. *Newsweek* never prints the back of someone's head, even when it's splattered over a thousand-year-old sacrificial altar."

She makes it down, then it's my turn. I sing a windsurfing song *a cappella*. It is my offering to the gods, New Age surf music.

Becky hears me singing and insists on introducing us that night to David and Melinda, a couple from Seattle. David sings background vocals on commercials. The day before, while exploring a 400-foot cavern filled with stalactites, he sat Melinda down by a pool of clear water and walked round her in a circle, singing all four parts of *My Girl*.

That night, we sit in a thatch-roofed cottage, watching the moonlight fall on hills covered with fireflies and try to make our voices fit. We are archaeologists playing with shards of pop culture. We sing street-corner doo-wop, Little Feat, Smokey Robinson, John Prine, Lyle Lovett. The bits of sound seem to form the face of a smiling god.

WE HEAT UP WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.

After Hours

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The new late night TV show with high-energy sizzle that will soar you into the 90s and beyond. After Hours. A breakneck roller coaster ride in and around who's hot, what's what and where it's happening. So tune in Mondays thru Fridays and have a good night.

CHECK YOUR LOCAL TV LISTINGS
FOR TIME AND STATION IN YOUR AREA.

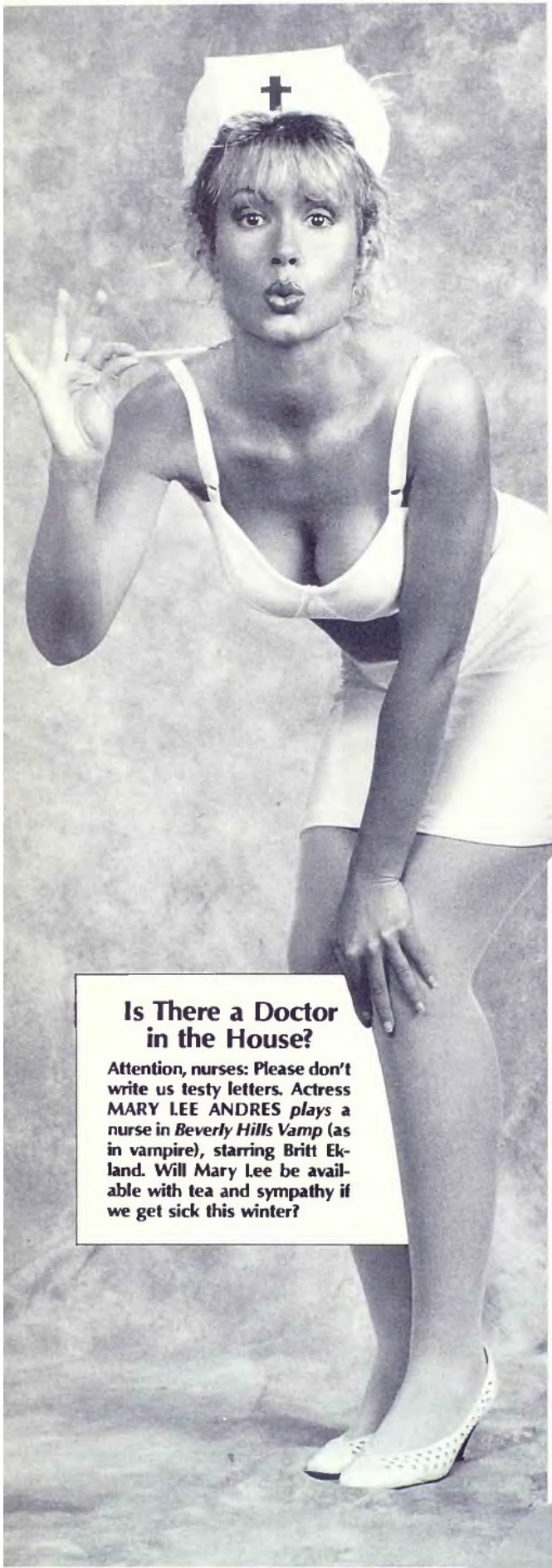
EYE SPY

Every so often, eyewear enjoys a fashion renaissance. And this is the year. In fact, eyeglasses for men are so hot that even guys with 20/20 vision are wearing "planos"—frames with clear lenses. When choosing a look, remember that opposites attract. If you have a round face, go for square glasses. A square or angular face calls for round or curvy frames. But whatever you choose, the rage these days is 1920 styles. A pair of round or semiround wire rims or contrasting yellow-and-black tortoise frames make a strong style statement on the right man. And speaking of strong, the Clark Kent look—a heavy black or tortoise frame—is an appealing style for men of steel everywhere.

Below: It's a bird! It's a plane! No, it's Clark Kent glasses in black plastic, with square frames, silver temple and flexible bridge, by Persol, about $100. Right: Demi-amber tortoise rectangular glasses with plastic frame and temple, by Alain Mikli, $165. Antique-copper glasses with circular lenses, extended sides and straight-armed banker's temples, from Junior Gaultier by Optical Affairs, $110.

Left: Matte-tortoise frames with gold-tone-metal brow extension and gold accents, by Giorgio Armani from Optical Exchange, about $190. Handmade tortoise, metal and plastic glasses with a plastic brow and arms and a metal rim, by Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics, $60. Above: Faux-tortoise glasses with clip-on sunglass lenses, etched bridge, outer rim and arms, by Oliver Peoples, $275.

STEVE CONWAY



© DAN GOLOEN

Is There a Doctor in the House?

Attention, nurses: Please don't write us testy letters. Actress MARY LEE ANDRES *plays* a nurse in *Beverly Hills Vamp* (as in vampire), starring Britt Ekland. Will Mary Lee be available with tea and sympathy if we get sick this winter?

D.A.D. Is H.O.T.

D.A.D. hails from Copenhagen. The band just finished an American club tour, but you'll be able to find it on vinyl on its American debut album, *No Fuel Left for the Pilgrims*. "Rock and roll is cartoonish and we want to keep it that way," says D.A.D.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

She Feels the Earth Move

MARTIKA's cover version of an old Carole King tune *I Feel the Earth Move* was all over the radio last fall. She's currently working on a new album, and if you are in Miami in March, catch her at Calle Ocho, a Latin musical salute to spring. *¡Olé!*

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Russell's Got Muscle

BRENDA RUSSELL's songs have been sung by Roberta Flack and Donna Summer. But when Brenda sings her own on *Get Here*, you can really hear their power. She's cooking up a new album.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Zing Went His Strings

STEVE STEVENS' guitar work has been heard everywhere from Billy Idol's albums to the *Top Gun* sound track to Ric Ocasek's solo LP. Now on his own record, *Steve Stevens Atomic Playboys*, the guitar whiz wails.

PAUL NATKIN
PHOTO RESERVE INC.

A Rose Is a Rose Is a Rose

Every day, Guns n' Roses' AXL ROSE fights controversy and makes music. He says what he likes even if no one else likes to hear it. The band had four heady days in October opening for the Stones in L.A. and is now working on a follow-up album to *Appetite for Destruction*. These guys are too savvy to destruct.

© NICK CHARLES

Lights, Camera, Action!

Doesn't every actress dream of being wrapped in celluloid? LISA SAXTON certainly managed to get our attention. If you missed her big-screen debut in *Opening Night*, close your eyes and imagine your own four-star movie, while Lisa waits for the real thing.

© 1989 MARK LEIVDAL

OH! OH! OLIVIA

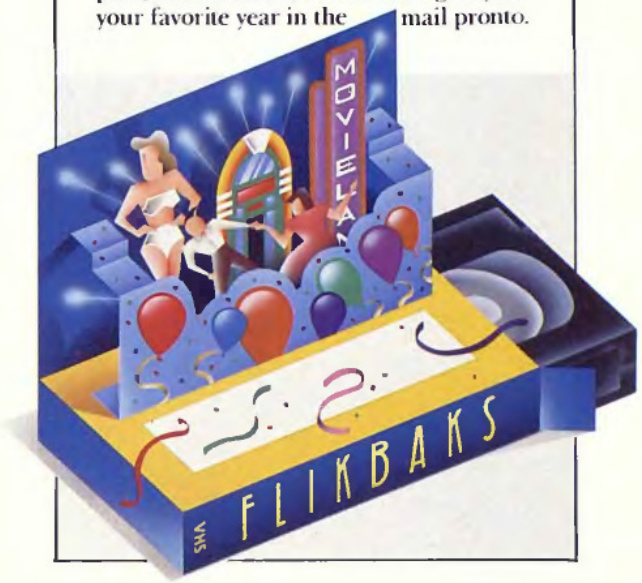
Readers of this magazine need no introduction to the sensuous artwork of Olivia De Berardinis, a prolific California artist who has illustrated many features for *Playboy* with depictions of the female form. Now Special Editions Ltd., a subsidiary of Playboy Enterprises, and Robert Bane Editions are offering two continuous-tone limited-edition lithographs. The one at left is titled *Friday Night at the Movies*; at right, *Saturday Night Live*. The 13" x 39" works of art can be purchased separately for $395 or as a two-piece suite (numbered and signed) for $700. For orders outside California, call 800-325-2765. Inside California, call 213-205-0555 or send $5.95 for a catalog to Robert Bane Editions, 8025 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles 90046.

HOW VERY STRANGE

Strange Magazine has initiated the Strange Hotline, which can be reached by anyone with a touch-tone phone and dollars to spend on extra charges. Just dial 900-820-UFO1 and by pressing the 1 button, you'll be able to hear the Strange Story for that day, such as the latest alien sightings. Press the 2 button and you can hear the Strange News. Press 3 and you can leave a message about a strange experience you had. Press 4 and you can hear other callers' messages. We'll bet they're strange.

FLIK FLAK

Know someone celebrating one of those biggie anniversaries or birthdays such as the big 4-0? Instead of gifting him with a cake draped in black, check out Flik-Baks—30-minute VHS tapes showing newsreel footage from 1930 (60-year celebration), 1940, 1950, 1955, 1960 and 1965. The price for a FlikBak is $19.75, postpaid, and a call to 800-541-3533 gets you your favorite year in the mail pronto.

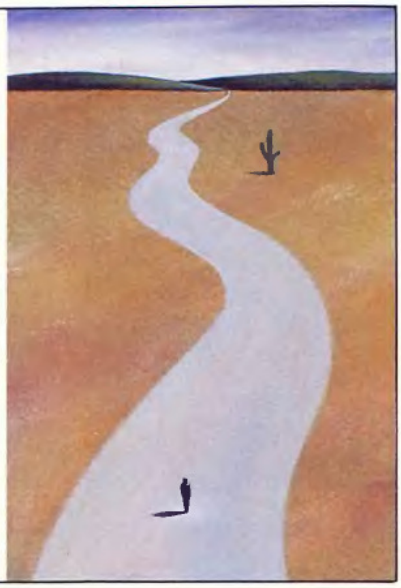


LET THERE BE *LIGHT YEARS*

For 30 years, Douglas Kirkland has captured on film the essence of some of the world's most beautiful women—Bardot, Monroe and Taylor, to name just a few. And his photos of male stars—including Nicholson, Welles, Wayne and Cruise—are just as revealing. Now Thames and Hudson has published *Light Years*, an oversized hardcover containing 100 color photographs of Kirkland's behind-the-lens encounters with the very rich and famous. At only $45, *Light Years* is a shining tribute to one of the most talented photographers of our time.

THE LONESOME ROAD

Going Solo, an eight-page newsletter for people traveling alone, debuted not long ago and it definitely contains a wealth of information for the peripatetic man or woman of the world who wanders the long and winding road from Addis Ababa to Zamboanga. Recent issues cover sailboating off the coast of Maine, working on a Montana ranch and exploring the Hebrides. *Going Solo* is published eight times a year; send $36 to Going Solo, P.O. Box 1035, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02238. See you down the road.



OFF THE LABEL, MABEL, WE'RE GOING HOME

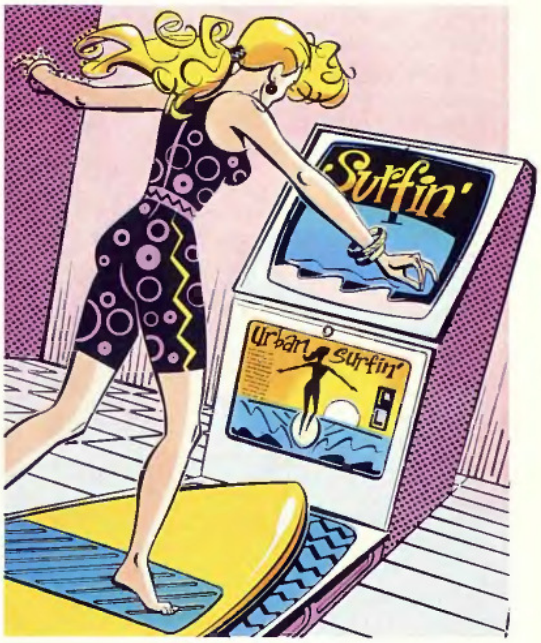
Luggage labels have returned and King and Country, a British antique shop that specializes in "the finest antique sports and travel equipment," is offering a selection of five reproductions for only $15, postpaid. King and Country's address is Alfies Market, 19 Church Street, London NW8, England. A handsome way to go.

SACK TIME

"You're in bed and your lover comes out of the bathroom with rubber gloves and a surgical mask. . . . How do you respond?" is just one of the Situation Cards that you can pick in Hit the Sack, a risqué game of drawing and charades for adults that O.K. Games, Inc., P.O. Box 6668, Lynnwood, Washington 98036, is selling for $29.95, postpaid. Creator Jack Olson says that game play can range from "mildly erotic to real down and dirty," depending on who's playing and the mood everyone's in. Hit the Sack is a board game—but once you've begun, you definitely won't be bored.

ELECTRONIC SURF'S UP

In the cocktail lounges of Southern California, everybody's hanging ten—and, no, we're not talking about swizzle sticks dangling off the bar. Urban Surfin' has come ashore and this new video game incorporates a five-foot surfboard wired to a video screen. As you catch an electronic wave, the animated surfer on the screen reacts, duplicating your body English. Scribner Enterprises in Santa Ana (800-999-GAME) sells the game for $2595, in case your surf—and stocks—is up.



AS THE SPIRITS MOVE YOU

Not all the pleasure of fine *vinos* and liquors is to be found in the glass. *A Toast to Wines & Spirits*, an 11" x 16" softcover that sells for $19.95, contains 45 illustrations (25 in full color) that capture the essence of the golden age of poster art. Satyrs, Devils, beautiful ladies and even the dashing Sandeman Don all await your thirsty eyes. Harry N. Abrams is the publisher. Better buy two; you'll want to cut up one for framing.

NEXT MONTH

WORLDLY PLAYMATES

CARS 1990

TRUMP CARD

FAX FIGURES

"EXES"—A NEWLY DIVORCED, MIDDLE-AGED POLICE SHRINK FROM BROOKLYN THINKS HE'S TOO OLD FOR SURPRISES. THEN HE MEETS A CERTAIN BLONDE BOMBSHELL—EXCERPTED FROM A NEW NOVEL BY **DAN GREENBURG**

TRUMP CARD—THE ONE AND ONLY **DONALD TRUMP** ON HIS BUSINESSES, HIS BUILDINGS, HIS BILLIONS AND ALL THE GLITZ THAT MONEY CAN BUY. THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING TALKS ABOUT HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH, GREED AND HIS BEST DEAL EVER IN A HIGH-POWERED **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"WHY MEN CAN'T SAY 'I LOVE YOU'"—THERE MAY BE AS MANY MOTIVES AS THERE ARE MEN. HERE ARE TEN VERY FUNNY ANSWERS TO THIS MYSTERIOUS QUESTION—BY **ALICE KAHN**

"ROCK AND RACISM"—A BEHIND-THE-STAGE VIEW OF APARTHEID IN AMERICA'S MUSIC BUSINESS—BY **DAVE MARSH**

"INTERNATIONAL PLAYMATES"—FORGET ABOUT CUSTOMS, JET LAG AND THE HASSLE OF LUGGAGE. TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR SPECIAL FARE FOR ARMCHAIR TRAVELERS AND JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE CENTERFOLDS FROM *PLAYBOY*'S OVERSEAS EDITIONS

"PARADISE *CON PELIGRO*"—JOIN A *PLAYBOY* CONTRIBUTING EDITOR ON A MADCAP ROMP AS HE LOOKS FOR BEACH-FRONT PROPERTY AMONG THE COCONUTS AND PALM TREES IN SUNNY COSTA RICA—BY **REG POTTERTON**

"PLAYBOY CARS 1990"—A PANEL OF AUTO EXPERTS PREVIEW WHAT'S NEW FOR THE DECADE OF THE DRIVER

"FAX AND FIGURES"—WE INVITED THE WOMEN OF AMERICA TO PHONE IN THEIR PHOTOS. WE WERE OVERWHELMED. YOU WILL BE, TOO

"JERRY JONES"—THE DALLAS COWBOYS' NEW OWNER GETS TO KNOW HIS TEAM IN ITS WORST SEASON EVER—A PROFILE BY **JAMES MORGAN**

PLUS: THE LATEST IN CELLULAR PHONES, ELECTRONIC PAGERS AND FAX MACHINES DESIGNED TO KEEP YOU IN TOUCH; WHAT'S NEW IN SHIRTS AND TIES BY **HOLLIS WAYNE; "20 QUESTIONS"** WITH EASY RIDER **DENNIS HOPPER** ON HIS BUMPY ROAD TO SUCCESS; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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One thing's for certain. On January 28th these two teams will square off in the biggest battle in the history of football. And this time it could get ugly. Because this time it's war!

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That's right. You can play along at home. And win!

Just pick up an official program and scorecard wherever you see this display. You'll also find out about the prizes everybody can win.

Then, follow the action on game day. Jot down the scores at the end of each quarter, send it in and you're automatically a winner. It's that simple.

Your program's also loaded with player profiles, stats and details on how to order your official Bud Bowl II souvenirs. So get your official Bud Bowl II program today. And don't forget to pick up some ice-cold Bud and Bud Light for the weekend!

WATCH BUD BOWL II, JANUARY 28 ON CBS.

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